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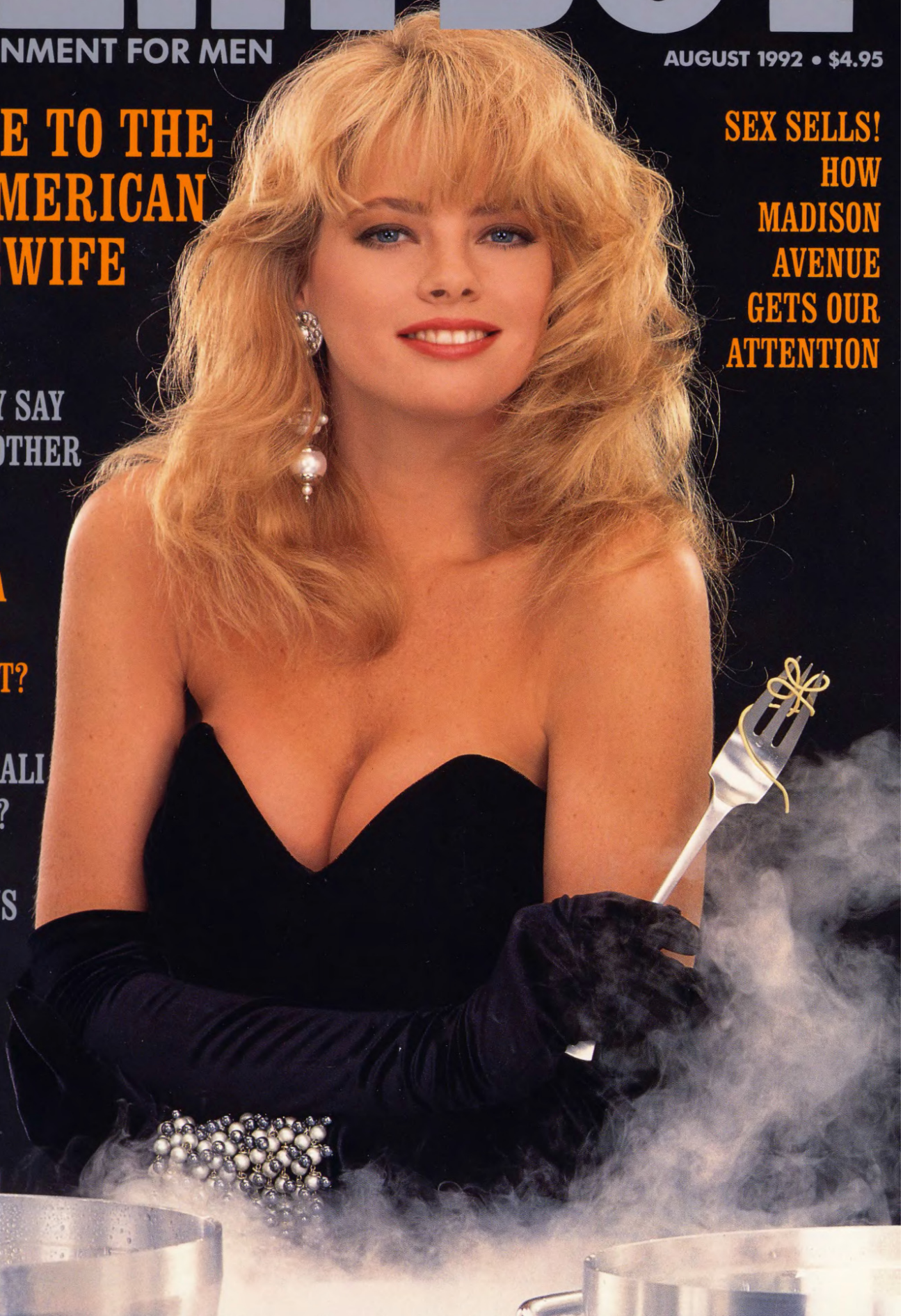

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AH, SUMMER, and who under the spell of a warm night sky hasn't wondered about UFOs—could aliens be on their way? Here? In **Robert Silverberg's** *The Way to Spook City*, an original novella we're pleased to run in its entirety, the bad guys have conquered middle America. **Bob Walters'** illustration may jog a few memories: His panoramas are in the Smithsonian.

Alien is a pretty good term for a guy who drops into presidential politics with the purported ethics of Mr. Deeds and the money of Daddy Warbucks. He is **Ross Perot** and he promises the average Joe revenge. In *See Ross Run*, **Roger Simon,** who chronicled the 1988 presidential election in his book *Road Show*, takes a close look at the Texas tycoon. But is Perot the quirky outsider he'd have us believe? In *The Company He Keeps*, **Frank Snepp,** CIA veteran and author of *Decent Interval*, a book about the Vietnam war, finds Perot has some very inside connections, among them **Ollie North.** On the Democrats' side, the moral tone at the convention could well be set by **Jerry Brown. Robert Scheer,** who interviewed Brown for *Playboy* 16 years ago, has a soul-searching talk with Brown in his *Reporter's Notebook*.

To the uninitiated, women can seem as alien as anything outer space or conventions serve up. Brace yourself and read **Lori Weiss's** *Girl Talk* (illustrated by **Kinuka Y. Craft**). Weiss, a Detroit television talk-show host, gathered a group of her girlfriends to prove her theory that women love to talk about sex. They do, and did. Sex is also the talk of Madison Avenue—in case you missed the suggestive ads from the likes of Calvin Klein. 'Twas always so, points out **Edward A. McCabe,** who founded Scali McCabe Sloves and created some of the most effective campaigns in ad history. In *Sex in Advertising*, he takes a fond look back at some of the triumphs, and flops, of the art.

Opera, a more high-minded art, might seem free of such base goings-on. Right? Wrong. According to **James Morgan,** even Gulf war sex symbol **H. Norman Schwarzkopf** listens to *Don Giovanni*. Better news yet, Morgan insists that opera is not only trendy but that guys who like Mozart make women go weak in the knees. Learn all about it in *A Regular Guy's Guide to Opera*.

What is CNN's brainy anchorwoman **Catherine Crier** like when she's not in the camera's glare? In this month's *20 Questions* (by Contributing Editor **David Rensin**) we learn that she loves Lyle Lovett, drives fast and is, mercifully, single.

Our interview this month is with **Derek Humphry,** author of *Final Exit*, the so-called suicide manual. Humphry, who assisted in his first wife's suicide, went on to found, with his late second wife, the National Hemlock Society, an organization dedicated to the right to die. Contributing Editor **David Sheff** grilled Humphry on some of his mysterious personal tragedies as well as on what may be the next ethical frontier.

It doesn't often happen that *Playboy* is the subject of a TV movie. Or that the response is so overwhelming. But after last fall's airing of *Posing*, featuring a housewife who spiced up her life by appearing in *Playboy*, our Photo Department was inundated with letters. Duly impressed, we ran a tiny ad in December asking housewives if they'd like to pose, and the result is *Domestic Bliss*, a pictorial that should keep any man home.

One man who didn't stay home was **Christopher Columbus,** now celebrating anniversary five-oh-oh of his first voyage to the New World. Ah, but perhaps you haven't heard of his comely cousin, **Christina,** who made a startling voyage of her own. See *Hail, Columbia*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Byron Newman.** Also, Contributing Editor **Ken Gross** says this is the year to buy American, in *Playboy's Automotive Report*, illustrated by **Dave Calver.** And don't miss Miss August, Texas' own **Ashley Allen.** Nothing alien there.

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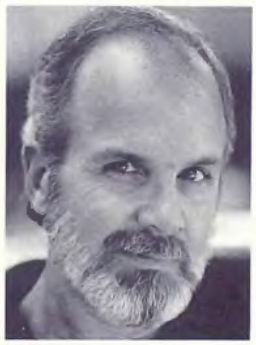
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We're at Bill Square's party
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# PLAYBOY

vol. 39, no. 8—august 1992

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## COVER STORY

*Playboy* salutes the North American housewife in a special pictorial—and Margie Murphy kicks off the celebration. Our cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan, styled by Violet Warzecha and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Thanks to Ponache for Margie's bracelet, Philip Cantrell for her earrings, Margies for her dress and Pat Tomlinson for hair and make-up. Our Rabbit speaks with forked tongue.

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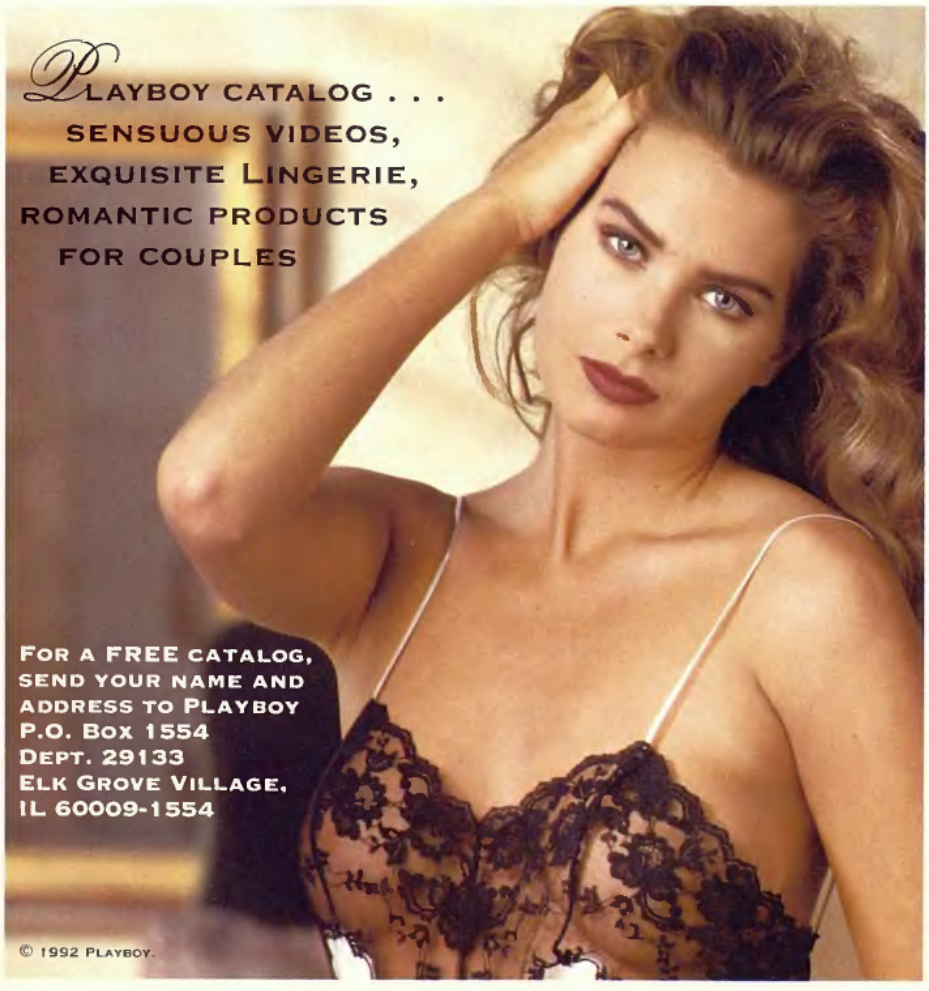




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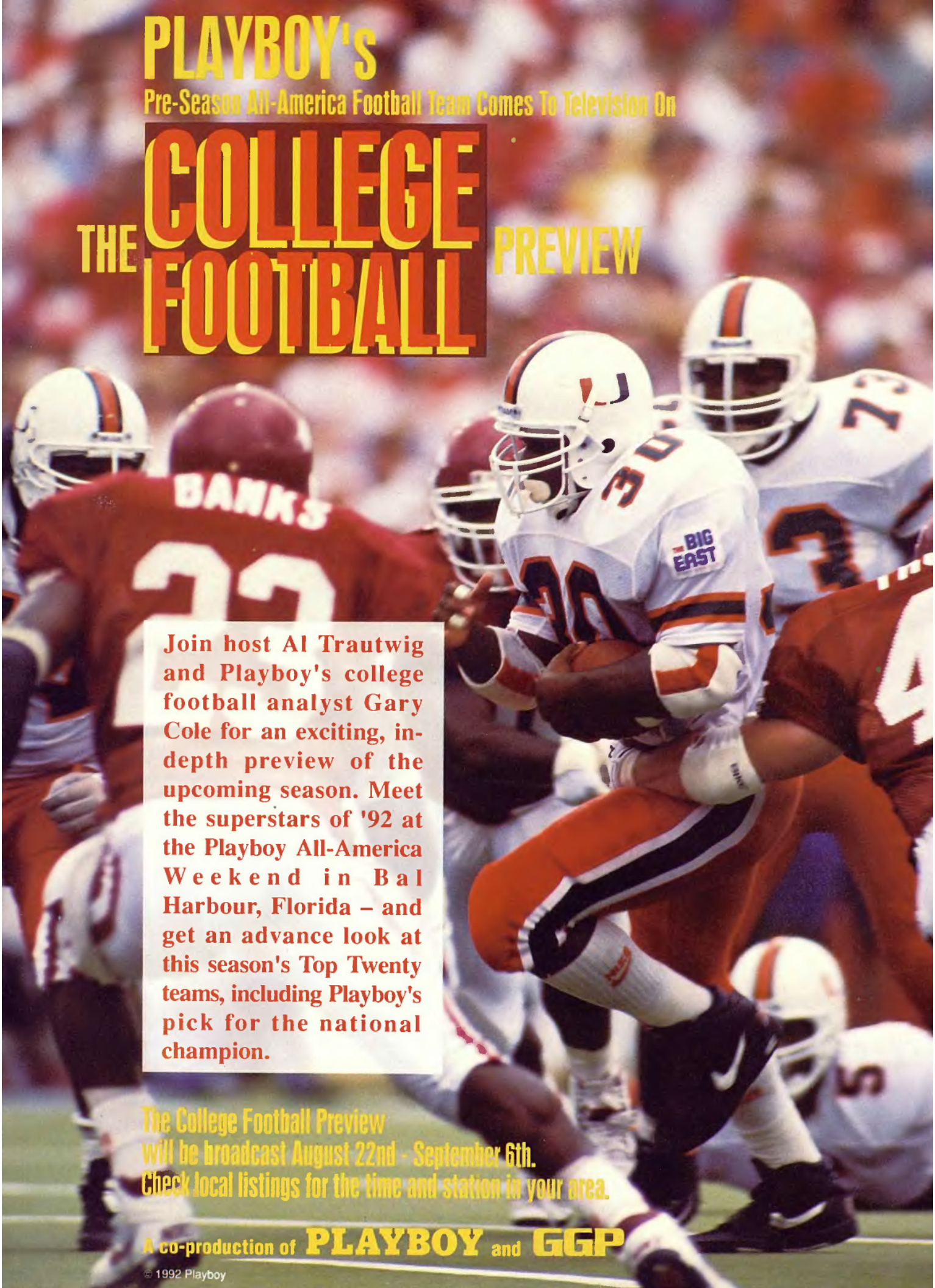
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### MICHAEL JORDAN INTERVIEW

I just finished reading Mark Vancil's *Playboy Interview* with Michael Jordan (May) and I think it's time we nine-to-five guys told these overpaid jocks that they need to wake up and smell the coffee. Life is more than three-pointers and arrogant attitudes toward the fans. Jordan and his NBA compatriots need to know that life can go on without them. We must stop babying these guys. Let them join "us"—the average workers—and see how 99 percent of Americans live. Then, maybe we'll see an end to this fan bashing.

Peter T. McNair
Agawam, Massachusetts

I've followed Michael Jordan's career since his senior year at Laney High School in Wilmington, North Carolina, and proudly admit to being one of his greatest fans. But what a shame to see this once bright-eyed, enthusiastic rookie (who had a love-of-the-game clause built into his contract so that he could play basketball year-round) turn into a hardened veteran who now views the game as a hassle that precludes the normal chores of running a business.

Maybe if Michael would stop to realize that the average Joe has to work much harder for much less, he would understand that he is living many people's dream, to be paid millions of dollars to play a game.

Marc J. Farrell
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I may be prejudiced, seeing that I share the same name as his older brother, but I feel that Chicago Bulls superstar Michael Jordan is by far the greatest basketball player ever, both on and off the court. How many people could handle the extreme pressure with which he has to live? He's had some off-court problems, true, but he's dealt with them with style and class.

I've been a diehard M.J. fan since he entered the NBA and am proud to say that he hasn't disappointed me yet.

Larry Jordan
Cave City, Kentucky

### THE WORST SENATOR IN AMERICA

The profile of New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato by Joe Conason and Jack Newfield (*The Worst Senator in America*, *Playboy*, May) illustrates the type of politician our system gives us. D'Amato originally won his office in a three-way election. Former Senator Jacob Javits, who lost the Republican primary, ran as a third-party candidate. This split the liberal vote, allowing D'Amato to win.

In 1970, James L. Buckley succeeded in the same way: Running as the nominee of the Conservative Party, he won election to the Senate because the more liberal Republican and Democratic candidates split the New York vote.

D'Amato clearly has a political agenda of personal gain that holds little in common with the needs of his constituency. I hope that the fiasco of D'Amato's term prompts someone in New York to run for office to represent New Yorkers.

Wallace A. Gallup
Canandaigua, New York

As an ex-resident of Nassau County, where Senator D'Amato built his political career, I can attest to the phenomenal sleaze factor of the county government and its one-percent-fueled minions.

When I was growing up there between 1960 and 1980, it was clear that if you wanted to work for the county, you registered as a Republican and paid up. I've heard that as recently as 1991, party affiliation is still an issue in getting or keeping a public-sector job. What keeps these guys in office is that personal touch—taking care of constituents' problems quickly and thoroughly.

When I needed a passport in a hurry, I got it by calling somebody's office. This system of personal, hands-on politics made politicians like D'Amato many

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friends who felt that since they got what they wanted, they ought to vote for these guys no matter how shady they were.

I always knew they were dirtbags, but they certainly were helpful dirtbags.

J. Barrett Wolf
Stamford, Connecticut

### IN THE COMPANY OF COYOTES

If the welfare ranchers Elizabeth Royte writes about in her article *In the Company of Coyotes* (*Playboy*, May) can't afford to lose a few head of livestock to predators, then they should get their hooved locusts off public land.

If Royte is trying to engender sympathy for public-lands ranchers, she fails. To quote Edward Abbey, "[The rancher] strings barbed wire all over the range, drills wells and bulldozes stock ponds, drives off elk and antelope and bighorn sheep, poisons coyotes and prairie dogs, shoots eagles, bears and cougars on sight, supplants the native grasses with tumbleweed, snakeweed, anthills, povertyweed, mud, dust and flies—and then leans back and grins at the TV cameras and talks about how much he loves the American West."

Chuck James
Cumming, Georgia

It takes a cruel s.o.b. to set a steel-jaw leg-hold trap and to drop a canister of carbon monoxide into a coyote den to suffocate the pups.

Animals are not like grain to be harvested. There is no need for the Animal Damage Control program of the Department of Agriculture. Most farmers and ranchers can protect their livestock with the use of guard dogs. Hunters and trappers always come up with an excuse to destroy wildlife, but the real reason is that they enjoy killing.

Jesse Bailey
Birmingham, Alabama

### ELIZABETH WARD GRACEN

Congratulations on your pictorial of the beautiful former Miss America, Elizabeth Ward Gracen (*There She Is . . . , Playboy*, May). She is not only the hottest female to ever grace your pages, she has the character to stand up to scandalmongering news hounds.

Chris Robbins
Chicago, Illinois

### VIDEO BRIT WITS

I am a British naval officer nearing the end of a two-year exchange service with the United States Navy, and I read with interest David Lefkowitz' "Video Brit Wits" in May's *Playboy*. It's a pity *Playboy* didn't complete its homework concerning that historic British institution *The Goon Show*. The original Goons were Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe and Michael Bentine. Bentine subsequently departed the group and achieved a notable solo career. The three remaining continued with the very successful program while proceeding with their individual careers. Tony Hancock was never a member of the Goons but was a very popular radio, film and TV comedian in his own right.

B. C. Sweetwood
Virginia Beach, Virginia

### VICKIE SMITH

You've featured many beautiful women as Playmates over the years, but none quite like Miss May, Vickie Smith (*Lone Star Stunner*). Vickie possesses all the best qualities of a woman and mother. Her son Daniel is lucky to have such a fine mom. As for Vickie's considering Marilyn Monroe an idol, what did Marilyn have that Vickie doesn't? To me, Vickie is the superior woman. I just wish that there were more like her.

Jon J. Erickson
Madison, Wisconsin

Not only is Vickie Smith the best thing to come out of Mexia, Texas, she is, as I'm sure many of your readers will

agree, the most beautiful woman to have appeared in your pages in the past ten years. I tip my cap to *Playboy* once again for bringing me the most beautiful women in the world.

Scott A. Sklarin
Nanuet, New York

I was raised on *Playboy* (Dad has good taste), but your May Playmate, Vickie Smith, represents a first for me. Although I'd never before removed a centerfold to pin up, Miss Smith's now adorns my locker at work. As my fellow police officers and I head to roll call, we take a look at Vickie to start the shift on a good note.

Corporal M. Hutson
Shaker Heights, Ohio

### I WISH I WERE A LESBIAN

I always look forward to reading Cynthia Heimel's usually insightful *Women* column and am somewhat abashed to admit that the only one that actually inspired me to write is "I Wish I Were a Lesbian" (*Playboy*, May) because it really angered me.

Heimel says that one of the reasons she would like to be a lesbian is that she could blimp out on chocolate cake since, unlike men, "women do not have sex glands in their eyeballs."

I don't know about anyone else, but I've had it up to my eyeballs with this tiring and offensive lie. As a 25-year-old male who is not exactly a model of physical attractiveness, I have had more than ample opportunity to learn just how much a potential date's physical attributes mean to women. Anyone who claims that women care any less about looks than men do is either naive or lying.

What upsets me most is how readily and glibly Heimel contradicts herself. Before she gets to the end of the column, she twice notes her reaction to the physical attractiveness of men, including the comment that "I can put up with a lot of disrespect if a man has nice enough biceps." If I were to comment that I could put up with a lot of vacuity if a woman has nice enough breasts, I would immediately (and rightly) be accused of being a male chauvinist pig.

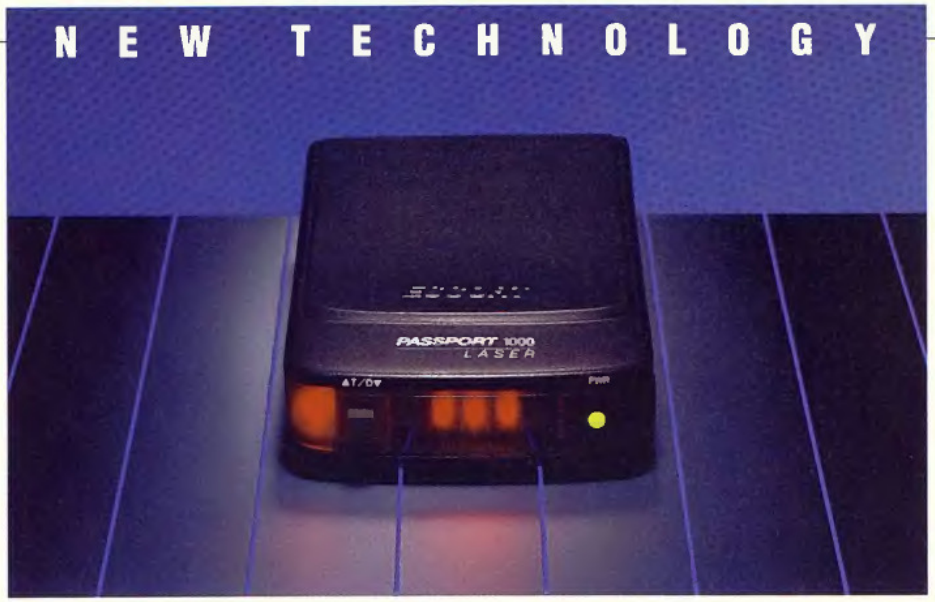
If men are Neanderthals, at least we're honest about it. Come on, Cynthia. You know we're smarter than that, and so are you.

Matthew Maruca
Columbus, Ohio

Cynthia Heimel writes "Women do not have sex glands in their eyeballs. They do not become excited looking at centerfolds." Not true! I am a lesbian who is very flirtatious and very feminine and who has discriminating taste in women (which is why I read *Playboy*—the women on its pages are beautiful and, yes, I do become excited when looking at them).

Lesbians are women just like other women. The only difference between us and straight women is our sexual preference. We worry about what other women think of us, just as heterosexual women worry what men think of them. Does Heimel think we fantasize about fat, homely chicks? Is she out of her mind? And does she think every lesbian has a mate? It's actually harder for us to find partners, because the odds are that a woman with whom we fall in love is heterosexual.

Kirsten Fyr
Chicago, Illinois

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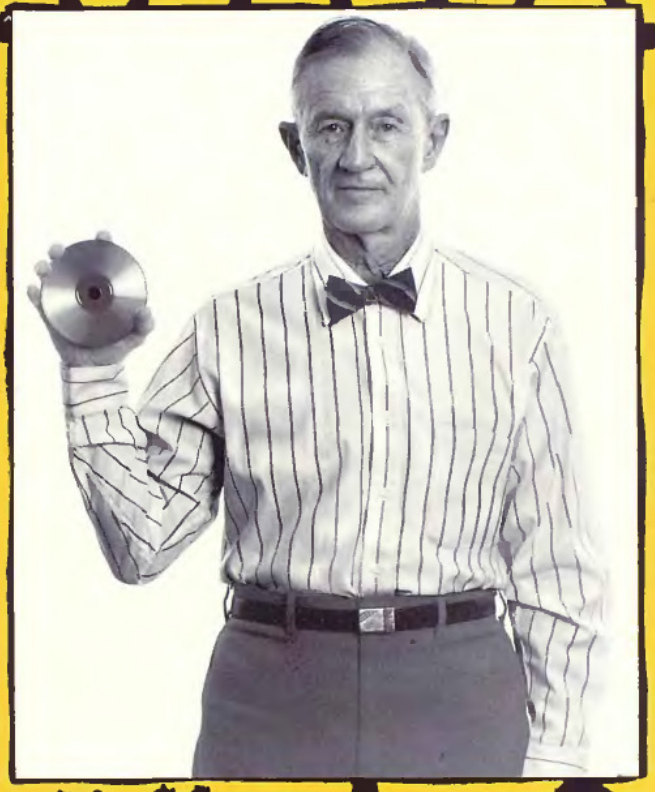

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

## GLOVED LOVE

Robert Morgan is a 37-year-old San Francisco chiropractor who has discovered a lucrative sideline: He's a safe-sex monitor at Bay Area bacchanals, which apparently take place several times a month. Organizers on the mixed-sex swingers' circuit pay Morgan $250 or more to attend semiprivate orgies that range from intimate gatherings in homes to warehouse-sized Jack and Jill Offs. He lays out the rules for guests at the door and enforces them inside. "I wander around and if I see somebody engaged in fellatio, I drape a condom over the penis and say, 'Here, use this,'" explains the modern Mr. Manners. "If I see people engaged in cunnilingus and I don't see a barrier, I hand them one. It's in-the-trenches work." But the battlefield sometimes resembles a candy store. "When somebody says, 'Play with this for a while' and I'm interested, well, why not?" His employers don't complain, though—the six-foot-two Morgan commands nearly 100 percent safe-sex compliance. "It's an educational process, not a retributive one," he says. "I think of myself as a sex monitor." His only on-the-job tool is a flashlight—"Sometimes for spotlighting, sometimes just to take a quick peek."

•

A Telluride, Colorado, man reported that he was assaulted by his girlfriend's son, who hurled a carabiner—a metal rock-climbing ring—that dinged his head. The boy said he initiated the attack because he thought his mother's boyfriend was a yuppie.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE

University of Chicago president Hannah Gray recalled that the mother of the discoverer of DNA, Nobel Prize–winning geneticist James D. Watson, worked in the university's admissions office. "She used to talk about her son from time to time. One day she announced, 'Jimmy has just discovered the secret of life.' And you know, he had."

## BEACH BLANKET LINGO

Surfing lexicographer Trevor Cralle traces the evolution of surfing jargon from Gidget to the Ninja Turtles in *The Surfin'ary: A Dictionary of Surfing Terms and Surfspeak* (Ten Speed Press). Here's a glossary of the latest beach talk that will help you stay way cool with the bettys:

*abb:* an abnormal person
*amped:* overenergetic, loud
*brodad:* someone who overuses the term bro, as in "My grandma and grandbro are taking me to Hawaii."
*broly:* being cool, nice or cooperative. Usage (if someone lets you catch a wave): "That was completely broly of you."
*Casper:* a tourist with no tan
*Debbie:* an airhead beach babe who never gets wet
*floating air biscuit:* what happens when a surfer farts in a wetsuit and the smell comes out at the neck
*gitch:* half girl, half bitch
*grommet:* an adolescent surfer
*guava:* a grommet word for cool
*hair:* nerve, courage
*latronic* or *lonic:* later on ("Latronic, dude.")

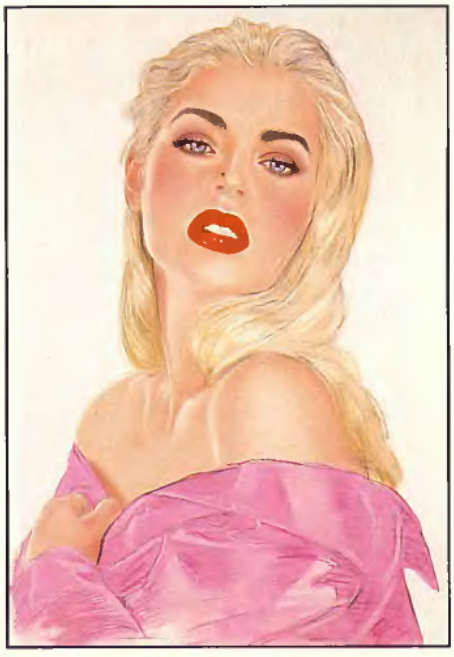

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

*off the Richter:* awesome
*passmodious:* very tired
*pull root:* masturbate
*red tide:* that time of the month
*skankamangus:* a large woman walking down the beach
*spock out:* look over ("Hey man, spock this out.")
*throwing the brains:* when male surfers expose themselves.

•

A widely touted new how-to book, *The Magic of Sex*, calls itself the first manual to stress that satisfying sex "is only possible during a long period of loving with one person." Its author, Miriam Stoppard, has separated from her noted playwright husband, Tom, after 20 years of marriage.

## HOT STUFF

Need a saucy read for the summer? Try *Peppers: A Story of Hot Pursuits*, by Amal Naj. The author has concocted a book detailing the history and virtues of the spicy capsicum. Among its piquant charms is a chapter on peppers as aphrodisiacs. In 1970, for example, pepper sauces were banned in Peruvian prisons after some inmates perpetrated a rash of sex crimes. The government claimed that the chilis inflamed sexual desire and were not "appropriate for men forced to live in a limited life-style." India's young Brahmans were forced to go without the spicy stuff for similar reasons, and both native South Americans and Turks brewed love potions with peppers. African women put the spice in their bathwater to enhance their looks. But our favorite passages in the book quote Indian mystics on the subject: "The man who rubs his penis with pepper leaves and raisins together with long pepper mixed with pure honey will succeed in bringing a very old woman to the right frame of mind for love." Thanks, but we'll stick to Lawrence Welk reruns and herb tea.

•

The U.S. government refused to allow Scotland's national dish—haggis—into the country for the celebration of Robert

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### FACT OF THE MONTH

Reach out and put the touch on someone: 18,000,000 unsolicited sales calls are made to private homes in the U.S. each day.

### QUOTE

"A horror made of cardboard, plastic and appalling colors, a construction of hardened chewing gum and idiotic folklore taken straight out of comic books that were written for obese Americans."—FRENCH WRITER JEAN GAU, DESCRIBING THE NEW EURO DISNEYLAND

### BOOB TUBE I

Average number of hours an American child watches TV daily: three.

•

Number of murders a child sees on TV before finishing elementary school, 8,000; number of violent acts, 100,000.

•

Percentage of U.S. households that did not purchase a single book in 1991: 60.

### BOOB TUBE II

According to a British study of children born prematurely and fed through tubes, average IQ of those fed breast milk, 104; IQ of those fed formula, 93.

### CONSIDER THE SOURCE

According to national drug czar Bob Martinez, number of drug users in U.S. in 1985, 23,000,000; in 1991, 12,900,000.

•

At the above rate of decline, year by which there will be no more drug users in U.S.: 1999.

### MONEY TALKS

Professor Graef Crystal of the University of California estimated that the average yearly compensation in 1990 among chief executive officers of the biggest companies in the U.S. was $3,200,000; average CEO salary in the U.K., $1,100,000; in Germany, $800,000; in Japan, $525,000.

### BED SORES

Of every 100 Americans who are hospitalized, number injured through negligence: one.

•

Chances that a medical malpractice victim will bring a lawsuit: 1 in 65.

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Percentage of a malpractice award that goes to lawyers and court administration: 60.

### GOING LIKE WANG-BUSTERS

Number of people named Wang living in China: 70,000,000.

•

Percentage of Chinese population named Wang, Zhang, Li or Liu: 25.

### WHICH WAY TO CARNEGIE HALL?

In 1984, percentage of new U.S.-born applicants for taxi-driver jobs in New York City, 25; in 1991, 10.

•

In 1984, percentage of applicants who came from India, Pakistan or Bangladesh, 10; in 1991, 43.

•

Percentage of 1991 applicants who speak English in their homes: 43.

### ROBO CROP

Number of industrial robots in use in Japan during 1991, 176,000; in the U.S., 37,000.

### WISE GUYS

Number of wisdom teeth extracted by oral surgeons in the U.S. each year: 2,250,000.

•

Annual fees paid for wisdom tooth extractions deemed unnecessary by one federal study: $150,000,000.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

Burns's birthday. The food, according to officials, is unfit for human consumption. In case you forgot the recipe, haggis is chopped-up sheep's heart, liver and lungs mixed with oatmeal, onions and seasonings. It is then boiled in a sheep's stomach and served with pureed turnips.

•

We can't wait to see the follow-up report. An Alabama newspaper recently ran the following headline: NYMPHOMANIAC SENTENCED TO COMMUNITY SERVICE.

•

Back in the Fifties, campaigners for President Dwight D. Eisenhower distributed candy suckers stamped with IKE in a package that asked for "IKE on every tongue." For the 1992 election, Sphinx International, Incorporated is marketing Bush candies with the rallying cry "Bush on every tongue." Anything to lick Clinton.

•

Vicki Rovere's new book, *Where to Go: A Guide to Manhattan's Toilets*, rates 450 public bathrooms. She also tells true-life stories of toilet accessing. Our favorite describes a woman who had an emergency and went into a funeral parlor. She was greeted and asked which funeral she was attending. After a quick scan of the funeral schedule, she announced that she was going to "the Johnson funeral." Supervised by the usher, she signed the guest registry with her name and address and hurried off to the ladies' room. Several weeks later, she received a check. According to Mr. Johnson's will, everyone attending his funeral was to receive $500.

### TAKING THE PLUNGE

John Stapp is the Travis County, Texas, sewage-treatment troubleshooter and possibly the country's only professional sewage diver. He dresses for work by donning a diving suit and breathing mask to make repairs on a 16-by-40-foot containment vat. A typical repair job requires him to be submerged for four or more hours in zero visibility. Yet he describes the work as "very quiet and peaceful. I'm usually starved when I get through."

•

Scrawled on a women's room wall at Russell Sage College in Troy, New York: VOID WHERE PROHIBITED: WHAT INEBRIATED MALE COLLEGE STUDENTS SOMETIMES DO.

•

The Smithsonian's insect zoo was recently renamed the O. Orkin Insect Zoo after the Orkin Pest Control company donated $500,000.

•

Modesty in marketing: Vermont's Seventh Generation mail-order catalog declares: "If your closets are overflowing and your drawers filled to the brim, we don't want to sell you anything else."

# Jack Daniel's
# Country Cocktails

*There's a little Jack Daniel's and a lot of great taste in these new drinks from Jack Daniel's.*

Just pour our new Country Cocktails over ice, sit back and enjoy. Each one's as good as the next.

It's been awhile since the folks at Jack Daniel's came out with anything new. Jack Daniel's itself hasn't been new since 1866, and that's sort of been the pace down here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

Jack Daniel's is made in the hills of Tennessee at America's oldest registered distillery. Come visit us sometime.

But now there really is something new. Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails. They're a whole line of good tasting drinks already made up in little bottles with lots of country character—and just a touch of smooth-sipping Tennessee Whiskey.

Each Country Cocktail is our own original recipe. There's Lynchburg Lemonade, Tennessee Tea and Downhome Punch. And they're just as easy to serve as they are to drink. You just pour over ice and enjoy.

We do hope you'll agree our Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails are worth a try.

After all, news like this only comes out of Lynchburg every 125 years or so.

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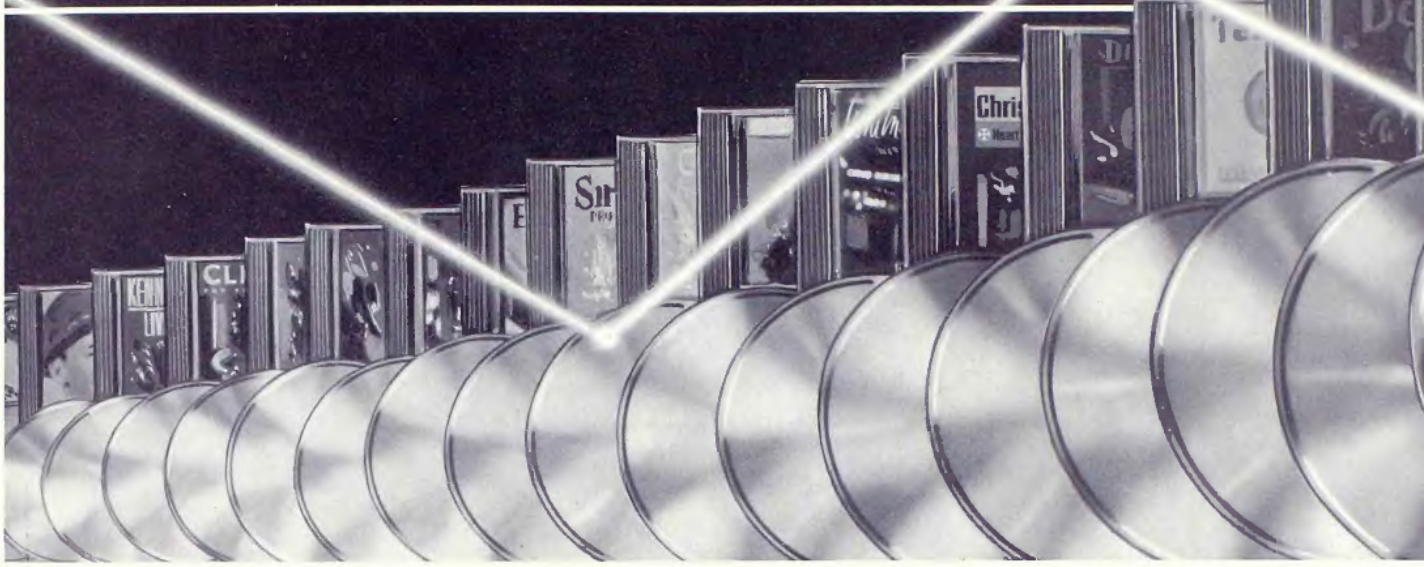

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**Gerald Lavert: Private Line** (East West) **63366**

**John Mellencamp: Whenever We Wanted** (Mercury) **74582**

**Boyz N The Hood/Sdtrk.** (Qwest) **24419**

**D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: Homebase** (Jive) **21073**

**The Steve Miller Band: Greatest Hits 1974-1978** (Capitol ) **33199**

**Heart: Rock The House "Live"!** (Capitol) **05603**

**The Very Best Of The Righteous Brothers: Unchained Melody** (Varva) **44658**

**Jesus Jones: Doubt** (SBK) **44654**

**They Might Be Giants: Apollo 18** (Elektra) **54283**

**The Cure: Mixed Up** (Elektra) **74190**

**Donna Summer: On The Radio-Greatest Hits Vol.I & II** (Casablanca) **24715**

**Chic: Chic-ism** (Warner Bros.) **83182**

**Patti Austin: Carry On** (GRP) **10520**

**Boogie Down Productions: Sex And Violence** (Jive) **10053**

**Gerald Albright: Live At Birdland West** (Atlantic) **14096**

**CeCe Peniston: Finelly** (A&M) **53858**

**Scorpions: Crazy World** (Mercury) **14795**

**Bird/Original Recordings Of Charlie Parker** (Verve ) **01044**

**Morrissey: Bona Drag** (Sire) **00578**

**Shenandoah: Long Time Comin'** (RCA) **60499**

**Prince & The N.P.G.: Diamonds And Pearls** (WB/Paisley Park) **63372**

**Carreres, Domingo, Pavarotti: 3 Tenors** (London) **35078**

**Roxette: Joyride** (EMI) **10473**

**Squeeze: Singles 45's & Under** (A&M) **35208**

**David Sanborn: Another Hand** (Elektra) **54527**

**Anthrax: Attack Of The Killer B's** (Megaforce/Island) **25154**

**Lou Reed: Magic & Loss** (Warner Bros./Sire) **15470**

**Derek & The Dominos: Layla And Other Assorted Love Songs** (Polydor) **25249**

**Metallica: ...And Justice For All** (Elektra) **00478**

**The Bonnie Raitt Collection** (Warner Bros.) **00569**

**Happy Mondays: Live** (Elektra) **10599**

**Bon Jovi: Slippery When Wet** (Mercury) **43465**

**Supertramp: Breakfast In America** (A&M) **25246**

**The Cure: Disintegration** (Elektra) **01109**

**Kenny Rogers: 20 Great Years** (Reprise) **25449**

**Tevin Campbell: T.E.V.I.N.** (Qwest/Warner Bros.) **35412**

**P.M. Dawn: Of The Heart, Of The Soul & Of The Cross** (Gee Street/Island) **15156**

**New Edition: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1** (MCA) **83623**

**Rod Stewart: Sing It Again Rod** (Mercury) **00942**

**Peter Murphy: Holy Smoke** (RCA) **64812**

**Pixies: Tromp La Monde** (Elektra) **60319**

**The Best Of Dolly Parton** (RCA) **51583**

**Merc Cohn** (Atlantic) **82983**

**Extreme: Pornograffitti** (A&M) **43557**

**INXS: Live Baby Live** (Atlantic) **52528**

**Hi-Five** (Jive) **10542**

**Aretha Franklin: What You See Is What You Sweat** (Arista) **72220**

**Red Hot Chili Peppers: Blood Sugar Sex Magik** (Warner Bros.) **11127**

**Garth Brooks: Ropin' The Wind** (Capitol) **25535**

**Horowitz: Horowitz At Home** (DG) **25211**

**Bon Jovi: New Jersey** (Mercury) **00516**

**Bryan Adams: Reckless** (A&M) **51540**

**Patsy Cline: 12 Greatest Hits** (MCA) **63649**

**Broadwey Classics, Vol. 1** (MCA) **53987**

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**Kentucky Headhunters: Electric Barnyard** (Mercury) **25138**

**Glenn Miller: Chattanooga Choo Choo-The #1 Hits** (Bluebird) **11052**

**Depeche Mode: Violator** (Sire) **73408**

**Diane Schuur: In Tribute** (GRP) **34566**

**Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers: Into The Great Wide Open** (MCA) **35409**

**Van Halen: For Unlawful, Carnal Knowledge** (Warner Bros.) **10016**

**Linda Ronstadt: Mas Canciones** (Elektra) **50090**

**24-7 Spyz: This Is...24-7 Spyz!** (EastWest America) **74179**

**The Very Best Of Thin Lizzy: Dedication** (Mercury) **34826**

**Best Of The Grateful Dead: Skeletons From The Closet** (Warner Bros.) **83892**

**Tears For Fears: Tears Roll Down (The Hits 1982-1992)** (Fontana) **80162**

**Melissa Etheridge: Never Enough** (Island) **25435**

**The Doors/Sdtrk.** (Elektra) **54289**

**Starship: Greatest Hits** (RCA) **90270**

**Skid Row: Sleve To The Grind** (Atlantic) **54433**

**Slaughter: Stick It Live** (Chrysalis) **20666**

**Bobby Brown: Dance! ...Ye Know It** (MCA) **73660**

**Eagles: Greatest Hits 1971-1975** (Asylum ) **23481**

**Pet Shop Boys: Discography-The Complete Singles Collection** (EMI) **05605**

**George Strait: Ten Strait Hits** (MCA) **25425**

**ZZ Top: Recycler** (Warner Bros.) **73989**

**Vengelis: Chariots Of Fire** (Polydor) **24869**

**Da La Soul: Da La Soul Is Dead** (Tommy Boy) **64101**

**Tony! Toni! Toné!: The Revival** (Polydor) **00565**

**Rod Stewart: Downtown Train** (Warner Bros.) **10708**

**The Beach Boys: Pet Sounds** (Capitol) **00513**

**Styx: Peradise Theatre** (A&M) **25243**

**Judy Garland: The Best Of The Decca Years, Vol. 1** (MCA) **10497**

**The Best Of Stevie Nicks: Timespace:** (Modern) **10940**

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**Bryan Adams: Waking Up The Neighbours** (A&M) **35175**

**Hammer: Too Legit To Quit** (Capitol) **25514**

**The Best Of The Doobie Brothers** (Warner Bros.) **43738**

**Steely Dan: Gold** (MCA) **74339**

**Treffic: The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys** (Island) **25169**

**Clint Black: Put Yourself In My Shoes** (RCA) **24690**

**Cathy Dennis: Move To This** (Polydor) **25100**

**Blind Faith** (Polydor) **25073**

**Little Texas: First Time For Everything** (Warner Bros.) **10009**

**Tori Amos: Little Earthquakes** (Atlantic) **50382**

**Keith Whitley: Kentucky Bluebird** (RCA) **34233**

**Kiss: Double Platinum** (Casablanca) **25149**

**Stevie Wonder: Jungle Fever/Sdtrk.** (Motown) **54197**

**Tanya Tucker: What Do I Do With Me** (Capitol) **25536**

**U2: Rettle And Hum** (Island) **00598**

**The Cers: Greatest Hits** (Elektra) **53702**

**The Commitments/ Sdtrk.** (MCA) **74016**

**Travis Tritt: It's All About To Change** (Warner Bros.) **64147**

**Peula Abdul: Spellbound** (Virgin) **73320**

**Joe Jackson: Look Sharp !** (A&M) **25192**

**TLC: Ooooooohhh... On The TLC Tip** (LaFace) **50167**

**Juice/Sdtrk.** (Soul/MCA) **05633**

**The Alice Cooper Show** (Warner Bros.) **11103**

**Eagles: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2** (Asylum) **63318**

**The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles** (A&M ) **73924**

**Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing** (Warner Bros. ) **00713**

**Chieftains: The Bells Of Dublin** (RCA) **10943**

**Jimi Hendrix Experience: Live At Winterland** (Rykodisc) **63660**

**Enya: Shepherd Moons** (Reprise) **53190**

**Two Rooms-Celebrating The Songs Of Elton John & Bernie Taupin** (Polydor) **35407**

**Guy!: Guy!...The Future** (MCA) **14875**

**The Church: Priest = Aura** (Arista) **63618**

**N.Y. Rock & Soul Revue** (Giant) **63189**

**Yellowjackets: Live Wires** (GRP) **74600**

**David Byrne: Uh-Oh** (Warner Bros.) **73214**

**The Yngwie Malmsteen Collection** (Polydor) **25460**

**MSG** (Impact) **05649**

**Lyle Lovett: Joshua Judges Ruth** (MCA) **10508**

**Michael Crawford Performs Andrew Lloyd Webber** (Atlantic) **74128**

**Big Daddy Kane: Prince Of Darkness** (Reprise/Cold Chillin') **43422**

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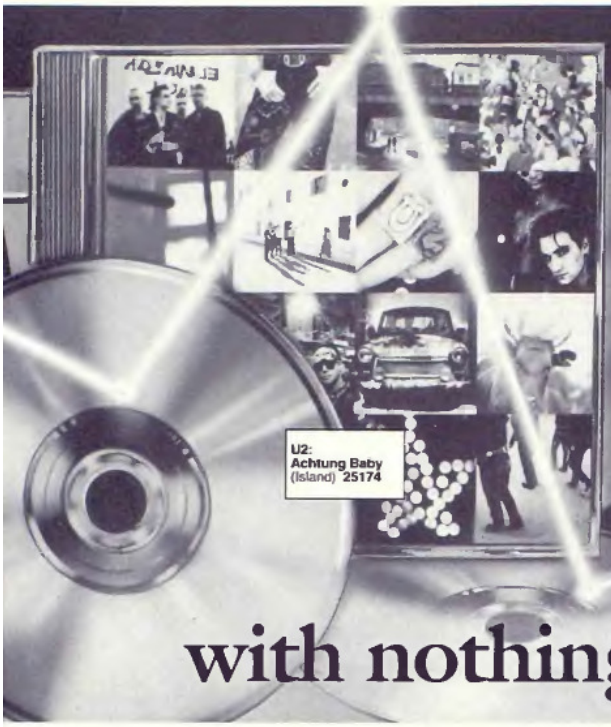


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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

GEENA DAVIS and Lori Petty are sisters milking cows down on the farm when a smartass scout recruits them for ***A League of Their Own*** (Columbia). The year is 1943, and with such sluggers as Joe DiMaggio off to war, the All American Girls Professional Baseball League came into being. Director Penny Marshall fields a championship cast in an unabashedly sentimental journey loosely based on fact, with Madonna scoring a clean hit in a lesser role as a sexy center fielder named Mae. Tom Hanks lays it on as the team's alcoholic coach, who sees his job haranguing babes in the boondocks as a form of punishment. *League* is spelled out in flashbacks starting with a reunion of good old gals at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. With a nice assist from Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, who wrote *Splash* and *City Slickers*, Marshall chalks up a witty extra-base tribute to wartime women defiantly doing their thing, which one staid radio commentator decries as "a desperate example of sexual confusion." How they handle such sexist flak is all part of a dandy crowd-pleasing game. ¥¥¥

•

Society's riffraff are the stock-in-trade of writer-director Paul Schrader, whose ***Light Sleeper*** (Fine Line) reveals a dark side like his *American Gigolo* or his script for Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*. This time out, Schrader's lone weirdo is a 40-year-old New York drug deliveryman (Willem Dafoe, highly effective in his semi-detached mode) at the tail end of his career. He makes the rounds from client to client in a chauffeur-driven car while wearing designer threads, but the game he plays has lost its allure. He has ruined the life of one formerly addicted flame (Dana Delany) and now works for a top dealer (Susan Sarandon) who plans to retire and market cosmetics. Schrader takes a dim view of New York as a city in the grip of a sanitation strike during bad weather—just one symbol of the prevailing moral decay he seems to know firsthand. Sarandon's wry wisecracks as a shady lady who lunches at La Cote Basque provide welcome comic relief in a taut mean-streets movie that has the raw throb of a toothache. ¥¥¥

•

Another look inside the drug scene, this time English-style, is ***London Kills Me*** (Fine Line), featuring a young dealer at large in the city's urban slums. Justin Chadwick stars as a street kid who calls himself Clint Eastwood. His chums are an ambitious hustler known as Muffdiver (Steven Mackintosh) and a hanger-on with a habit, Sylvie (Emer McCourt), who shuttles between both lads. Clint's quality time and the best parts of *London Kills Me* are spent with a vivacious older woman (Fiona Shaw) who enjoys hashish, massage and young males. Written and directed by Hanif Kureishi (who wrote *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* for Stephen Frears), this film is a thin but disturbing slice of London low life. ¥¥

•

Life for working-class women in these United States appears to be running on empty in ***Gas Food Lodging*** (IRS Releasing). Writer-director Allison Anders, in a feature-film debut that promises somewhat more than it delivers, sets her story in the fictional town of Laramie, New Mexico—a barren no-man's-land where three women are doing the best they can. Brooke Adams plays the mom, a hash-slinging waitress at the local truck stop, ensconced in a trailer park with two troublesome teenage daughters (Ione Skye and Fairuza Balk). All three seem to find men a necessity but a nuisance, and the movie's male characters—typified by James Brolin as the family's absent, irresponsible father—are more or less likable ciphers. Gritty acting, local atmosphere and good intentions add up to an entertaining dose of blue-collar realism. ¥¥½

•

To steal scenes from a comic twosome as sharp as Whoopi Goldberg and Maggie Smith is no minor feat. So give a nod to Kathy Najimy, Mary Wickes and Wendy Makkena, all showstoppers as singing nuns in ***Sister Act*** (Touchstone). The plot puts Whoopi in harm's way as a Reno lounge singer whose gangster beau (Harvey Keitel) sends his hit men to shut her up after she accidentally attends a murder. As a protected witness, she's spirited away to a convent where Maggie Smith is the upright mother superior. "What is this—a Pritikin order?" cracks Whoopi after her first taste of a convent meal. She soon has the aged sisters bringing down the Lord's house with gospel hymns. You'd better believe that Mother Maggie finally gets Goldberg's message. Their perfectly timed give-and-take is obvious, predictable and an unholy pleasure to watch. While *Sister Act*'s title says it all, these naughty nuns perform the minor miracle of turning formula pap into a laugh riot. ¥¥¥

•

The sequel to a merely passable 1984 horror show based on a Stephen King story, ***Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice*** (Dimension) is conventional chop-and-shock mayhem directed by David Price (son of movie mogul Frank Price). He may have the right stuff, but young Price has the wrong screenplay. We're revisiting a Bible Belt town where the demonized youngsters systematically kill off the adults. Mysterious outbreaks of violence punctuate the squabbling of a tabloid writer (Terence Knox) and his disaffected teenage son (Paul Scherrer), both of whom also find time to woo attractive young women. That's not quite the point. Surveying the furrowed fields that stretch to the horizon, one character notes: "There ain't nothin' out there but a lot of corn." He's dead right. ¥

•

A serial killer who preys on blind people and a young boy who may be losing his sight should hold your attention in ***Afraid of the Dark*** (Fine Line). Set in London, director Mark Peploe's psychological thriller is actually a study of fantasy and paranoia, with young Ben Keyworth as the lad, Lucas, who may be imagining all the bad things that happen, including the fact that most of the people around him can't see. Fanny Ardant and James Fox play his parents. In essence, *Afraid* is a child's garden of sexuality, fear and violence that raises goose bumps. But it also leaves an unanswered question: Even if the kid gets his eyes fixed, won't he still have the mind of a homicidal maniac? ¥¥½

•

The rugged hero and headstrong heroine of director Ron Howard's ***Far and Away*** (Universal) are roles made in heaven for the John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara of yore. Modern moviegoers will have to settle for Tom Cruise and Nicole

Hanks, Davis and the girls of summer.

In *League*, the diamond is a girl's best friend; another weirdo from Schrader.

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Kidman—married off screen but locked in a battle of the sexes here. Running off together to the U.S. from Ireland 100 years ago, they pose as brother and sister while sharing a room in a Boston brothel. Eventually they stake out an Oklahoma homestead in a sweeping American epic on a scale seldom seen nowadays. At times, it's as corny as a penny-dreadful tale stolen from Charles Dickens—truly laid on with a trowel when the two, starving, stagger through snowdrifts. But Cruise's skills are impressive, whether he's on horseback, boxing or showing off his brogue, and Kidman proves a lively match for her movie-star mate. While Howard's pop Americana looks more like shrewd commerce than art, he jazzes it up with enough surefire tomfoolery to keep Cruise fans enthralled. ¥¥¥

•

Lush period color and an impudently casual style characterize the French-made ***L'Elegant Criminel*** (RKO). Still, the main attraction in director Francis Girod's arresting comedy-drama is the cocky performance by Daniel Auteuil in his title role as Pierre Lacenaire, who swaggered to the guillotine back in 1836. All but insisting on his own execution, the remorseless master crook and murderer turns the courtroom into a theatrical one-man show of unrepentant evil. Even in prison, where Lacenaire polishes up his memoirs, such famous folk as Victor Hugo drop by to visit. Decidedly not for everyone, Auteuil's acid-etched portrait is framed with some grand Gallic savoir faire. ¥¥½

•

Another minor French treat is ***La Discrète*** (MK-2), which takes its title from a 17th Century expression for a beauty mark applied to a woman's chin. Judith Henry has one, and she's a thoroughly modern soft-spoken Parisian named Catherine, who turns the tables on Antoine (Fabrice Luchini), the ladies' man campaigning to seduce her. Seeking revenge on the opposite sex after being dumped by his old love, he picks Catherine almost at random. Director Christian Vincent needs plenty of dry, sassy palaver and pillow talk—subtitled in English—to explain how Antoine wins but loses by taking his ruthless game to heart. ¥¥

•

A rape victim, a policeman's wife and a rock singer are, respectively, the title characters in ***Pepi, Luci, Bom*** (Cinevista), an outrageous comedy made 12 years ago by writer-director Pedro Almodóvar. Grainy and wired with sneaky cultural shocks, Almodóvar's first feature has been called everything from "a sock on the nose" to a parody of Hollywood's *Les Girls*. You take your pick. A much younger Carmen Maura—now an Almodóvar regular—plays Pepi, who is raped by a policeman and asks Bom to help her seek revenge. They start with the cop's wife, Luci, a quiet, middle-class masochist whose yearnings range from lesbianism to being peed upon. Almodóvar's crude, lewd, cynical satire about women who shrug off social taboos makes it obvious that he, back in 1980, was an iconoclastic film maker with a future. ¥¥½

Rocco: making his Marc.

## OFF CAMERA

The buzz in Hollywood is all about 28-year-old director ***Marc Rocco,*** whose upcoming *Where the Day Takes You* concerns L.A.'s homeless young drifters. Since the early screenings, his phone hasn't stopped ringing. Studios, agents, actors on hold. "It's been fun," says Rocco.

The son of actor Alex Rocco (memorable as *The Godfather*'s casino owner who was rubbed out on a massage table), Marc was raised in and around the movie business. "My folks made sure my childhood was as normal as possible. Dad's my best friend, and Richard Rush—who directed *The Stunt Man*—has been my mentor." While still in his teens, young Rocco talked himself into a job as Rush's assistant and gofer before becoming a Directors Guild trainee on TV's *Dukes of Hazzard*. "Rush gave me my education in the business. He'd give me his camera and five minutes worth of film and tell me to shoot. I feel blessed by all he taught me."

Rocco's soaring career has left him little time to spend with his new bride, Lisa, a special-effects expert with TV's *Dinosaurs*. "Luckily," he says, "I do get to see her because she works on stuff in our garage." His next directorial stint will be *The Jacket*, based on Jack London's last novel. "We should start this September. The actor I'd like most for the main part is Ray Liotta. I'm also developing another film with Oliver Stone's company." When you're hot, you're hot—and Rocco is on a roll.

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Afraid of the Dark*** (See review) A blind boy sees blood-red. ¥¥½

***Alien³*** (Listed only) Sigourney's fine in a dank sequel. ¥½

***Children of the Corn II*** (See review) Killer kids trying a comeback. ¥

***La Discrète*** (See review) French comedy about seducer seduced. ¥¥

***Edward II*** (Reviewed 5/92) His Majesty's mad about a boy. ¥¥½

***L'Elegant Criminel*** (See review) A killer with a dramatic flair. ¥¥½

***Far and Away*** (See review) Cruise and Kidman coming to America. ¥¥¥

***For Sasha*** (7/92) At the kibbutz, all eyes on Sophie Marceau. ¥¥

***Gas Food Lodging*** (See review) It's a woman thing in a barren land. ¥¥½

***The Good Woman of Bangkok*** (7/92) Prostitution at close range. ¥¥½

***Highway 61*** (6/92) Like a road movie—with a dead body in transit. ¥¥

***Housesitter*** (7/92) Hawn with Martin on pretty shaky premises. ¥¥

***Howards End*** (4/92) So far, probably the best movie of the year. ¥¥¥¥

***A League of Their Own*** (See review) On the diamond with the girls. ¥¥¥

***Leaving Normal*** (7/92) Lahti hits the high road, Tilly in tow. ¥¥½

***Lethal Weapon 3*** (Listed only) Rene Russo and Joe Pesci join Glover and Gibson in a zesty comic sequel. ¥¥¥

***Light Sleeper*** (See review) Dafoe and Sarandon doing the drug scene. ¥¥¥

***London Kills Me*** (See review) More on dope dealers, English-style. ¥¥

***Night on Earth*** (6/92) Jim Jarmusch guides his stellar cast through taxi trips in five cities. ¥¥¥

***Patriot Games*** (Listed only) Harrison Ford *mano a mano* with Irish terrorists in a harrowing thriller. ¥¥¥½

***Pepi, Luci, Bom*** (See review) An early, very earthy Almodóvar. ¥¥½

***The Playboys*** (7/92) Deft romantic fable with an Irish lilt. ¥¥¥

***The Player*** (6/92) Altman's tongue-in-chic tour of Hollywood. ¥¥¥¥

***Poison Ivy*** (7/92) Most of the sting comes from Ms. Barrymore. ¥¥

***Raspad*** (7/92) Dancing on the edge of the abyss at Chernobyl. ¥¥¥½

***Sister Act*** (See review) A crazy covey of nuns on the run. ¥¥¥

***The Waterdance*** (7/92) On the go with brave men in wheelchairs. ¥¥½

***Wild Orchid 2: Two Shades of Blue*** (7/92) Early bloomer in a brothel. ¥¥

***Zentropa*** (1/92) A German train on the fast track in an epic fantasy. ¥¥

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## GUEST SHOT

No doubt about it: **Ivana Trump** loves videos. She estimates she has 400 in her personal collection. (She used to have more than 3000 aboard the Trump Princess, she says, but they went with the yacht when it was sold.) How much hardware does that require? "Oooh, that's a hard question," says Miss I. "Let's see. There are about fifteen TVs and VCRs in Trump Tower, ten or eleven at the house in Greenwich, two in the house in the south of France." When she's home alone, Trump prefers classics such as *West Side Story*, *Roman Holiday* and *Doctor Zhivago*. When she's traveling, it's *Roseanne* and *Cosby* taped from the tube and sent to her by her secretaries. Oh, and she also uses video to keep up with the latest fashions. "I can't always be in Europe for the ready-to-wear collections," she says, "so I get tapes of the shows I miss." Life's tough. —LINDA KONNER

### VIDEO GOLD

If the action in Barcelona has you longing for Olympic gold oldies, Bud Greenspan's 22-tape Emmy-winning series ***The Olympiad*** pays tribute to the Summer Games' most triumphant moments—and athletes. Highlights:

BEST SPORTSMAN: In the 1936 games, Jesse Owens, facing elimination in the broad jump, gets sideline help from German rival Luz Long. When Owens beats him with a record leap, Long slings an arm around Owens and leads him down the runway past Hitler's box. Owens wins four golds; Long is killed in World War Two (*Jesse Owens Returns to Berlin*).

TOUGHEST CHALLENGER: France's Alain Mimoun loses to Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek, the greatest long-distance runner ever, in three events in 1948 and 1952—but by steadily slimmer margins. In their last meeting in Melbourne, Mimoun finally wins (*The Persistent Ones*).

MOST ADORABLE: Norwegian figure skater Sonja Henie not only captures three straight golds (in 1928, 1932 and 1936), she's so cute that Hollywood makes her into a movie star. Henie's return to Norway after the Berlin games is declared a national holiday (*The Immortals*).

BRAVEST FINISHER: At the 1948 London games, 21-year-old Belgian Etienne Gailly, running his first marathon, enters the stadium leading the pack but barely standing. He is passed twice yet holds on for the bronze, then collapses onto a stretcher (*The Persistent Ones*).

TOP UNDERDOG: In 1968, U.S. discus thrower Al Oerter becomes the only track-and-field athlete to win gold medals in four successive Olympics. Three of the times he faces the current world champion and in all four he sets Olympic records—once with torn rib cartilage (*The Incredible Five*).

—BRAD HAMILTON

*(All tapes available from Paramount Home Video, 800-445-3800, ext. 840.)*

### VIDEO GRASSY KNOLL

Although it caused a stir, Oliver Stone's *JFK* (now on video from Warner) wasn't the first film to suggest a Kennedy assassination conspiracy. Investigate:

***The Plot to Kill JFK: Rush to Judgment:*** First of its kind (1967) and well done, though a bit plodding. Includes interviews with eyewitnesses ignored by the Warren Commission (MPI).

***Two Men in Dallas:*** A Texas lawman's moving account—as told to JFK assassination buff Mark Lane—of his thwarted efforts to expose the truth. He died a "suicide" a year later (Tape Worm).

***Best Evidence: The Research Video:*** Offers the creepy notion that Kennedy's body was altered between Dallas and Bethesda. Eerie autopsy pics (Rhino).

***Reasonable Doubt: The Single Bullet Theory and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy:*** Exposes the Warren Report's biggest flaw, with help from the Zapruder footage. But the narrator sounds like Jack Webb with a hair ball (White Star).

***The Killing of President Kennedy: New Revelations—Twenty Years Later:*** In this one, everyone is involved: the Mafia, CIA, FBI—even LBJ. If the flood of information is too much, try ***Declassified: The Plot to Kill President Kennedy:*** Sort of a Cliffs Notes version (VidAmerica).

***Who Didn't Kill JFK?:*** Detailed evidence argues that the famous backyard photos of Oswald are fakes. Fascinating info, bland narration (3-G Home Video).

***Four Days in November:*** David Wolper's documentary makes it all so simple: Oswald's a psycho, Ruby's a patriot—and this clinker should have been called *Warren Report: The Movie* (MGM/UA).

—REED KIRK RAHLMANN

### LASER FARE

MGM/UA's nifty double-feature disc, ***Doctor X/The Mystery of the Wax Museum*** ($40), has equal doses of history and horror. Both fright films, starring Fay Wray, were shot in pre–Production Code days, so bare thighs and risqué scripting abound. Also, these early stabs at color processing create a look that's more pink and green than Technicolor. . . . MPI, long a home video champ, has stepped up its laser disc catalog. Recent additions include a duo of music discs—***The Judds: Their Final Concert*** and ***The Bee Gees: One for All Tour—Live!***—and ***The Return of Sherlock Holmes: The Hound of Baskervilles,*** starring Jeremy Brett as the famous shamus.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

## VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| MUST SEE | ***Cape Fear*** (twisted ex-con De Niro terrorizes former lawyer Nolte; great white-knuckle remake by Scorsese); ***The Addams Family*** (vintage TV retread, but slick speciol effects ond Anjelico Huston make it a hoot); ***The Lovers*** (Jeonne Moreau in o tale of adultery thot was shocking in 1958; it's still hot). |
| DRAMA | ***Grand Canyon*** (Kline, Glover and Martin do the self-ossess thing in L.A.; directed by Lawrence Kasdan); ***Voyager*** (globe-trotter Som Shepord has unsettling shipboard romance); ***Naked Lunch*** (Williom S. 8urrough's s-f exterminotor bugs out; from *Fly* director Dovid Cronenberg). |
| SUSPENSE | ***Keeper of the City*** (reporter Peter Coyote protects o vigilante from cop Lou Gossett; o top coble pic); ***Love Crimes*** (feminist D.A. Seon Young obsesses on photo-scom creep Potrick Bergin; unrated version); ***Deceived*** (Goldie Hown's dead hubbie's o psycho killer—and he's olive). |
| PERFORMANCE | ***A Tribute to Alvin Ailey*** (smooth moves from the late choreographer's troupe); ***Mambo Mouth*** (John Leguizamo's Lotino tour de force: six extended monologs, eoch one o riot); ***Herbie Hancock Trio: Hurricane!*** (1984 Switzerlond gig; from V.I.E.W. Video's *Hall of Fame Jazz Collection*). |

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# MUSIC

### VIC GARBARINI

ATLANTA'S BLACK CROWES are the latest and most successful incarnation of Stones–Faces–style rock. Some felt their taut yet offhand rendition of Otis Redding's *Hard to Handle* on their debut helped revitalize the traditions they drew from. Others saw them as hopelessly retro. The question is, have they brought anything new—musically or emotionally—to the party? Their sophomore effort, ***The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion*** (Def American), is an unsettled but adventurous attempt to answer that question. Unsettled, because they seem to delve into their roots while trying to escape from them at the same time. After a couple of meat-and-potatoes rockers, the Crowes slow down and drift through a series of R&B-tinged meandering ballads. But lead singer Chris Robinson doesn't have the wattage to carry these "soulful" excursions. Just covering an Otis tune doesn't make you his equal—ask Michael Bolton. But on side two the Crowes speed up things and hit their stride via the muscular, arching riffs and grungy squall of new guitarist Marc Ford. Ironically, those tunes—the exhilarating *No Speak No Slave* and *Morning Song*—owe a debt to that other Seventies icon, Led Zep. Know your limitations, guys.

FAST CUTS: Former Dictators and Del Lords leader Scott Kempner sounds like he knows exactly who he is on ***Tenement Angels*** (Razor & Tie). Sure, he sounds uncannily like a Springsteen Jungleland character come to life. The sweet punk-a-billy riffs and hooks are irresistible. A heartfelt minor masterpiece.

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### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Tenor man David Murray isn't an innovator like Ornette Coleman or John Coltrane. He lacks Wynton Marsalis' public command and Branford's pop connections. But whether founding the we-ain't-got-no-rhythm-section World Saxophone Quartet or backing James Blood Ulmer's harmolodic jazz-rock efforts, leading small group or octet or big band, he's the most generous saxophone virtuoso since Sonny Rollins.

Aided by his hard-blowing role model Arthur Blythe, Murray—the strong, adaptable sessioneer—fires McCoy Tyner's *44th Street Suite* (Red Baron). *David Murray Big Band Conducted by Lawrence "Butch" Morris* (DIW/Columbia) showcases his modernistic, tradition-drenched charts. *Black and Black* (Red Baron) is a wild, gutbucket, avant-garde quartet date. And the funkiest record he's ever made, ***Shakill's Warrior*** (DIW/Columbia), is also one of the most evocative.

The secret is the prodigiously fluent Don Pullen, featured on the Hammond B-3 organ he's played for 20 years. Riding a straight-swinging guitar-and-drums groove, Murray and Pullen dig deep into the most déclassé kind of organ jazz. The music partakes of all the style's thick sexuality and soused soul—both men clearly love this stuff. But at the same time it seems de-centered, a little off, conjuring a time warp in which a smoky Sixties taproom in Watts or Newark is transported to 2001—to some scary future whose strangeness seems more natural every day.

FAST CUTS: The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, ***Hypocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury*** (4th & B'way): Rap avant-industrial, with politics that won't make you grit your teeth or love Bill Clinton. Dennis Alcapone, ***Forever Version*** (Heartbeat): Early sample king has fun with early reggae.

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JOE FOURNIER

The Crowes fly.

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A "soulful" effort
from the Black Crowes;
Kid Frost comes back strong.

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### DAVE MARSH

Kid Frost has now made three albums, if you count last year's *Latin Alliance*, a group affair that he guided and dominated. ***East Side Story*** (Virgin) covers the same terrain as the others—the life and hard times of the present-day Chicano in East Los Angeles. The turf and the altercations roughly resemble South Central L.A.'s gangsta mainstream (Ice-T, Ice Cube, N.W.A. et al.). Although Frost gives away nothing in attitudinal militance, his music's surface is far smoother. He works with beats and samples taken from soul harmony groups—the Persuaders' *Thin Line Between Love and Hate*, Undisputed Truth's *Smiling Faces Sometimes*. Hard-core hip-hoppers may translate softness as weakness, but in fact Frost works from a position of strength: Rhythm-and-blues harmony has been the driving sound of East L.A. lowriders for four decades. This is one case where artistic integrity makes up a sound that's dissociated from its substance—and where some knowledge of a performer's cultural origins is essential to figuring out what he's really up to.

John Trudell is not a rapper exactly—the narrative songs on ***AKA Grafitti Man*** (Rykodisc) are more akin to the tales and legends told by Robbie Robertson, and they use similar gravelly vocals and spare but intricate guitar-based arrangements. But Trudell isn't blowing smoke or selling snake oil. He's a traditional Native American, and that perspective shapes everything from *Rockin' the Res*, an anti-Columbus anthem for the quincentennial, to *Baby Boom Ché*, his resonant tribute to Elvis.

FAST CUTS: Baritone Tiplove, ***Livin' Foul*** (Easy Street): This "Underground Response to Black Radio's Attempted Neutralization of Rap" offers allusions to everybody from Miles Davis to 2 Live Crew and Yellowman. And the meanest song about the PMRC I've ever heard. Various artists, ***Sweet Soul Music*** (Sire): Masterworks from a time when R&B metaphor led naturally to songs about freedom and struggle, most beautifully in Laura Lee's *Separation Line* and most rousingly in the Soul Brothers 6's *Some Kind of Wonderful*.

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### CHARLES M. YOUNG

To me, the major element of Fleetwood Mac's appeal in its glory years of the late Seventies was Lindsey Buckingham's intricate melodies and highly rhythmic guitar. Starting with *Tusk*, he then seemed to become overly enamored with weirdness for its own sake and lost some of his direction, which continued into his solo career. On ***Out of the Cradle*** (Reprise), he has again found that direction. The weirdness here sounds more like drive for originality, and he isn't hiding any of his strengths as a pop producer and arranger. He especially isn't hiding his guitar. Several fingerpicked solo interludes are thrilling, and he's also an ace with flat-picked hard rock. The melodies don't hook quite as

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# MUSI

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FAST CUTS: For… Lords l… he kno… ***Angels*** uncann… charact… a-billy ri… heartfelt minor masterpiece.

### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING
By Pregnant Women May Resul
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low B

Smoking
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13 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Medium Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—100's: 13 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

deeply as *Rumours*, but only a handful of albums ever have.

FAST CUTS: Kiss, **Revenge** (Mercury): Not as great as their first live album, but the riffs and melodramatic delivery put it up there with *Destroyer*. They aren't bored, and that's good for metal. Forthright male fantasy approach to sex will make Camille Paglia happy even if the clichés make me wince. False Prophets, ***Invisible People*** (Patois/Cargo): These hard-core survivors have evolved to a more musical approach than most of their influences. AIDS, homelessness, government conspiracies, crack—for those who want to think while they thrash. Dr. Michael White, ***New Year's at the Village Vanguard*** (Antilles): This guy must be the Eddie Van Halen of Dixieland clarinet. Terrific band at full throttle, plus guest shot by Wynton Marsalis. This'll make you dance around your apartment and clean everything.

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**NELSON GEORGE**

So far, 1992 has been a fertile year for African American performers who have ignored the formulas of rhythm-and-blues and the beat of hip-hop. ***Jeffrey Gaines*** (Chrysalis/EMI), a lanky singer-songwriter from Philadelphia, has created music influenced lyrically by Elvis Costello and melodically by early David Bowie on his self-titled debut. Though he's not yet in their league—this is only his rookie season—these 12 songs suggest Gaines has plenty of potential for growth. The three opening cuts are the strongest: the anthemic *Hero in Me, Scares Me More* and *Didn't Wanna Be Daddy*, a fresh, quite frank view of abortion from the perspective of the would-have-been father. Not all of Gaines's material is as rich or insightful as this trio. The collection's last song, *Headmasters of Mine*, is way too precious.

Ephraim Lewis, a black British singer-songwriter, is a more fully formed musical personality than Gaines. On ***Skin*** (Elektra), he sounds like a male Sade and displays a gift for compositions that encase his husky voice in sensual settings. The ten songs are smartly arranged with a real understanding of romantic atmosphere without being hackneyed. My favorite cut is *Drowning in Your Eyes*, which has a sexy samba feel and moist vocals. Lewis has created quality mood music for this new age of romance.

FAST CUTS: If you never heard Anita Baker's 1982 debut, **The Songstress** (Elektra), you gotta have it. Originally on an indie label, this eight-track CD contains three of Baker's best performances, *Feel the Need, You're the Best Thing Yet* and the stunning *Angel*.

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Black Crowes** *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* | 4 | 7 | 9 | 4 | 7 |
| **Lindsey Buckingham** *Out of the Cradle* | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 8 |
| **Kid Frost** *East Side Story* | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| **Jeffrey Gaines** | 2 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 7 |
| **David Murray** *Shakill's Warrior* | 10 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 |

**SCREW CENSORSHIP DEPARTMENT:** The Rock the Vote graphic reproduced on T-shirts and bumper stickers with the legend CENSORSHIP IS UN-AMERICAN has been caught in a censorship flap of its own. *Screw* magazine wanted to use the graphic on the cover of a recent issue to help spread the anti-censorship message, but Rock the Vote said no. The program director told *Screw*, "I'm sure you understand [*Screw*] isn't an appropriate magazine for it to appear in." Now we've heard everything: Apparently some censorship isn't un-American.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Janet Jackson** has a full plate. First, her recent duet with **Luther Vandross** for the movie *Mo' Money*; then her starring role in **John Singleton's** next film, *Poetic Justice* (Janet plays a hairdresser named Justice who writes poetry, get it?); and finally, her promised album (again produced by **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis**) due out before the end of the year. . . . Producer **Nile Rodgers** is developing a film about the Black Panthers, of which he was a member during the Sixties and Seventies. Instead of focusing on the superstars like **Huey Newton,** Rodgers is interested in the rank and file. . . . **Jack Blades** and **Tommy Shaw** of **Damn Yankees** got together with **Vince Neil** to record *You're Invited, But Your Friend Can't Come* for the sound track of the recently released *Encino Man*. A new Damn Yankees LP is due any day. . . . **Madonna** will both produce and star in *Little Odessa*, about a Russian immigrant who gets involved in a crime. . . . Hollywood Pictures is producing a new rock musical, *Next Big Thing*, about a down-and-out A&R man who turns an African tribesman into a rock star.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Shanachie records (which is donating 50 percent of the royalties to the Rhythm and Blues Foundation) has begun to release the *Soul of Rhythm and Blues* series with LPs coming from **Cissy Houston, Chuck Jackson, Darlene Love** and **Carla Thomas,** along with a **Curtis Mayfield** tribute. . . . Look for **Joe Cocker** on tour in your city this month and next. . . . **Quincy Jones** is assembling an all-star choir to record the *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*. Gospel singers and pop stars expected to be in the choir include **Gladys Knight, Stevie Wonder, Al Jarreau, Patti Austin** and **Jeffrey Osborne.** . . . Want to know what his Purple One is up to? For $1.50 a minute, you can dial 1-900-73-PRINCE and get the scoop. . . . **Right Said Fred's Fred Fairbrass** says it takes only ten minutes every three days to shave his "too sexy" head. . . . **Marvin Gaye's** daughter **Nona** is cutting her debut album at **Michael Douglas'** record company, Third Stone. . . . Next year, **Perry Farrell's** new band, **Porno for Pyros,** will have an album out and the sound is reportedly softer than **Jane's Addiction.** . . . Grace Cathedral in San Francisco will perform *Liverpool Oratorio* in the fall and **Paul McCartney** RSVPed yes. . . . The second generation rocks: **Jacob Dylan,** who plays guitar and sings in the **Wallflowers,** will have his debut LP in the stores this month. . . . **Holly** (*21 Jump Street*) **Robinson** will play **Diana Ross** in the TV miniseries about the **Jacksons** called *The Jacksons: An American Dream*. . . . Finally, is it wretched excess or not? **Hammer** is on the road with 12 trucks to carry the sound system, four broadcast-quality video screens, 110 people in nine buses and more leather outfits in different colors than any other rapper in the world. —BARBARA NELLIS

# JAZZ

## By NEIL TESSER

FOR THE PAST 30 years or so, this basic set of guidelines has proved invaluable for fledgling jazz fans: 1. Buy one Miles Davis album from the mid-Fifties and one from the mid-Sixties. 2. Buy one album by each sideman found therein. 3. Buy one album by each of *their* sidemen. Follow these rules and you'll have a starter-set of modern jazz. Davis' acumen at putting together great bands led him to hire such storied improvisers as John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock, each of whom led top-notch groups of his own. And even after Miles's death, the rules apply, as evidenced by new CDs from former Davis associates.

Tony Williams' ***The Story of Neptune*** (Blue Note) tops the list: The discerning and exhilarating drummer who joined Davis in 1963 at the age of 17 now leads a crackerjack combo starring pianist Mulgrew Miller and Davis acolyte Wallace Roney on trumpet. Williams has studied composition for several years, and he focuses the relentless intensity of his drumming into crisp, economical themes (as in the title suite). But he's also included a fresh arrangement of the classic *Poinciana*, and he's managed to turn the Beatles' *Blackbird* into a surprisingly effective jazz vehicle.

Another Davis drummer (1969–1971), Jack DeJohnette, offers the latest installment of his Special Edition on ***Earth Walk*** (Blue Note), with the stark and sassy saxophones of Greg Osby and Gary Thomas in the front line. This CD alternates boisterous straight-ahead tunes with lengthy, electronics-enhanced sonic portraits. With DeJohnette, it's never really that simple—his quirky accents and unmistakable drum chatter shift the pilings of any music built on his foundation. Despite some bright moments, *Earth Walk* never quite settles in.

Saxist Wayne Shorter and pianist Herbie Hancock, mainstays of Davis' Sixties quintet and his first fusion bands, don't often find themselves in the same studio these days; the most recent occasion led to two tracks (with the Brazilian percussion ensemble Olodum) on ***Bahia Black*** (Axiom). The album has a hand-picked assortment of musicians from which producer Bill Laswell mixes and matches the lineups, and the Shorter–Hancock collaborations, brimming with dark fire, leap to the fore.

Guitarist John McLaughlin (who crystallized Davis' *Bitches Brew* album before forming the legendary Mahavishnu Orchestra), leads a world-view trio on ***Qué Alegria*** (Verve), which incorporates Far East majesty, American blues and metaphysical balladry in a vivid summation of McLaughlin's career. And on ***This Is New*** (Blue Note), the young tenor man Rick Margitza—who played with Davis in the late Eighties—scores with full-throated improvisations on standards.

CHUCK WALKER

Modern jazz masters.

New releases from Count Basie, Sun Ra and Miles Davis acolytes.

Eclecticism rules the debut of the young trumpet ace Ryan Kisor. On ***Minor Mutiny*** (Columbia), he tries on a number of different compositional styles with varying results. One of them is a tribute to Miles, and in such cases, you can't go wrong with a Coltrane on track: The entire album showcases saxist/flutist Ravi Coltrane, the strong-toned son of you know who.

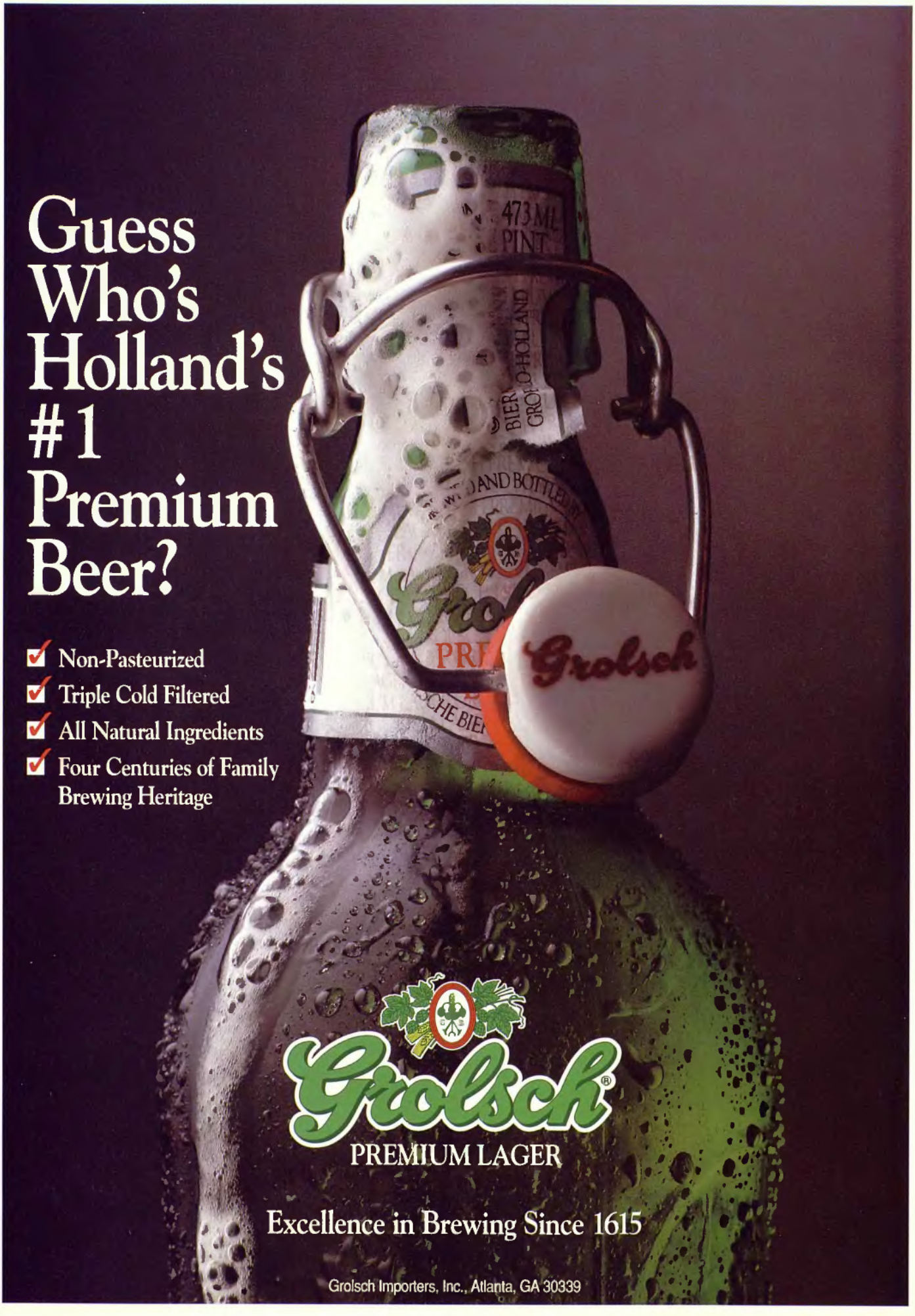
But the quality never wavers on ***Lush Life*** (Verve), tenor saxist Joe Henderson's tribute to the music of Billy Strayhorn. Strayhorn, who wrote for and with Duke Ellington for almost 30 years, composed some of the most memorable songs in all of jazz (among them, *Take the "A" Train*). Henderson does them more than justice, in settings ranging from quintet (with Wynton Marsalis) to unaccompanied (on the title tune). Henderson's solos are less labyrinthine than in years past, but in this, his best album in 20 years, they still run brilliant circles around the improvisations of most other modernists.

A far more surprising tribute comes courtesy of clarinetist Eddie Daniels and vibraphonist Gary Burton. On ***Benny Rides Again*** (GRP), they re-create the sound and songbook of the revolutionary Benny Goodman Quartet, with interpretations both gratifyingly modern and still respectful of the originals.

A bastion of swing-era music—the Count Basie Orchestra—receives red-carpet treatment on two newly reissued sets separated by two decades. ***Complete Decca Recordings*** (GRP), a three-CD set, documents the national emergence of the Basie band by presenting all the titles Basie recorded between 1937 and 1939. The word classic gets thrown around a lot, but it really applies here, with such legends as Lester Young, Jimmy Rushing, Herschel Evans and Buck Clayton laying down jazz history. But studio magic notwithstanding, Basie led a jamming band, best heard in live performance. Luckily, Mosaic Records now offers the band's ***Complete Roulette Live Recordings 1959–62*** (mail order only: 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902): eight CDs capturing the band on three explosive concerts in New York, Miami and Sweden.

A small new label devotes itself to big-band music of a far different stripe—that of Sun Ra, the visionary keyboardist and bandleader whose music mingles with a unique, astro-Egyptian mythology. In the Fifties, the Sun Ra "arkestras" began fusing the then-embryonic avant-garde with big-band music, slowly winning converts to his often playful, sometimes bizarre outlook. Ra issued his earliest records on his own Saturn label. Now, Evidence Music (1100 E. Hector Street, suite 392, Conshohocken, Pennsylvania 19428) has begun reissuing CD versions of those efforts. Highlighting the first five titles are ***Sound Sun Pleasure!*** (recordings of the mid-Fifties, plus some irony-tinged standards from the late Fifties), ***Jazz in Silhouette*** (grandly atmospheric originals from 1958) and ***Super-Sonic Jazz*** (1956). And each of them sports a suitably psychedelic picture-disc illustration that all by itself justifies the price.

The list also includes the major-label debut of Chicago wild man Hal Russell and his NRG Ensemble (featuring saxist Mars Williams). These hyperactive musical tricksters defy categorization on ***The Finnish/Swiss Tour*** (ECM), but their music brims with wit and imagination. Pianist Myra Melford's trio struts, pummels and caresses her compositions on ***Now & Now*** (Enemy Records, 11–36 31st Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11106), straddling the line between free jazz and the instantly accessible. Pianist Randy Weston returns with a majestic double-CD, ***The Spirits of Our Ancestors*** (Antilles), which features a spectacular cast and is steeped in the rhythms of Africa. And Christopher Hollyday steps out in front of Kenny Werner's ear-opening big-band charts on ***And I'll Sing Once More*** (Novus), an important step for the maturing 22-year-old altoist.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Triple Cold Filtered
All Natural Ingredients
Four Centuries of Family Brewing Heritage
473 ML PINT
Grolsch
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# STYLE

## HOG WILD

If attitude is what you're after in outerwear, the motorcycle jacket is as cool as it gets. Traditionally black, belted and loaded with zippers, this American classic comes with a few new faces for fall. Harley-Davidson, for example, offers motorcycle jackets made of distressed leather, ones that are fringed and, for guys who could use some extra bulk, jackets with padded and stitched shoulders, elbows and lower back panels ($347 to $464). Diesel uses appliqués to give its motorcycle jackets a Western look ($475). Avirex, known for its motorcycle and bomber jackets, has introduced a group of detailed leather jackets that highlight seven different states, including Texas (shown here, $450). Tapp offers classic motorcycle jackets in faux pony skin ($325). And if you really want to get wild, Schott Brothers' classic Perfecto jacket ($350) is now available in red, orange, royal blue and yellow leather. Hell's Angels they're not. But then, you won't get lost in the crowd, either.

## HOT SHOPPING: VINTAGE FASHIONS

Do you like the latest retro styles but want to try the real thing? Here is a look at some of the nation's top vintage shops, where secondhand fashions are hardly second-rate. Baltimore: Dreamland (224 West Read Street)—Slick smoking jackets and retro leathers. • Chicago: Flashy Trash (3524 North Halsted Street)—Latter-day Beatles and *Saturday Night Fever* fashions. • Houston: Wear It Again Sam (1411 Westheimer Road)—Art deco ties and fine Forties suits. • Miami Beach: Last Tango in Paradise (1214 Washington Avenue)—Fifties printed country-club jackets and cabana sets. • New York: The Second Coming (72 Greene Street)—Vintage footwear that's never been worn. • San Francisco: American Rag Cie (1305 Van Ness)—Fifties-era jackets and shirts.

## CLOTHES LINE

Although baseball commentator **Tim McCarver** says his on-air attire is "restricted to such TV shades as blue and black," off camera he's a self-described color man. Perry Ellis' brushed-cotton pants and custom Sea Island cotton dress shirts are among his leading looks. So are ties, he says. "I have a real weakness for them." McCarver also likes to shake up his wardrobe a bit: His favorite jacket is a Brioni that he bought in San Francisco during the 1989 Earthquake World Series. Although he avoids getting hemmed in by one designer, this boy of summer is biased when it comes to the seasons. "I love summer dressing—linen, short sleeves and my Fratelli Rossetti loafers with no socks."

## HAIR AND NOW

Men, it's time to lose the ponytail. That's the consensus among hair experts, who agree that shorter, groomed styles are in for fall. The favored look, say the pros, is hair cut closer to the head around the sides, ears and nape area and left longer on top for fullness. The big news, though, is color. If you want to add blond highlights or wash away the grays, go for it. There's no stigma attached and no fear of fallout. Today's best salon products are free of ammonia and other harsh chemicals, so they keep hair healthy and minimize damage. Redken's Shades E.Q., for example, imparts shine and a subtle wash of color that can last for up to 40 shampoos. Sebastian's Cellophanes Plus comes in more than 30 shades, including clear for extra shine. And L' Oreal's new Equa-Ton Homme, created for men in the just-graying or the salt-and-pepper stage, provides natural-looking color in only five minutes.

## MONEY DOWN THE ROAD

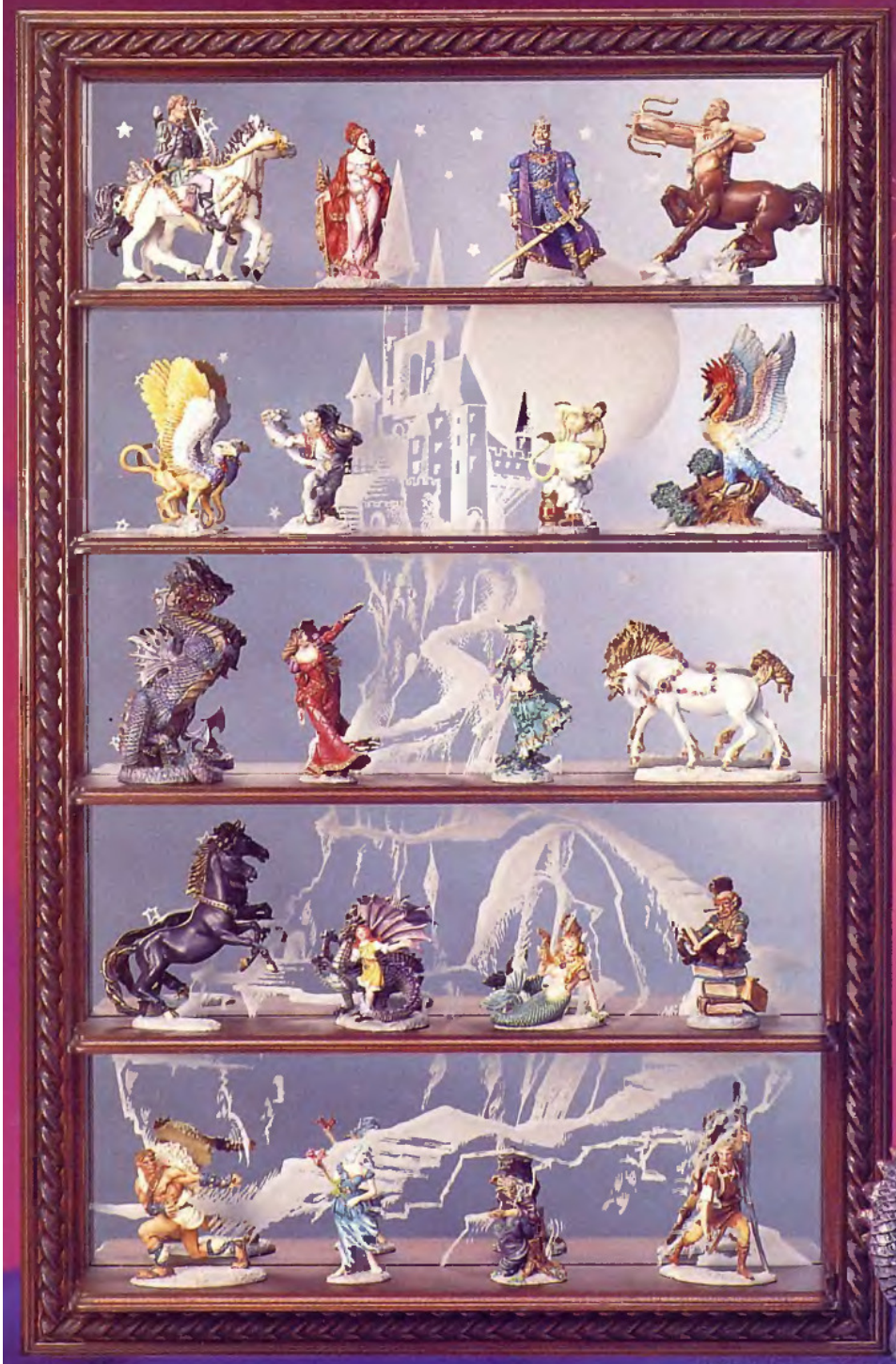
Own a 1958 to 1961 Austin-Healey Sprite? A 1968 or 1969 Plymouth Road Runner? A 1959 or 1960 Chevrolet Impala? Lucky you, because these and other choice models have been picked by *Hemmings Motor News* as used cars with potential. Depending on their condition, they can appreciate at eight to ten percent a year. What's new and loaded with value? *Playboy*'s Automotive Editor, Ken Gross, chooses the Acura NSX and the Dodge Viper "especially if Acura drops its limited-production two-seater or the Viper lays an egg." He also picks Chevy's much-vaunted ZR-1 Corvette as a long-term keeper. And what to avoid? "Forget about collecting any Yugos, ever."

## STYLE METER

| SUNGLASSES | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| FRAMES | Smaller-sized frames; lightweight frames; vintage-style brushed metal | Bright-colored frames; oversized frames; bulky, nerdy frames |
| STYLES AND SHAPES | Wire/tortoise combinations; small aviator shapes; John Lennon glasses | High-tech detailing; shiny silver or brass; wacky Elton John glasses |
| LENSES | Optical quality; green and gray tints; 100 percent UV protection; optimal blue-light filtering | Cheap, scratchable plastic or glass; nonathletic mirrored shades; bright-colored tints; anything without UV filtering |



Where & How to Buy on page 159.



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## Crystal. Ruby. Sapphire. Amethyst. 24 Karat Gold.

## By STEPHEN RANDALL

MEDIA CRITICS, like all other critics, have a dirty little secret: We're really fans. We may whine and moan about the sorry state of journalism, but—at night, all alone, hidden in our dens—we're news junkies. We love the media. We just have a funny way of showing it.

At least, I used to love the media. My affection was sorely tested in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict. Los Angeles, the city in which I live, exploded, and local TV news became the source of information in a town under siege.

There's an old newsroom bromide that says, basically, one's enjoyment of journalism exists in inverse proportion to one's knowledge of the subject. That, in part, may explain my jaundiced reaction to what I watched on TV during those few days. But there's another factor at work here as well. National network news has endured constant cutbacks and ratings erosion—remember when Dan, Tom and Peter were on at 7:00 P.M., when it was actually convenient to watch them? Local news, however, is a journalistic boomtown—even CNN often relies on reports from local stations. Local TV stations have multihour newscasts, million-dollar anchors and, more often than not, shoddy journalism.

If you watch the news in any city, big or small, you have some sense of what I'm talking about: silly banter, tabloid-style reporting about crime and traffic accidents, contrived stories promoting that night's TV movie and those week-long "investigative" reports that pop up during every sweeps period on UFOs, the murder of Marilyn Monroe and sex at the office. Most of the time, luckily, these are harmless forms of entertainment. No one has ever been hurt by a TV news story on UFOs. Of course, no one has ever been helped by one, either.

That was the problem as the riots swept across Los Angeles. One newsman, who just a week before had tried to convince viewers that UFOs were being hidden somewhere in the shadow of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, was now trying to explain the most important event to happen in the city in 25 years. He and his colleagues came up short. Very short. So short you might find them standing under a piano.

The local TV news business may well attract talented journalists. Unfortunately, it also attracts some finely chiseled airheads and more than a few nomads. When anchorpeople spend more time studying hairstyles than journalism and when field reporters and producers who work in seven cities in eight years are so new to L.A. they can't pronounce the names of major thoroughfares, reporting is bound to suffer.

STEPHEN TURK

Small minds tackle a big story.

Why the Los Angeles riots were bad news for local TV.

What Los Angeles watched on TV during those nights was so horrendous it was easy, at first, to overlook the babbling that accompanied it. Anchors compared the violence and fires to the Watts riots, but few of them seemed to remember what the Watts riots were actually about. Reporters who ventured into neighborhoods that had long histories of complex problems seemed to have no idea where they were. They simply looked around for a big-name chain store and tried to count the number of VCRs being looted.

Local TV news abhors a vacuum. In the absence of anything intelligent to say, the conversation turned to pious moralizing and correspondence-school psychoanalysis. The TV journalists were clearly mystified by people who didn't behave the way "regular" people—say, your average TV newsman—would in similar circumstances. "Don't you know this is wrong?" incredulous reporters would ask looters as they staggered out of stores with armloads of shoes.

"Why are these people doing this to their own neighborhoods?" wondered more than one anchor aloud. "Why don't they burn down Beverly Hills?" It was a helpful suggestion, one that was no doubt deeply appreciated by the residents of Beverly Hills. Merchants who stood by helplessly while their stores were being ransacked were probably equally thrilled when local television announced the addresses of businesses under attack, just in case more folks wanted to drop by.

Some anchors got tipsy with power, demonstrating an "I'll stop this single-handedly" bravado. One instructed his station's helicopter pilot to fly lower in order to get better pictures of criminals in action so the criminals could be arrested later—perhaps by the anchorman himself. Indeed, newscasters were so caught up in denouncing the "thugs and hoodlums" and in staking out the moral high ground that their comments often reached a revivalistic pitch. Imagine a pre-disgraced Jimmy Swaggart summoning all his fire-and-brimstone indignation while narrating footage of graphic violence and widespread looting and you'll get the picture. Swaggart was indisposed, of course, so KCBS turned to tabloid news geek Geraldo Rivera to sit in as a guest anchor. Observers swear he lent a much-needed sense of decorum to the proceedings.

Sometimes in-studio guests would try to talk about the problems that South Central L.A. had endured for years, problems so severe that they could spawn such inexplicable acts. But when you have 40 camera-friendly fires burning out of control, the guests' attempts to put the situation in some sort of meaningful context were easily lost in the smoke.

In the days that followed the initial outbreak, many asked questions about whether or not the local news outlets incited violence and made matters worse with their coverage, which often seemed like an endless infomercial for looting and arson. "We have a responsibility to show what is happening in this city," said one news director to the *Los Angeles Times*. Of course. But clearly some important things had been happening in South Central before the riots. Apparently no one in the L.A. TV news world felt the same responsibility to cover those stories. Residents might have learned about problems in their own backyards instead of about UFOs in Vegas.

In a body blow to municipal pride, it took out-of-towners—mainly Ted Koppel and his *Nightline* crew—to visit South Central and try to piece together what had gone wrong. Koppel's L.A. counterparts—although they have better hair—were forced to parrot the *Los Angeles Times* if they wanted to include real reporting in their nightly newscasts.

"This is a classic case of wanting to kill the messenger," griped the news directors as complaints mounted.

That's not true. No one wants to kill the messenger. But if local TV news is going to be our main source of information in a time of crisis, we should demand that the messenger do a better job.

# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

WITH VOTER confidence at an all-time low and political scandal at an all-time high, our presidential choices this year seem increasingly desperate and limited. We could call either Jerry Brown's or Ross Perot's 800 number. We could attend a bake-off with Hillary Clinton or watch the President pander to his own set of special-interest groups. Better yet, we could take a book to the beach and try to figure out how we got into this mess.

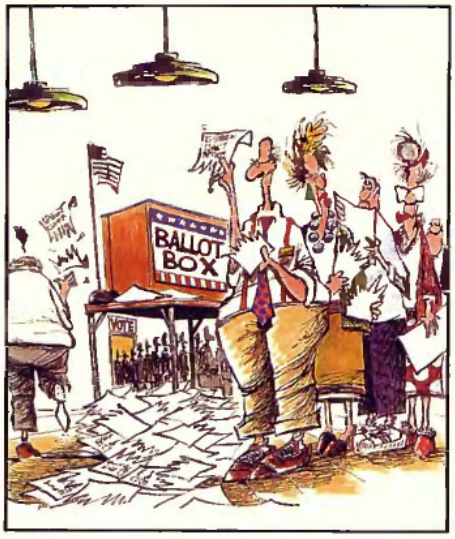
Observers of the political scene have been warning us for decades. Books such as *The Selling of the President 1968* and *The Boys on the Bus* are models for the current shelf of criticism about our forthcoming election. A careful reading of the latest Jeremiahs suggests that it may be time for American citizens to start paying attention.

The toughest assessment is William Greider's eye-opening exposé of how government has become a game for lobbyists, lawyers and influence brokers. In ***Who Will Tell the People*** (Simon & Schuster), he argues that the corruption of American democracy by big money has become institutionalized in Washington, D.C. The reason citizens don't feel connected to the political process, according to Greider, is because they are not. He documents a breakdown of the self-correcting mechanisms in our system leading to a government that hides from problems instead of solving them.

Greider's stirring conclusion to this deeply troubling analysis sounds an apocalyptic alarm: "If these connections between the governed and the government are destroyed, if citizens can no longer believe in the mutuality of the American experience, the country may descend into a new kind of social chaos and political unraveling, unlike anything we have experienced before."

E. J. Dionne, Jr., in ***Why Americans Hate Politics*** (Touchstone), agrees that American voters are disenfranchised from contemporary politics, but he blames less sinister forces. His thoughtful look at 30 years of political history concludes that our two-party system has ignored the democratic process of compromise in the search for solutions to our nation's problems. Instead, the confrontational style of modern politics has emphasized symbol over substance, and the voters are offered false choices not connected to their lives or their values. No wonder voters simply refuse to choose.

"Since the late Eighties," Dionne observes, "American politics has been held hostage to conservatism's impasse and liberalism's past failures. The result has been immobility in government, an increasing harshness in politics and a lack of substance in electoral campaigns." He argues that we must find the remedy to our political illness in a "new center" of solution-seeking compromises, but he offers no concrete suggestions as to how this utopian solution might be pursued.




Politics, American style.

Assessing the political wasteland.

Perhaps the most shocking vision of how corrupt and arrogant our nation's capital has become is contained in Robert Parry's ***Fooling America: How Washington Insiders Twist the Truth and Manufacture the Conventional Wisdom*** (Morrow). Parry, a former Associated Press and *Newsweek* reporter, may never eat lunch in that town again. He offers detailed case studies of the cynical manipulation of media that has allowed Washington insiders to pursue special interests at the expense of the nation. Pointedly, Parry blames the large, well-paid Washington press corps as much as the politicians. He notes that those thousands of Washington reporters managed to miss nearly every major scandal of the Eighties because they were too busy currying favor with their highly placed "sources" or spreading the agreed-upon "conventional wisdom" handed to them at cocktail parties.

If you think Parry is exaggerating Washington chutzpah, take a look at Brian Kelly's tales of the multibillion-dollar pork-barrel robberies pulled off annually in Congress, ***Adventures in Porkland*** (Villard). He takes a light tone, but the grim message is inescapable: Our elected representatives laughed all the way to the congressional bank.

Greider, Dionne and Parry all single out the 1988 presidential campaign as being the most blatant example of diverting media attention from real issues. As Richard Ben Cramer documents in his story of the 1988 primaries, ***What It Takes: The Way to the White House*** (Random House), Bush was worried about the Iran-contra revelations and he did his best to talk about anything else.

Cramer's huge 1072-page tome is a sort of sextuple political biography of Biden, Bush, Dole, Dukakis, Gephardt and Hart as they fight their way through the primaries in pursuit of the Presidency. His book clearly suggests that what it takes to run for President is a willingness to say or do almost anything necessary, a total prostitution to the process. There are those who think we are witnessing that phenomenon once again in 1992.

If you're looking for heavy-duty analyses, dive into the scholarly perspectives of Suzanne Garment, resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute; Larry J. Sabato, professor of government at the University of Virginia; and Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania. Garment's ***Scandal: The Culture of Mistrust in American Politics*** (Times Books) surveys the "unprecedented numbers of public scandals" that have shaken the nation in the past 15 years. In ***Feeding Frenzy: How Attack Journalism Has Transformed American Politics*** (Free Press), Sabato documents how the Washington press corps' pursuit of personal scandal trivializes coverage of politics, leads to a pack mentality and often prevents the press from covering the real scandals. Jamieson's ***Dirty Politics: Deception, Distraction and Democracy*** (Oxford) looks back at the advertising and news coverage of recent political campaigns to find a consistent pattern of deceit and obfuscation of the issues.

Feel like crying? You might as well laugh at ***Political Babble: The 1000 Dumbest Things Ever Said by Politicians*** (Wiley), by David Olive, which includes Dan Quayle's classic: "What a waste it is to lose one's mind—or to not have a mind."

### BOOK BAG

***Elvis*** (Thunder's Mouth Press), by Dave Marsh: *Playboy* music critic and author of 15 books about rock and popular music chronicles the Elvis story—his rise from poor country boy to superstar to the tragic end—in a richly illustrated tribute to the man who changed the course of music history.

# MEN

## By ASA BABER

STEVE BROOMER

## THE ABANDONMENT BOOGIE

So there you are, minding your own business, as happy as a pig in shit. Life is good and you are not about to spoil the fun. You have your own life-support system, the climate is temperature-controlled, you are fed through a tube whenever you are hungry and somebody else is doing most of your work for you. Yes, you've got it: the perfect male environment!

After some nine months of this gig, who can blame you if you get pissed off when you are suddenly disturbed and the system starts to crumble?

"Yo!" you say as the squeezing starts.

"Hey, watch it," you gripe as you are tumbled and turned.

"No fucking way," you yelp as you feel the temperature change and your sweetheart deal is declared null and void.

You slide through the slippery chute and pop out like a champagne cork into bright light and cold air and a stranger's hands. "Put me back! I want to go back!" you cry as your lungs exhale that first breath. "Waaaa!"

"It's a boy," the doctor says.

"Waaaa!" you cry again, even more loudly. And you keep on crying as you are cleaned and swaddled and tagged. You let the world know through your vocal cords that this new situation does not meet with your approval.

Then you take a nap. But it's that first primitive "Waaaa!" I want to talk about.

If you are alone while you are reading this *Men* column (or if there are people around and you want to get a lot of attention), go ahead and make that "Waaaa!" sound right now.

Oh, come on, you can do better than that, sports fans. Bring it up from your gut and really let the sound out. And while you are at it, throw a little shit fit, too. Stamp your feet and wave your arms and re-create that first pissed-off moment in your life when, horror of horrors, you suddenly realized that the womb was only a rest stop and that you had just been expelled from it forever. Give vent to the terror you felt when you first heard the abandonment boogie playing in the background.

OK, take it easy, you can stop yelling now. But on your bad days, I suggest you try it again as an exercise. It might help. And it sure attracts attention on a crowded bus, doesn't it?

Now what I am about to say is something that I can never prove (but, knowing me, you realize I'll say it anyway, right?): As men, we do not deal well with our expulsion from our prenatal Garden of Eden. When we are separated from our mothers, and when we get that first glimpse of understanding about the world and its potential hostility, an imprint of terrible fear is burned into our brains for life.

At birth, the universe says to us, "Welcome to the world, sucker. You are a boy. This means that you were born for trouble. It also means that you are restless, full of energy, scared shitless and very eager to get back into the womb. You will spend most of your life trying to re-create the warm, soft, safe condition of your first nine months. You will take on any addiction, hold any job, run any risk just to return to that mysterious and beautiful place. But guess what? You will never be able to get back there no matter how hard you try. The joke's on you, get it? Hear that bass line? Hear those piano keys? That's the abandonment boogie, and they are playing your song, sucker."

Abandonment. The major male fear. Maybe you are afraid of failure. Or success. Or disease. Or death. But at your most impenetrable heart of darkness, my fellow male, I submit that the thing you fear most is abandonment.

When people threaten to leave you (or hurt you or cheat you or reject you), your defensive system goes on full alert, and that sudden shock that you experienced at birth returns to you automatically. "Am I going to be thrown out into the cold again?" you ask yourself. "Is nothing safe or sacred?"

Those women reading this might argue that life is just the same for them, and it may be so. However, I think that the male of the species feels the threat of abandonment more quickly than the female, but what do I know about that?

I believe that the mature man learns to acknowledge his fear of abandonment. The mature man accepts the fact that he can't return to the womb and that the risk of abandonment is worth running if life is to be lived fully.

Having said all this, here are the major themes to the abandonment boogie. See if they are tunes in your life:

1. *Because I am so afraid of abandonment, I must abandon you before you abandon me.* This has several corollaries, including this standard ploy: "I will set up every situation so I can abandon you before you abandon me. I refuse to operate where you have the high ground."

2. *If you abandon me before I abandon you, it might kill me.* This can lead to the worst illogic, the thought that turns some men into killers: "I will therefore kill you before you get the chance to abandon me and thereby kill me."

3. *I have spent my life learning to watch for the smallest signs of potential abandonment.* As men, we are experts in physical surveillance. Watch us as we talk and joke and work together and take in one another's behavior, dress, facial expressions. It is a very primitive transaction, straight out of the jungle. What are we looking for? Signs of defection.

4. *I control many of the people in my life by subtly threatening to abandon them.* The corollary goes like this: "Just the hint of abandonment—say, a moment when I do not look directly into your eyes or an occasion when I leave you wondering whether I will keep that appointment I set up with you—is usually enough to keep you under control."

5. *Abandonment sucks.* We hate it, we are on perpetual alert for it and we feel the pain of it.

Let's work to get beyond this fear, guys. It is our job now.

# SHOWTIME FOR JERRY

*on the eve of the democratic convention, jerry brown gives our man a sneak preview of what to expect: an anti-elitist tongue-lashing, that's what*

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

It's not easy being Jerry Brown. I was reminded of this the night after the New York primary, when the guy I had met 30 years ago in college in Berkeley was once again telling me he should be President. There has never been any question that Brown had the ability to lead the country; bright, perhaps brilliant, he served eight years as a better than average governor of a state with an economy larger than those of many countries. But the questions regarding his being President were: Would he stay involved? Would he stick with his positions when they became unpopular?

He began as a conventional politician, the son of a once enormously popular governor who fell from grace when he hesitated to implement the death penalty. His son had lobbied him in opposition to capital punishment, and Brown once told me how disturbing it was to attend a Dodgers game back then with his father and to witness his old man being booed by what seemed to be the entire stadium. Brown was determined to remain eternally popular.

In office, he was provocative, contradictory but always interesting, a moving target who never permitted himself to be pinned to a political cause. That's why both liberals and conservatives managed to love him during those first years and why the media left him unscathed. How could you hate a guy who cared for farm workers, has probably appointed more women and minorities to high positions than anyone else in our country's history and was tighter with the taxpayer's dollar than a host of Republican governors of California, including Ronald Reagan?

But after 12 years in state office—he first served as secretary of state—the tags of opportunist and weird, as in Governor Moonbeam, took hold. Opportunist was fair; weird was not. He wasn't the least bit flaky—he was just trying to survive at the top by mixing up the images.

I first interviewed him for *Playboy* in 1976, when he was the wunderkind governor. Brown is not complicated. He's just different in ways that the media have trouble grasping. What follows are his ruminations past midnight the night after the New York primary, his voice so hoarse that he had to gulp frequently on glasses of water. Yet he persevered in a conversation I recorded for *Playboy*. Brown raw is Brown at his best. That's a lot more interesting than the canned talk we get from most other politicians, let alone Presidents.

•

*It's been sixteen years since we spent twenty hours taping our first interview for* Playboy. *You seem stronger than ever with this latest go-around in electoral politics.*

There's a vacuum in American politics. You knew that back then.

*Now that you have picked up the banner, how long are you going to go with it?*

As long as it takes.

*What does that mean?*

Do you see anyone else doing it? Do you see anyone leading?

*How is Clinton on lunch-bucket issues?*

Clinton is so slippery, all over the lot. He is very good, so you can't even tell what he says. When he talks about economic strategy, protecting jobs, he is just a blur. That will probably be his downfall. The big issue is that all jobs are going to Mexico, to Indonesia. And there is no plan to do anything about it. If you could move Congress down to Tijuana and pay Congressmen thirteen grand instead of a hundred and thirty grand, I think they'd have a whole different view of trade. Politicians just don't see it. There's no feedback, just self-contained conversation among the elite, while the sullen majority gets more separated.

*Do you think the Democratic Party can be saved?*

I don't know. We can try. What's going on in the Democratic Party is like a Potemkin village with small entrepreneurs running things. The party is important because it's the only way to mobilize people and present choices to the electorate. The party now is not about choices, it's about obscuring choices and promoting personalities.

*When Clinton's personality became such a big issue, particularly the charge about smoking marijuana, why didn't you say, "Wait a minute—who really cares about that?" You're the guy who decriminalized marijuana.*

Lowered it to a hundred-dollar fine for one ounce or less. I'm not getting into his problems. It doesn't work that way. There's so much noise we can barely get the message out.

*Still, you are doing much better than a lot of people ever thought you would.*

Much better. Twenty-six points in New York with Jesse Jackson as ally. That's pretty phenomenal.

*Do you have any regrets about getting involved with Jackson?*

No, I think he's the foremost leader of black America. There's a whole mass of disengagement based on race that we had better do something about. I don't see anything being done in L.A. The politics aren't working and the cities are deteriorating. There's a great alienation on the part of a lot of people—a lot of minorities and a lot of working people who have lost jobs. There's a volatile chemistry out there, and the political process is in gridlock. It's dysfunctional. The Democrats are not serving up choices that relate to real problems.

*How wedded are you to the Democratic Party?*

I'm fighting for the soul of the party.

*And when will you know that fight is over?*

When the soul is saved.

*Is there a point at which you give up and think about alternatives?*

Not that I can envision. My assumption is that the party is pretty open because it doesn't have that formal a structure. So if you were a candidate and you won, you could really take it over. I tried to do that as California's party chairman and it didn't quite work. It didn't work because the party is all about maintaining—about getting incumbents elected.

*So what is the alternative? We had the McGovern reforms. That didn't do it.*

We're getting hundreds of thousands of people to call in. Twenty-five hundred people volunteered and called our 800 number in Virginia.

*What are you going to do with them after the election?*

Well, we hope to build a political force that can have some impact on this decrepit system.

*Do you see holding some grass-roots movement together?*

Yeah, that's what I see.

*Isn't that what Jackson said he was going to do in 1984 and 1988?*

Most of what he says is pretty true.

*What do you think of Ross Perot?*

I don't know, he might do well. He may be a little too simplistic. I heard him once, I liked *(concluded on page 149)*

# Q. CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PLEASURE IN REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN?

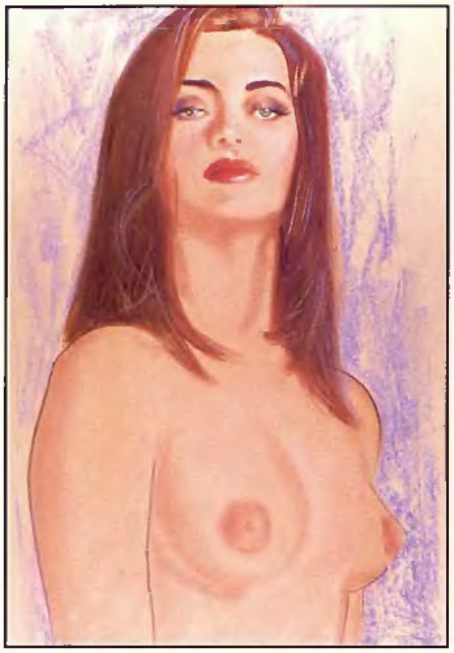
# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Several months ago, without warning, my girlfriend broke up with me. I thought we had a great relationship, and I'm taking this breakup a lot harder than previous partings. I'm trying to let go, but I can't seem to do it. How can I mend this broken heart?—V. J., Sacramento, California.

*First, when you find yourself thinking about your ex, focus on what you disliked about her, as in: At least I don't have to deal with that anymore. Second, find a buddy of either sex and have some fun—even if you don't really want to. Go to movies, ball games, concerts or plays. Try something you've always wanted to do but never quite got around to: sailing, scuba diving, windsurfing, a gourmet cooking class—whatever. Such diversions won't kill all your pain, but distractions help—and who knows who you'll meet when you step out of your daily routine and try something different? Third, have a few flings. Forget about finding Ms. Right; for a couple months, concentrate on amusing yourself with Ms. Right Now. Banish from your mind all thoughts of anything heavy or serious. Just enjoy some close encounters of the intense but brief kind.*

I'd like to buy American, but with all the import cars made here in the U.S. and those assembled in Canada or Mexico, I'm not sure how to tell where a new car was built. Can you help?—H. G., Santa Barbara, California.

*With Toyota Camrys hailing from Kentucky, Honda Accords made in Ohio and Nissan pickups built in Tennessee, it's harder than ever to know a car's country of origin. If the auto salesperson can't (or won't) inform you of where a new car is built, here's how to tell. Find the vehicle identification number. It's situated in three places on the driver's side of a new car—on the dash or windshield post, on the safety certification label at the end of the door (near the door-lock mechanism) and on the door jamb. The first character of this 17-character number tells the country of origin. If it's a 1 or a 4, the car is made in the U.S., 2 is Canada, 3 is Mexico, J is Japan, S is the U.K., W is Germany and Y is Sweden. Other countries are identified by numbers or letters. According to the feds, a domestic car is one that has at least 75 percent U.S. or Canadian content. It's impossible to buy a completely American car. Even the most diehard domestics have some foreign components, such as the rare pollution-fighting metals in catalytic converters. True imports are those cars built outside North America with mostly foreign parts. North American domestics are autos built in Mexico or Canada with at least 75 percent local content. And North American imports are cars built in the U.S., Canada or Mexico with less than 75 percent local content. That explains why Honda Accord coupes*



*and station wagons built in Ohio are considered domestic cars. So are Mazda's 626s and MX-6s—they're built in Flat Rock, Michigan. But Ford's Crown Victorias (and the soon-to-come Chrysler LHs) are built in Canada and thus qualify as North American imports. Nissan's Sentra and Cadillac's Allante are assembled in the U.S., but since a lot of the Sentra's parts come from Japan and the Allante's body is from Italy, these models are North American imports, too. Buick's Regal, Ford's Tempo and Mercury's Topaz are assembled in Canada, largely from domestic parts, so they're North American domestics. Buick's Century, Dodge Shadow convertibles, Plymouth Acclaims and Dodge Spirits are all made in Mexico. They're lumped in with similar models built in the U.S. to avoid being labeled as imports. Confused? So are we.*

My erections point straight up, but in X-rated videos, I notice that many, if not most, of the actors' erections point out. Am I weird?—H. S., Flagstaff, Arizona.

*Not at all. Up or out, the way an erection points depends on how the root of a man's penis fits into his pelvic architecture, according to San Francisco sex therapist Louanne Cole. It's an individual thing, like height or build. During erection, as the penis straightens, it simply points in the direction that's natural for it. Some point up, others point out. If you make love several times in a day, a second and third erection may not stand quite as straight as your first, but "uppies" still go up and "outies" still go out.*

How does one go about finding the prices of vintage wines? I inherited a modest wine cellar from an uncle. I've taken a few of the bottles to the local wineshop, but the vintages are either so old or so obscure that I didn't get much help.—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

*Pick up a copy of the "Wine Price File" ($36 per issue, published annually by William Edgerton, Box 1007, Darien, Connecticut 06820. A computer version is also available.) It tracks actual selling prices from retailers and auction houses. If your wine is one of the 50,000 vintages and 10,000 wines listed, you're in luck. If not, you can do a little educated guessing. Say you have a 1919 Chateau d'Issan, a highly regarded third-growth Margaux. You would find that among the other 1919 Margaux, a Chateau Margaux (first growth) sold for $225, a Chateau Lafite (first growth) sold for $300, a La Mission-Haut-Brion (a classified growth) for $300. A fair market value for a third growth might be $200. Since it is illegal to sell antique wine except through an auction house (whose consignment cost would typically be 25 percent of the selling price), you may prefer to treat yourself, rather than your checkbook.*

I like to fall asleep in my lover's arms, which has never been a problem until I became involved with my present girlfriend. She keeps pushing me away. Even after we've had great sex, she won't go for sleeping together the way I like. She says it's nothing personal—that it's just the way she is. But this bothers me. What can I do?—G. W., Chevy Chase, Maryland.

*Rent "The Sheltering Sky," in which John Malkovich explains why he and Debra Winger book separate hotel rooms: "Never confuse sex with sleep." Your girlfriend's preference has no symbolic implications about her love for or commitment to you. That said, we suggest that before the two of you say goodnight, you and your lady wrap your arms tightly around each other and share some physical closeness. Then separate to keep your individual dates with the sandman.*

I'm into taking photos, and a friend recently told me to check out photo CD as a way to organize my work. What is it and how does it operate?—D. S., New York, New York.

*You know those goofy pictures your college roommate took of you nose-diving into your first Jacuzzi Sunrise? Well, with photo CD, don't count on your prints turning yellow and crumbling any time soon. This new technology developed by Eastman Kodak is essentially a Nineties-style scrapbook with audio. In addition to playing standard compact discs, photo CD systems interact with your TV set to display special compact discs filled with high-resolution 35mm photos. To get the images on the CD, take your 35mm negatives or film to a photo processor and receive a CD and/or*



ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

*prints. Each photo CD can store up to 100 images and will last several lifetimes with the proper care. What's really cool about the equipment, though, is that you can use the supplied remote control to edit (change the sequence, zoom in and out, flip an image, etc.) the CDs. All players even let you add titles, graphics and sound.*

**W**hat's the scoop on a new fabric that protects you from sunburn but lets you get an even tan?—C. A., Austin, Texas.

*The material is a polymer fabric called Tanex. With a sun protection factor of about ten, the material is supposed to block the ultraviolet B rays that are harmful but lets through the milder A rays that cause tanning. Swimsuit manufacturers are still testing its marketability, so Tanex designs may not be readily available until next summer. Personally, we'll mourn the loss of those ever-shifting tan lines, but you can always conduct some seaside research of your own.*

**O**n her birthday, my wife likes to be pampered. In past years, I've given her a bubble bath and a foot massage and I've read Shakespeare's sonnets by a roaring fire. But her birthday is coming up and I've run out of ideas. Got any?—A. A., Asheville, North Carolina.

*Caring gestures should not be reserved just for your wife's birthday. Pamper her that way all year round. Trust us—you'll reap the dividends. Brush her hair. Arrange for her to have a facial and manicure. Surprise her with flowers at work, breakfast in bed, a selection of body lotions, getaway weekends. For her birthday, do something completely outrageous. Shakespeare by the fire sounds like fun, but for a birthday blowout, take her to New York or London to see "Hamlet."*

**A**re the experimental electric cars we're seeing at auto shows and in car magazines really feasible? When can we expect production of electric cars?—G. S., Miami, Florida.

*Electric cars are indeed coming. California's tough emissions laws, which were also recently enacted in many other states, require that by 1998 two percent of every major manufacturer's models sold be zero-emission vehicles. The only known way to accomplish this, at present, is with electrically powered vehicles. The Big Three and several Japanese automakers are working on electric cars. Nissan uses fast-charging nickel-cadmium batteries. Ford's Ecostar station wagon, Chrysler's TEVan electrically powered minivan and GM's Impact sports coupe represent practical experiments designed to speed public acceptance of electric cars, while giving the auto companies valuable research to meet the strict 1998 standards. The biggest challenge to developing practical electric cars has been battery technology. Conventional lead-acid batteries are heavy, adding more than 1000 pounds to a typical midsize electric car. They need frequent recharging and have to be replaced every three years. The range of a typical electric car is only about 120 to 150 miles—enough for commuting but not for serious travel. Another challenge will be extraordinary demands on the existing electric power system. Overloaded power companies already wonder where the electricity will come from. Some activists fear we may swap smoky tailpipes for billowing smokestacks.*

**M**y girlfriend says she'll be my "ganika" if I can find out what it means. She wouldn't give any hints, but from the gleam in her eye, I know it's something sexual, which is why I'm asking you. What is a ganika?—F. G., Newport Beach, California.

*Time to brush up on your "Kama Sutra." According to the classic Indian sex guide, a ganika is a cultured courtesan, several steps up the social ladder from a kaluta (a mere prostitute). In the time of Buddha during the Sixth Century B.C., ganikas were beautiful and well educated in the arts, letters and lovemaking. They often held high administrative positions in the courts of Indian princes and were the only women, other than the princes' wives, allowed to eat with them.*

**W**hile dining at Tropica near Grand Central Station, I encountered a novel challenge. The napkin had a buttonhole in one corner. Neat, I thought, I can use the linen as a bib, fastening it to the second or third button of my shirt. But here's my question: What do I do with my tie?—T. P., New York, New York.

*We've seen two approaches. The first is to toss your tie over your shoulder in a jaunty devil-may-care manner and hope it doesn't get caught in the wheels of a passing dessert cart. The second is to tuck your tie into the space between the first and second button. Assuming that you bathed that morning, or are wearing a T-shirt under your dress shirt, the tie should fare better than it would trolling for lobster.*

**E**very summer I get a vicious cold. My girlfriend won't let me touch her for fear that intimate contact spreads cold germs. I say as long as I don't sneeze on her or cough in her face, she should be OK. What do you say?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*Is the common cold transmitted by air or by direct contact? At the University of Wisconsin, students suffering from colds were told to play poker all night. They were not allowed facial tissues or handkerchiefs. They played until "the most appropriate adjective for the cards was gooey." The researchers then took the cards across the hall to another room, where 12 healthy volunteers were waiting. They played with the contaminated cards and rubbed their noses and eyes at 15-minute intervals, whether or not they needed to. Once each hour, a fresh supply of germ-laden cards was ferried over from the cold room. Not one of the healthy card players caught a cold. This suggests that (1) colds are not transmitted by touch, and (2) poker prevents the common cold.*

**W**hat's the story with Sony's minidisc? How is it different from a regular CD and when is it expected to hit the market?—M. C., Denver, Colorado.

*We saw a demo of the minidisc system about a year ago at the Consumer Electronics Show and were impressed. It's definitely mini (the disc measures 2.5 inches in diameter), you can record on it and, since it's encased in a protective computer disk–type shell, it seems less fragile than a compact disc. What really intrigued us about this new digital format is the minidisc player itself. This nifty gadget is about the size of a Sony Walkman, with one standout feature: a built-in memory chip that provides a continual flow of music when the laser beam is knocked out of position. In other words, you can throw a minidisc player, shake it—even ride over potholes while listening to it—and never miss a beat. Sony's promised to release the minidisc by the close of this year. Portable player-recorders will cost between $500 and $600, with prerecorded and blank discs priced similarly to CDs. How it will fare against competing digital formats, particularly the new digital compact cassettes, remains to be seen.*

**I** never insert my penis until my wife's vagina is wet. But she complains that I rush things too much. I don't get it. What gives?—R. S., Denton, Texas.

*Moisture in the vagina, technically known as vaginal lubrication, is one of the first, repeat first, signs of female sexual arousal. A wet vagina doesn't signal that your wife is ready for intercourse. All it means is that she's ready for more sensual foreplay. How much more? It varies from woman to woman. A good way to learn how much your wife likes is to invite her to initiate intercourse when she feels ready. (Here, darling, you park it.) It's a wonderful feeling having a woman who is fully aroused take your erection and guide it inside her. Even after you've learned how much foreplay your wife needs, you'll both continue to enjoy woman-initiated intercourse.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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# CATHARINE MACKINNON: AGAIN

## how a radical feminist rewrites the law

By James R. Petersen

Sometime this summer, the Senate Judiciary Committee will consider a bill known as the pornography victims' compensation act. In Massachusetts, the state legislature will consider similar legislation to protect the civil rights of women and children. On the surface, both sound like well-intentioned humanitarian bills. In reality, their passage could censor any sexual expression.

Who is behind the movement to make the world safe from pornography? The Reverend Donald Wildmon? Senator Jesse Helms? No, it's none other than University of Michigan law professor Catharine MacKinnon.

MacKinnon is the Freddy Krueger of the feminist movement, rising again to terrorize anyone willing to unite sex with free expression.

For almost a decade, MacKinnon and her overall-clad sidekick, Andrea Dworkin, have peddled the fable that violence toward women is inspired by pornography. It goes like this: Pornography is "the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures or words." Porn harms women, either directly or by encouraging men to act out violent fantasies against women. According to these two, pornography includes everything from Rolling Stones album covers, foreign movies and men's magazines to testimony in a rape trial.

There's an added twist here. It is MacKinnon and Dworkin's bright idea to allow the victim of a sex crime to sue for damages not just the perpetrator of the crime but the publisher or film maker as well. The real victim of this conspiracy theory becomes the First Amendment.

That's no surprise, since MacKinnon dismisses the Bill of Rights out of hand. "Pornography is more protected than women," she claims. "It is not a question of free speech or ideas. Pornography is a form of action requiring the submission of women."

Never mind that no credible research has ever established a link between such imagery and violence. Never mind that it goes against the very spirit of American constitutional law to shift blame away from the criminal and onto intellectual influences.

The two bills, in several previous incarnations, have failed or have been defeated by every method a rational society possesses. The mayor of Minneapolis vetoed the first version of the MacKinnon–Dworkin ordinance. Three judges on the Seventh Circuit Court ruled that an Indianapolis ordinance styled after MacKinnon's ideas was unconstitutional—a decision upheld by the Supreme Court. Voters in Cambridge, Massachusetts, defeated a similar measure when it was presented as a referendum.

DAVID COWLES

Nan Hunter and Sylvia Law, who drafted the Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce's amicus curiae brief that swayed the Seventh Circuit Court, argued: "Society's attempts to protect women's chastity through criminal and civil laws have resulted in restrictions on women's freedom to engage in sexual activity, to discuss it publicly and to protect themselves from the risk of pregnancy. These disabling restrictions reinforced the gender roles which have oppressed women for centuries. The Indianapolis ordinance resonates with the traditional concept that sex itself degrades women, and its enforcement would reinvigorate those discriminatory moral standards which have limited women's equality in the past. . . . The ordinance vests in individual women a power to impose their views of politically or morally correct sexuality upon other women by calling for the repression of images consistent with those views."

The circuit court judges agreed: "This is thought control. It establishes an approved view of women, of how they may react to sexual encounters, of how the sexes may relate to each other."

In almost every case, feminists headed the resistance to the MacKinnon–Dworkin offensive. Clearheaded women saw MacKinnon's offer of protection as another form of the pedestal. (They were alarmed by the strange birds who flocked to MacKinnon's side—most of her support came from right-wing fundamentalists.)

The current round of legislation prompted feminists such as Betty Friedan, Nora Ephron and Erica Jong to form the ad hoc committee of Feminists for Free Expression. Their position? That the "porn made me do it" excuse for rapists and batterers simply provides another shelter for attackers.

Of her opponents such as the Feminists for Free Expression, MacKinnon says simply, they are "house niggers who sided with the masters."

An illustration of MacKinnon's patronizing attitude, which allows her to defame these women while at the same time dictating the sexual habits of housewives, came as she campaigned for Massachusetts' current pornography ordinance. This law, she says, is "for the woman whose

husband comes home with a video, ties her to the bed, makes her watch and then forces her to do what they did in the video. It's a civil rights law. It's not censorship. It just makes pornographers responsible for the injuries they cause."

Absurd? Yes, but the law says similarity is evidence of causality. If rape occurs on a pinball machine, sue the makers of *The Accused*. It doesn't even have to be a film. If a rapist read the Pulitzer Prize–winning series of articles on rape victim Nancy Ziegenmeyer, he could theoretically claim those reports planted the idea and sue the reporter or publisher.

MacKinnon always manages to find a victim du jour, a sob sister with a story that's less than credible to support her theory. This year's victim is Pat Haas, who says that her boyfriend read hardcore bondage magazines and watched videos in which "hot candle wax dripped on women." She says that for years she endured the mutilation, bondage and beatings. She holds her boyfriend responsible, but would like to sue the film makers, too.

Haas's tale and assignment of blame helped MacKinnon to tie the product to violence against women. Haas's testimony provided the missing link MacKinnon needed in her "pornography leads to rape" theory.

That this theory is widely contested by feminists and First Amendment advocates has been lost in most mainstream media coverage. The politically correct are so eager for the quick legislative fix that MacKinnon's political theory is in danger of being codified without question. Rhea Becker, who was influential in introducing the Massachusetts legislation, said the climate in this country is changing: "Pornography is coming to be seen as something that contributes to violence, and is a site of violence itself."

Ultimately, the bills could work to censor sexually oriented material before it could reach an audience. *The New York Times* might not risk publishing reviews of Robert Mapplethorpe's photos. *The Wall Street Journal* might not discuss the Clarence Thomas hearings. Television sitcoms could go back to the separate-bed scenario for couples. This legislation has the potential to silence all sexual voices and visions with the threat of financially debilitating civil suits. Beyond sexually explicit material, the precedent that would be set, should these laws pass, offers a rationale for censorship of any unpopular or controversial art and literature.

# THE WIT

Catharine MacKinnon is on a roll. A cover story in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* coincided with the Thomas confirmation debacle. Suddenly she is everywhere, identified as "a national expert on sexual abuse," "a brilliant political strategist" or "the Meese Commission's favorite feminist." Peter Jennings anointed her as "the country's most prominent legal theorist on behalf of women, whose dedication to laws which serve men and women equally has made it better."

*"What is sexual is what gives a man an erection."*

You have to ask yourself why MacKinnon has attained such an exalted position.

One reporter looked at MacKinnon's résumé (for ten years she ricocheted from law school to law school) and found a condemning memo from a Yale comrade. Professor Geoffrey Hazard wrote that it is "not clear that she has genuine comprehension of law. There are degrees of ignorance, or worse, that may be outweighed by brilliance, but by any canons of academic responsibility, Ms. MacKinnon seems to have gone beyond them."

*"Compare women's reports of rape with women's reports of sex. They look a lot alike."*

Here, in her own words, is Catharine MacKinnon:

THE PETER METER

"To appeal to prurient interests means to give man an erection."

"Under male dominance, whatever sexually arouses a man is sex. In pornography, the violence is the sex. The inequality is sex. The humiliation is sex. The debasement is sex. The intrusion is sex. Pornography does not work sexually without gender hierarchy. If there is no inequality, no violation, no dominance, no force, there is no sexual arousal."

ON PRIVACY

"Private is what men call the damage they want to be permitted to do as far as their arms extend to whomever they do not want permitted to fight back."

"Women share isolation in the home and degradation in intimacy. The private sphere, which confines and separates women, is therefore a political sphere, a common ground of women's inequality."

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN READS PLAYBOY?

"To say that *Playboy* presents the natural beauty of women's bodies and promotes the sexual liberation of women reveals a liberal concept of the relation between nature and freedom. It starts with the idea that people, even people who as a group are poor and powerless, do what they do voluntarily, so that women who are there are there by their

# AND WISDOM OF . . .

own free will. Forget the realities of women's sexual/economic situation. When women express our free will, we spread our legs for a camera."

"*Playboy*'s articles push their views, including their views of the First Amendment, in an expressly sexualized context, and at the same time those articles serve to legitimize what their pictures do to women. Masturbating over the positions taken by the women's bodies associates male orgasm with the positions expressed in the articles. Ever wonder why men are so passionate about the First Amendment?"

ON RAPE

"Politically, I call it rape whenever a woman has sex and feels violated. You might think that's too broad. I'm not talking about sending all of you men to jail for that. I'm talking about attempting to change the nature of the relations between women and men by having women ask ourselves, 'Did I feel violated?'"

*"Considering rape as violence, not sex, evades the issue."*

*"Most women who seek abortions become pregnant while having intercourse with men."*

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT

"I think you need to remember that we love you. And that as a result it's often very unclear to us why you are so urgent. It's unclear to us why you are so pressured in seeking sexual access to us. We want you not to denigrate us if we refuse. We want you to support us, to listen to us and to back off a little. Maybe to back off a lot. And we also want you to realize that supporting us is not the same as taking over either our injuries or our pleasure."

ADVISE AND CONSENT

"If you feel that you are going to be raped when you say no, how do you know that you really want sex when you say yes?"

"If sex is normally something men do to women, the issue is less whether there was force than whether consent is a meaningful concept."

"The law of rape divides women into spheres of consent according to indices of relationships to men. . . . Daughters may not consent; wives and prostitutes are assumed to, and cannot but. Actual consent or nonconsent, far less actual desire, is comparatively irrelevant."

*"Rape accusations express . . . the meaning to women of sexual encounters."*

ON SEXUAL HARASSMENT

"[Sexual harassment] doesn't mean that they all want to fuck us, they just want to hurt us, dominate us and control us, and that is fucking us.

"To be about to be raped is to be gender female in the process of going about life as usual."

ON WITNESSES

"Women's sexual histories would be made into live oral pornography in court."

# THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY II

## the whining continues

By Chip Rowe

We did this last year, hoping once would be enough—but no. America is still in the throes of shifting blame from the guilty to the innocent—and sometimes to the inanimate. The House members who bounced checks blamed everyone and everything: their wives, sloppy signatures, stress, semantics and the "system." Misassigning blame has become such a cultural phenomenon that even some of the more established and mainstream media have accepted and even encouraged the flagellation of others. Witness *Time* magazine talking about Jeffrey Dahmer's murder, dismemberment and, in some cases, cannibalism of 17 people: "We get the criminals our society deserves." Dahmer's not responsible, but America is. *Insight*, a Washington, D.C.-based magazine, even has a regular "Hall of Shame" column. We've become a nation of finger pointers, incest survivors, Adult Children of Alcoholics, victims of ethnocentricity, homophobia, heterophobia, sexism, racism and ageism. If you're feeling like a victim but aren't sure of exactly what, just scan the sagging shelves of the pop psychology and self-help sections of your local bookstore. Or get some ideas from the chart to your right.

| THE BLAMELESS |
|---|
| Clarence Thomas |
| John Parker |
| William Aramony, United Way president |
| Senator Fritz Hollings, South Carolina |
| Senate Judiciary Committee |
| George Bush |
| Texas deputy |
| Demetrick Walker |
| William Kennedy Smith |
| Patricia Bowman |
| J. Danforth Quayle |
| Patti Davis, daughter of Nancy and Ronald Reagan |
| David Freeman, fire fighter |
| Eric Graham |
| Michael Milken |
| Ilo Maria Grundberg |
| Stacey Koon, Laurence Powell, Theodore Briseno, Timothy Wind |
| Alfred Smalls |
| Norman Christopher, a Maryland town commissioner |
| Bennett Levin, Philadelphia inspector |
| Mayor Richard M. Daley |
| Dr. Gershon Hepner |
| Mike Tyson |
| Gus Savage, U.S. Representative |
| Scott Carpenter, football fan |

# FORUM

| | THE PROBLEM | WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK | INSTEAD, BLAME . . . |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Accused of sexual harassment | Not qualified anyway | Racist political "lynching" |
| | Caused auto accident when milkshake spilled | Hope you're insured, asshole | McDonald's. Victim sues for not warning about drinking and driving. |
| | $463,000 salary plus perks | How about a donation, Bill? | "Lack of sensitivity to perceptions" |
| | Said the atomic bomb was "made in America and tested in Japan" | Tasteless twit | The unpatriotic. "When you defend America, they want you to apologize." |
| | Ignored early charges by Anita Hill | Porch lights on but nobody home | Nina Totenberg |
| | Economy in the shitter | Time to devote real money to education and research | Recession "hyped by media" |
| | Charged with exposing himself to a child | Time for counseling | Hijinks. Sheriff reportedly says, "What he does on his own time is up to him." |
| | Killed another teen for sneakers | Lack of meaning in his life | Nike |
| | Accused of rape | A cad and a lout | Victim, for being an opportunistic townie |
| | Alleged rape | Mixed signals | Blue blood for having blue balls |
| | Los Angeles riots, inner-city chaos | Part of the problem | Murphy Brown, for mocking fatherhood and traditional family values |
| | Angst and more angst | Get a life. | Family, except for Bonzo |
| | Lost job after entering temporary-insanity plea in wife-beating case | Good, he'll have more time for psychiatric sessions. | Town fathers, for "handicap discrimination" |
| | Said he got a bad haircut | Let it grow out. | Hairstylist, and sue for deprivation of "right to enjoy life" |
| | Securities fraud | You play, you pay. | SEC, for being unsophisticated |
| | Shot 82-year-old mother eight times | Ungrateful offspring | Anti-insomnia drug Halcion, and sue Upjohn for $21,000,000 |
| | Captured on video beating Rodney King | Open-and-shut case: guilty | Rodney King, for acting as if he were high on something |
| | Spit on a prison guard and was slapped twice | Slug him next time. | Guard and others, for causing pain and suffering ($47,000 settlement) |
| | Called Martin Luther King holiday "Buckwheat's birthday" | Really enlightened, jerk | Misunderstanding. "It wasn't meant to be prejudicial." |
| | Mistook 59-year-old widow's home for a crack house and razed it | Didn't he check all the floors? | Police, who told him stairs to the second floor were unsafe |
| | Runs city that let a $10,000 crack turn into a billion-dollar flood | What happened to the city that works? | City worker who left damage photos at a drugstore to be developed |
| | Unable to work after arrest for stealing $8,000,000 | Lock him up. | State, for causing stress, and collect $266 a month for disability |
| | Raped teenager | Brute | Hysteria. "I didn't hurt anybody—no black eyes, no broken ribs." |
| | Accused of molesting woman on press junket; lost seat | Not all sexists belong in Congress. | Conspiracy by "white racist press" and "Jewish misleaders" |
| | Fell 60 feet from escalator while drunk | Idiot | Stadium, for failing to fence escalator area |

# READER

### NO SEX ED

I'm not surprised that public schools adopt abstinence ed ("Abstinence Ed," *The Playboy Forum*, April). The government is absurdly confused by teenage sex. There was a recent announcement that AIDS cases among teenagers have increased dramatically in the past year. Teens are not getting the message about AIDS. The authorities have called for more risk prevention (i.e., abstinence ed) and counseling at the teen level. After creating blanket risk groups (homosexuals, IV-drug users, Haitians and hemophiliacs), the government is now trying to classify sexually active teenagers as a subspecies. What's the point? If you can frighten all teens into abstinence or chastity, will the epidemic stop? I doubt it.

Tim Wilkes
New Haven, Connecticut

*The House Select Committee on Children, Youth and Families released a report called "A Decade of Denial." The report expanded the definition of teenager to include young adults between the ages of 13 and 24. The sleight of hand allows the committee to talk about 9000 victims (instead of the much smaller number—808—of genuine teens, age 13 to 19) and makes the problem worthy of attention. Of the 14 Republicans on the committee, seven refused to sign the report, insisting that AIDS was "a behavior problem, not a health problem" and that "early sexual activity is not a normal part of growing up." Tell that to the kids. Roughly half of 17-year-old girls and two-thirds of 17-year-old boys are sexually active; one in five has had four or more partners. But teenage AIDS is not about heterosexual intercourse. Of those infected between the ages of 13 and 19, 37 percent got it from transfusions, 13 percent from IV-drug use. Among AIDS victims 20 to 24 years old, 55 percent are gay and 17 percent are IV-drug users. Death is not a normal part of growing up. If the Republicans weren't so pious or hypocritical, they would get lifesaving information to a group that hasn't gotten the message.*

I just finished your article on the sex-ed curriculum. Coleen Kelly Mast is another of those self-styled sex experts whose meanderings are of importance only to the ignorant. But look on the bright side: If her program catches on, the next generation of psychiatrists and sex therapists will have a lot of clients.

John Gold
New Britain, Connecticut

The *Sex Respect* chart on the progression of sexual feelings suggests that one feels no sexual arousal without prolonged physical contact. What a crock! As any male can tell you, we become sexually aroused simply by sight, smell or even thought. To imply otherwise is to deny the reality and inescapability of our sexuality. A program so full of inaccurate information is a waste of tax dollars and should be junked. Or at least made elective, so that the students (who would probably see through this garbage) will have the chance to junk it.

Dennis A. Kjeldergaard
St. Cloud, Minnesota

"Abstinence Ed" makes me wonder if this is 1952, not 1992. Mast obviously wants to bring up another generation of sexually ignorant people. Teenagers are going to experiment, with or without our consent. With the AIDS epidemic as it is, it's better to teach our children the facts and offer them protection rather than risk seeing them with some form of sexually transmitted disease. We should concentrate on safe sex, not abstinence.

Janis Woods
Bergholz, Ohio

I read Adam Goodheart's account of the current trend in sex education. To deter premarital sex, the ultraright moralists suggest pretending that "Jesus is your date." It's probably a good thing I am not a student of theirs. Let's see, traditional art represents him as having long hair, being well-proportioned, sensitive and loving—I think I'd go for it.

Barbara L. Hamrick
Wheaton, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

## A STING BY ANY OTHER NAME

The federal government sent a circular to Keith Jacobson from the Heartland Institute for a New Tomorrow describing "an organization founded to protect and promote sexual freedom and freedom of choice." For more than 26 months, the government sent similar material; when Jacobson finally caved in to curiosity and ordered a magazine called *Boys Who Love Boys* through one of the organizations, he was arrested and found guilty of possessing child pornography. On April 6, 1992, the Supreme Court overturned the conviction: "In their zeal to enforce the law, government agents may not originate a criminal design, implant in an innocent person's mind the disposition to commit a criminal act and then induce commission of the crime so that the government may prosecute."

### PLAYBOY READ-IN

I was shocked and offended after reading the story on Bette's Ocean View Diner ("The Playboy Read-In," *The Playboy Forum*, February). If I, an attractive, middle-class, 20-year-old woman, had been sitting in the same restaurant quietly reading a copy of *Playgirl*, would I have been approached by a waiter with the news that my reading material was offensive? Such an invasion of privacy is unthinkable.

Kalera Stratton
Portland, Oregon

# RESPONSE

### ZEALOTS

The piece on Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, March) brought some much-needed perspective to the AIDS hysteria. Unfortunately, situations like the high school AIDS scare in Bogata, Texas, prove that there are still many people willing to encourage overreaction in gay and straight communities. If the assumption that ignorance breeds misinformation is correct, we need more effective methods of educating the public. Otherwise, the hysteria will never end.

Maria Martinson
Baltimore, Maryland

*The Bogata incident was a sad case of extremism in the defense of chastity. Dona Spence, an AIDS counselor who lost her husband to the disease, claimed that there were six AIDS cases in a school of 197 students. She then resigned her post without providing documentation. Spence said she wanted to warn the community of the danger faced by sexually active teenagers. Skeptics suggest she was trying to drum up business for her counseling service. In any case, her moralizing caused a community to be seized by panic.*

### GREENER GRASS

I am outraged that my government has grown so righteous and authoritarian that it has made marijuana illegal even when it is prescribed for AIDS patients, cancer patients, glaucoma sufferers and the few others who manage to qualify for government grass. My 75-year-old father was dying of lung cancer the evening we sat together and smoked a joint. We sat on the living room floor and sifted through boxes of old photographs, laughing, telling each other stories. For that precious hour or so, his illness was held at bay. A government that wants to withhold a little relief from dying people makes me think my old man was right in his admonition to "watch out for Ronald Reagan." Little did he know George Bush would come along and make Reagan look like a piker when it comes to repressive right-wing politics.

Name withheld
Northbrook, Illinois

I thought *The Playboy Forum* would like to know that in the era of social sensitivity, marijuana legalization activists evidently are politically correct. At Penn State, bastion of sensitive social policy, eight of the 25 seats available on the student government senate (including the presidency) were won by members of pro-legalization activists. Is it possible that Penn State is finally relaxing its choke hold on free expression?

Evan Johnson
State College, Pennsylvania

*It's the students, not the administration, wearing the white hats. With the highest turnout in recent Penn State history, the NORML activists walked away with more than half of the student votes. Chuck Thomas, executive director of the Pennsylvania NORML chapter, stated, "A year after the Drug Enforcement Administration raided and seized three fraternity houses at the University of Virginia and after lecturer Stuart Reges was fired from Stanford University after criticizing and mocking the drug war (and for boasting that he delighted in carrying drugs on campus), students are demonstrating that they will not accept such government interference."*

### NAME THAT TUNE

Your "Newsfront" item "The Few, the Homophobic" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) dealt with current policies against gays in military service. I personally have nothing against homosexuals and I have several gay civilian friends. However, as a member of the Armed Forces, I must support the ban on homosexuals. The military attracts a certain type of people, the majority of whom are homophobic. Were gays allowed to join, these men would be forced to work with people they hate. A group of men who hate one another will not work, or fight, together as well as a group of men who get along. It simply is not feasible to allow homosexuals into the military until less hostility exists.

John Bryant
Oak Harbor, Washington

*We've heard that tune before, sung to different lyrics (blacks, women, etc.). It still sounds off-key.*

When this aerial art made its debut in Korea in 1952, the war was in full swing. The artwork, created by the crews of these B-50s, leaves little doubt as to what the boys missed most. Unappreciative military brass ordered the paintings removed.

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## GOOD OLD BOYS

BOYNTON BEACH, FLORIDA—*A police union official denied allegations that town cops had amused themselves at an off-duty outing by beating and shooting a black*

*mannequin. He offered as proof a home videotape that captured "just a bunch of guys running around naked and drunk as a skunk in the woods twenty-five miles from nowhere." Great defense. Of course, there is that one scene that shows an officer simulating a sex act with another officer who's dressed in a bunny suit.*

## SNOW JOB

JAY, NEW YORK—*A snow sculptor was fined $500 last winter after being found guilty of obscenity in the third degree. His crime: creating a life-size statue of a woman performing oral sex on a man. A state trooper was ordered to "dismantle" the sculpture.*

## PASTIE PATROL

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—*The patrons of a topless bar whose show was stopped by armed men in hoods found out it wasn't a Ku Klux Klan raid but the Orlando vice squad. Seems vice was pulling a nipple raid following reports that the dancers' pasties were transparent instead of opaque as required by law. The hoods concealed the officers' identities so they could continue battling street gangs, drug activities and undercovered breasts.*

## HERPES UPDATE

BOSTON—*The good news: It may be harder to catch genital herpes than most people think. In a Stanford University study, researchers found many marriages in which one spouse was infected and the other was not. The bad news is that fully one third of the women and one quarter of the men tested positive for herpes, though only 11 percent showed symptoms. This suggests the virus is passed by people who unknowingly have the disease.*

## WHAT HIPPOCRATIC OATH?

TORONTO—*A Canadian government agency is investigating complaints from at least 85 women who said they were refused anesthetics before having abortions in the principal hospital in the Northwest Territories—apparently as a form of punishment. Some of the women said the male doctors at Stanton Yellowknife Hospital also made abusive remarks. One woman said she was asked, "This really hurt, didn't it? But let that be a lesson before you get yourself in this situation again."*

## SORRY, NOT SAFE

TOKYO—*Female lawmakers and women's groups have demanded—and won, in some instances—a ban on an AIDS prevention poster that features a naked girl in a giant rubber and carries the caption* PROTECT YOURSELF FROM DANGEROUS WOMEN BY USING A CONDOM. *Meanwhile, the Japanese government has decided to continue banning the pill, reasoning that approval would lead to more condomless sex and a rise in AIDS cases.*

## JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—*Greenfield's middle school has decided to stop using peeled bananas and an anatomically correct vibrator in classroom demonstrations of condom use. The school's principal said there would be a review by schoolboard members of techniques for teaching about condom usage. He was responding to parents' complaints that it wasn't "appropriate for people to be talking . . . about the use of condoms [because] some of these kids don't know about the facts of life."*

## HAVE A NICE DAY

CINCINNATI—*Humorless officials at the Shriners' Burn Institute are investigating complaints that one of its ranking doctors used a surgical marker to draw "happy faces" on male patients' sex organs. The complaints came from staff, not from the patients themselves. One of the recipients, who had suffered burns over half his body, said the drawing lifted his spirits.*

## ATTENTION, SHOPPERS

BIELLA, ITALY—*Local prostitutes gave away free sex for 24 hours as a business promotion to win customers back from discount hookers who had migrated to their neighborhood from other countries and were undercutting established prices. The regulars unfurled banners along a highway announcing* ALL FOR FREE—TRY IT AND SEE.

## INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH CLEANERS

LOS ANGELES—*Bubbles and Sally (not their real names) are hard at work at 7:15* P.M. *Their uniforms consist of high heels,*

*fishnet stockings, G strings and not much else. Their rates are $125 for 90 minutes. But wait before you leap to any conclusions: Bubbles and Sally are maids with Bust Dusters, an L.A.-based topless cleaning service. It's enough to make you whistle while they work.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

SUMMER IS THAT

TIME OF YEAR

WHEN YOU LOOK

FORWARD TO

GOING BAREFOOT

AND HOLDING

SOMETHING OTHER

THAN MEETINGS.

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It traces every curve

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DEREK HUMPHRY

## *a candid conversation with the dean of the suicide movement about the best ways to end it all, his tragic private life and the notorious dr. kevorkian*

*If Derek Humphry and his growing number of followers have their way, doctors could play a new role in our culture. In addition to fighting disease and providing care, they could end lives—on purpose. They could inject patients with lethal doses of drugs and stand by while the drugs take effect, making certain that the patient dies comfortably.*

*Humphry, founder of the National Hemlock Society, believes in active euthanasia—the mercy killing of people suffering the final stages of painful terminal illnesses. It is understandable that some people believe active euthanasia is a euphemism for murder—and that Humphry is a murderer.*

*Western culture has almost always viewed death as an enemy and has waged a vigorous war against it. Not surprisingly, we have only postponed the inevitable. With advanced surgical techniques, modern machines, medicines and nutrition, life expectancy has increased 40 percent in the past three generations.*

*There is, however, a price to be paid for longer lives—and often that price is a longer death. Nearly 2,000,000 Americans die each year of terminal illnesses. Many deaths are painful, and sometimes dying people spend their last months—or even years—in hospitals or nursing homes, barely conscious. Until recently, it has been illegal for doctors to allow patients to die, even if the patients demanded it.*

*Slowly, those laws have changed. Many states now allow passive euthanasia—the withholding of medical treatment and life-support machines when death is imminent—if the patient has made clear his or her desire beforehand in writing, through a document called a living will. The American Hospital Association now estimates that 70 percent of the 6000 daily deaths in the United States are "somehow timed or negotiated, with all concerned parties privately concurring on withdrawal of some death-delaying technology or not even starting it in the first place."*

*Active euthanasia is another matter, both legally and morally. A loved one or a doctor who actively assists a person in dying, even at the patient's request, is guilty of a felony.*

*Derek Humphry is attempting to change that. Humphry, who grew up in a broken home in Bath, Somerset, about 90 miles from London, was writing muckraking articles and books on racism and politics when his wife of 22 years contracted a progressively debilitating form of cancer. After doctors told Jean Humphry that she had no chance of surviving, she asked her husband to help her end her life, claiming she wanted to avoid a protracted and painful death.*

*In late 1975, at her request, Humphry handed his wife a cup of sweetened coffee in which he had stirred a mixture of codeine and Seconal. An hour later she was dead.*

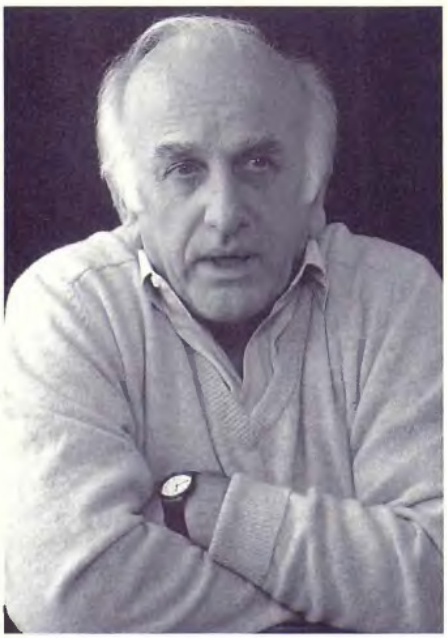
*No one but the family and a few close friends knew the truth about Jean's death until three years later, when Humphry released "Jean's Way," a memoir he had written with his second wife, Ann Wickett Humphry. The book told, in candid and moving detail, about Jean's decision to commit suicide. It also revealed Humphry's complicity in her death.*

*"Jean's Way" touched a nerve. The story had universal implications. There were, apparently, hundreds of thousands of people who, like Jean, believed that an assisted suicide was the compassionate answer to a long and arduous death. Many of them wanted the option for themselves.*

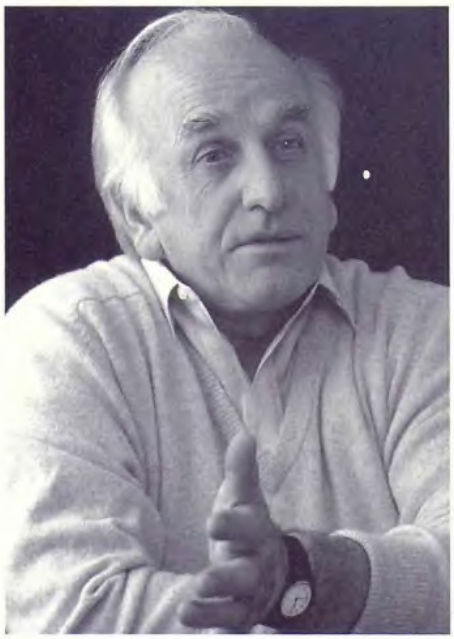
*As a result, Humphry founded the Hemlock Society in 1980. The society is famous for two things: working to change laws so that doctors can legally help terminally ill patients commit suicide and giving advice to people who have decided to die on their own, when doctors can't or won't help.*

*The Hemlock Society tried to introduce legislation in California and Washington State that would legalize assisted suicide. Fiercely opposed by the Catholic Church, anti-euthanasia groups and former Surgeon General Everett Koop, the measures were defeated.*

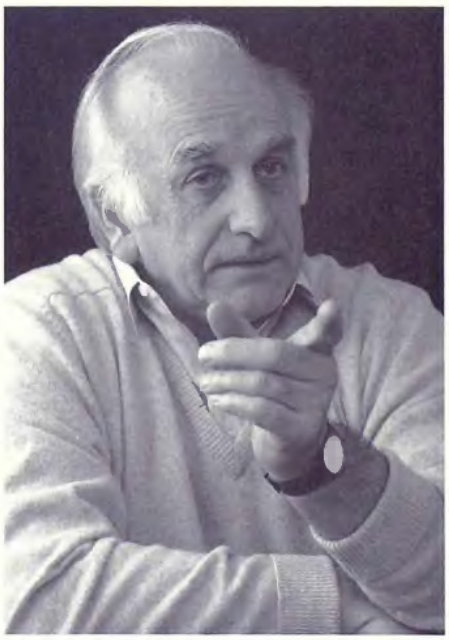
*Another group, Californians Against Human Suffering, is trying again. Californians*



*"I was intent on helping my wife Jean to die. Some people would call what I did murder. Devout Catholics would call bringing her drugs and sitting with her murder. But I didn't suffocate her. That is a lie."*



*"Can you blame me just because "Final Exit" happens to be in the home of someone who shot himself? People have known how to shoot themselves for years. I don't recommend that method of suicide, anyway."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN JIM

*"Kevorkian had dropped hints that he was going to help someone die just before the vote in Washington. We had heard rumors about it and one of our staff went to him and begged him not to do it. He ignored the request."*

*will vote in November on whether to make it legal for doctors to help terminally ill patients—those who would likely be dead within six months—to kill themselves.*

*Elsewhere, a controversial Detroit physician named Jack Kevorkian has made some headlines of his own. Unwilling to wait for legislation allowing him to legally help people commit suicide, Dr. Kevorkian—with his suicide machine—has assisted in several deaths over the past few years.*

*Kevorkian avoided prosecution until early this year when he was charged with two counts of first-degree murder for helping two ailing women in Michigan die. Although Kevorkian's fate now rests with the court, he has continued to aid suicides.*

*As ethicists, physicians and politicians debate the implications of Kevorkian's actions, Humphry remains in the forefront of the euthanasia movement. One of his most recent books is the movement's bible. "Final Exit," released in 1991, is nothing short of the last self-help book you'll ever need. In no-nonsense prose (and also in large type, for elderly readers), the book is a primer that tells readers the best way to kill themselves, including a detailed list of effective drugs and dosages.*

*The reaction to the book was startling. It flew off bookstore shelves and settled at the top of the best-seller lists. It also caused a new wave of debate on the issue of legalizing assisted suicide. Humphry expounded on the issues in a follow-up released in May, "Dying with Dignity: Understanding Euthanasia," about the emotional and ethical aspects of the assisted-suicide issue.*

*As if those books were not controversial enough, Humphry's messy personal life became the center of a scandal. Last year, Humphry was publicly accused of being a fraud, an opportunist and, finally, a murderer. What gave the charges impact was that the accuser was neither an anti-euthanasia activist nor a religious zealot but Humphry's ex-wife, Ann (they had divorced the year before).*

*In* People *magazine and on TV talk shows, Ann Humphry claimed that her ex-husband was cruel and manipulative. Despite his image as a man who had compassion for the dying, Ann charged that Humphry abandoned her when she was diagnosed with breast cancer and that he tried everything he could to convince her to kill herself. Ultimately, Ann did commit suicide, and she saved her most serious accusation for her suicide note. "[Humphry] is a killer. I know," she wrote. She claimed that Humphry lied about the circumstances of his first wife's death and charged that he had suffocated Jean with a pillow.*

*Beleaguered by the press, Humphry took out a half-page ad in* The New York Times *several weeks after Ann's death—ostensibly as a eulogy to his ex-wife. In it he wrote that Ann was "dogged by emotional problems." His attempts to exonerate himself didn't satisfy his critics, however, and some observers felt that Humphry was about to make his final exit—at least professionally.*

*To cast light on the debate over euthanasia and to unravel Humphry's personal drama that was making the assisted-suicide controversy even murkier,* Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *to interview the man at the center of the storm. Here's his report:*

*"I headed into the interview expecting some sort of monster, as Humphry was described in numerous press accounts. I was particularly bothered by the uncanny number of euthanasia cases he had been involved in. All of us, particularly as we grow older, lose parents and friends—but Humphry had actively assisted in the suicides of three family members, participated in the passive euthanasia of a fourth—and his second wife committed suicide. It was circumstantial evidence, but it was still weird.*

*"In a series of meetings in San Francisco, where Humphry was consulting with organizers of Californians Against Human Suffering who were pushing for assisted-suicide legislation, and at the Hemlock Society's national headquarters in Oregon, I continued to eye him suspiciously, dissecting his answers, testing his sincerity and looking for holes in his story.*

*"When his face reddened and he broke down in tears—for the first of several times during the interview—I was distrustful. The emotion seemed genuine, but I feared it was rehearsed. He cried when he talked about his wife, Jean, his brother's death and the hell he had gone through with his second wife, Ann.*

> *"The fear of waking up from a failed suicide attempt is one of the most deep-rooted fears people have."*

*"The jury may still be out on some of the charges against Humphry, but my cynicism lessened. I concluded that his tears were genuine and that he was sincerely committed to his mission. But I'm not sure I would want him to be the executor of my living will."*

**PLAYBOY:** Since 1988 the Hemlock Society has worked to make it legal for doctors to assist in suicides—and its latest attempt is on the California ballot this November—but so far all efforts have failed. Isn't that proof that people are uncomfortable with legalizing assisted suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** The measures have failed for a number of reasons, but not because the public doesn't want them. More than eighty percent of Americans believe in passive euthanasia. Sixty percent believe in active euthanasia. It looked as if we were going to win in Seattle. Our movement was galvanized.

**PLAYBOY:** But you lost.

**HUMPHRY:** The Catholic Church, in an attempt to stop euthanasia, threw all its great power and money into defeating us. Also, we made several mistakes. The Washington law was painted with a broad brush. There were not enough restrictions on physicians—the public doesn't trust the medical profession. The newspapers, when they refused to endorse us, said there were insufficient protections against abuses by doctors.

The other thing that happened was that notorious Dr. Kevorkian. About ten days before the vote, he helped two women to die in Michigan. It was very disturbing because it was doubtful that the women were terminally ill. They were sick women and they wanted to die and Kevorkian felt he was doing the right thing, but there was a wave of revulsion against him. I suspect that he timed it to have an effect on the election. He had dropped hints that he was going to help someone die just before the vote in Washington. We had heard rumors about it and one of our staff went to him and begged him not to do it. He ignored the request.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a serious charge. Do you think his motive for helping them die was political rather than compassionate?

**HUMPHRY:** Well, the two women clearly wanted to die and, so far as one can tell, the families were supportive of them. But I worry about the timing. Coincidentally or not, the week that happened his book appeared on the front page of *Publishers Weekly*. More significantly, his motivation for attempting to make it legal to assist in suicides is very different from ours. His is outlined in his book *Prescription: Medicine*. The first one hundred or so are devoted to traditional executions of murderers. Kevorkian gives a credible history of how societies throughout history have executed people. After that, he reveals his position: The only justification for the executions of murderers is if they agree to be experimented on before, during and after the execution and if their organs are harvested for people who need organ transplants.

Finally, he argues for suicide clinics for the terminally ill who would agree to be experimented on for medical reasons during and after dying. They would be anesthetized so there would be no suffering. That's where we differ. His argument for euthanasia is to get bodies for medical research. He says there's no point unless it's the advancement of medical science.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps he helped people who wanted desperately to avoid suffering?

**HUMPHRY:** That's right, and what they and Kevorkian do is their own business. I cannot advocate it, though.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do people need the assistance of doctors to kill themselves? Why can't they simply ingest pills or slit their wrists or do all the other things thousands of suicides do each year?

**HUMPHRY:** People are terrified of doing it wrong. The fear of waking up from a

## Medical studies reveal...

# The earlier you use Rogaine, the better your chances of growing hair.

*"My hair's* completely filled in. *It started growing in under 2 months. It was amazing! Early treatment...it works!" —Jim Wilets, 30*

*Rogaine* is the only product ever proven to grow hair. And studies show that using it at the first signs of hair loss gives you the best chance that it will grow hair for you.

**What are the early warning signs of losing hair?**

Everyone loses a little hair. Fifty to 80 hairs a day is normal. If you're losing more than 100 hairs a day without normal replacement, the first sign will often be thinning of the "crown" at the top of your scalp. See your doctor when you first notice it, because this small bald spot can grow larger over time.

*"I may not have grown any hair after 6 months, but most of my hair's stopped falling out. I'm glad I got to the doctor fast." —Luis Silva, 20*

Two million men worldwide have tried *Rogaine*. In yearlong clinical tests conducted by dermatologists at 27 medical centers nationwide, virtually half (48%) of the men who tried *Rogaine* saw at least moderate hair regrowth. Thirty-six percent had minimal regrowth and only 16% had no regrowth.

Doctors also found that it usually takes 4 months or more before you can begin to evaluate your use of *Rogaine*. Side effects were minimal: only 5% of the men tested had itching of the scalp.

*"The first time I saw hair growing was at about 8 months.* I hadn't lost much...*but I'm not taking any chances." —Tony Vila*

**Will *Rogaine* work for you?**

Only a dermatologist or another doctor who treats hair loss can tell you, so see one soon. The sooner you get your prescription for *Rogaine* (which is now available in an economical 3-pack), the sooner you could be growing hair.

For an informative brochure and videotape, a list of doctors in your area who can help you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor, call the toll-free number below:

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**Fill this in now. Then, start to fill in your hair loss.**

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Dear Mr. Barton:
Please send me a free brochure and videotape, full of information on how to treat my hair loss with *Rogaine*. And just to make sure I don't forget to go to my doctor about my hair loss, please send me a list of doctors who can help me and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to see my doctor.
Thanks.

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*For a summmary of product information, see adjoining page.*

# Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

## The only product proven to grow hair.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

# The only product ever proven to grow hair.

**What is ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown and in females for diffuse hair loss or thinning of the frontal areas of the scalp.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dose in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects have been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

**How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?**
Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some patients receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than 4 months.

**If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?**
If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

**How long do I need to use ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

**What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?**
If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

**What is the dosage of ROGAINE?**
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (1 month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to let you apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

**What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?**
If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

**Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?**
No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than 1 mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

**What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?**
Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 7% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

**What are some of the side effects people have reported?**
The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the groups using ROGAINE and placebo. *Respiratory:* bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis. *Dermatologic:* irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia. *Gastrointestinal:* diarrhea, nausea, vomiting. *Neurologic:* headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness. *Musculoskeletal:* fractures, back pain, tendinitis. *Cardiovascular:* edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases. *Allergic:* nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, sensitivity. *Special Senses:* conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances including decreased visual acuity. *Metabolic-Nutritional:* edema, weight gain. *Urinary Tract:* urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis. *Genital Tract:* prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction. *Psychiatric:* anxiety, depression, fatigue. *Hematologic:* lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia. *Endocrinologic:*

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

**What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?**
Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

*Minoxidil tablets* are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: Some patients have reported – a resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed, and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

**What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?**
Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

**Can individuals with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?**
Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

**Should any precautions be followed?**
Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each milliliter contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied.

Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness have not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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failed suicide attempt is one of the most deep-rooted fears people have. It's apparently a horrible experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of the physical aftereffects or the embarrassment?

**HUMPHRY:** All of it. Embarrassment, fear and the dread of having to go on suffering. There is the fear of the taboo of having done this.

**PLAYBOY:** Where does the taboo come from? Is it based on Western religions' abhorrence of suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** Yes, although history books show that suicide was acceptable for the first three or four hundred years of Christianity. It was not viewed as a crime against God. It wasn't encouraged, but it had its place.

The problem was that too many Christians were committing suicide. The lives of these poor, downtrodden people were awful and their religion promised a wonderful life out there in the next world. To stop them from killing themselves, the church made suicide a crime against God. It became a crime against the state later, because soldiers were killing themselves instead of fighting in wars they didn't believe in.

**PLAYBOY:** The taboo is relatively recent?

**HUMPHRY:** That's right. In Greece and Rome, some justifications for suicide were acceptable. In ancient Greece you had to go to court and tell why you wished to commit suicide. If the reasons met societal standards, the magistrate reached beneath his bench and gave you a cup of hemlock. The court looked after your affairs—it made sure that your wife got what money was due to you and that your debts were cleared.

**PLAYBOY:** What were acceptable reasons for suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** Nobody is actually certain, but it had to be either terminal illness or unbearable disgrace. If it was a cowardly act, running away from something, the magistrate would refuse the request.

**PLAYBOY:** Do any contemporary religions accept suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** Hindus accept a certain amount of suicide, especially in advanced age. It's usually done by starvation. In general, religions argue that only God gives life and only God can take it away. It all boils down to who's in command. Everybody has a different answer. If you're an atheist or an agnostic, the answer is yourself. If you are what I call a liberal, freethinking Christian, then it's between you and your God. Some feel that God is understanding and doesn't wish them to suffer. Therefore, if they took their life thoughtfully and carefully and didn't hurt other people, it would be all right. Other people see God as their commander, and to do this without His blessing would be appalling. The Catholics believe suffering is ennobling.

**PLAYBOY:** Religion aside, you are going head to head with the essential goal of the medical community—to prolong life.

**HUMPHRY:** That's another main reason there are laws against assisted suicide. On the other hand, many doctors feel that active euthanasia fulfills their other purpose—to ease suffering.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't many doctors, in spite of the illegality of suicide, assist terminal and elderly patients who choose to kill themselves?

**HUMPHRY:** Extensively. And it's increasing—the AIDS problem has shown us how much. We've found that assisted suicide is rampant in the gay community. I've heard that probably fifty percent of gay people dying from AIDS are assisted in their deaths by their friends and lovers or by a doctor.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they assisted actively or passively?

**HUMPHRY:** Very actively, by providing drugs and injecting or administering them. The cases we hear about are almost always people in their last few weeks. It is often done as a group. Three or four of the dying person's friends will gather at an hour he or she appoints. It is done as a way to retain dignity, to choose to die—with friends and loved ones—without having to suffer the final weeks of a terrible disease.

**PLAYBOY:** If it's so pervasive, why do we need a law to allow it?

**HUMPHRY:** People have to realize that assisted suicide is going on secretly, and it should be controlled and monitored. A good euthanasia law would protect against abuses. The law we wish to pass has built-in safeguards and protections. The main thing is that a doctor ought to be able, if he or she wishes, to give that help without fear of prosecution and persecution.

**PLAYBOY:** Why doctors and not family members?

**HUMPHRY:** A doctor knows whether or not the person is dying, whether the person is making a sensible request. A doctor has a general idea when the patient is going to die. A doctor also has access to lethal drugs and can administer those drugs. Doctors are used to obeying rules and regulations; medicine is, quite rightly, a highly regulated profession.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't there a great danger in giving doctors that much power? Aren't you concerned that doctors could be manipulated or paid off by a relative who wanted insurance money?

**HUMPHRY:** Nothing is perfect. Some people are corrupt and evil. But most of us, doctors included, act properly and decently toward one another.

**PLAYBOY:** You believe that doctors should be able to assist in suicide, yet your book, *Final Exit*, is a layman's guide.

**HUMPHRY:** The book fills a need. Since doctors are not supposed to do it, people take it into their own hands.

**PLAYBOY:** In the most controversial part of your book, you list specific drugs and dosages for people who want to commit suicide. Is it ethical to publicize that

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information?

**HUMPHRY:** For five or six years, Hemlock has been selling a chart with that information for three dollars. We must have sold a hundred thousand copies. I knew that people were ready for a straightforward, no-nonsense guide.

**PLAYBOY:** Many people have tried to kill themselves, failed and are grateful. In making suicide relatively foolproof, don't you deprive them of that second chance?

**HUMPHRY:** It seems to me that if somebody is attempting suicide but not really wanting to do it, they deliberately underdose or draw attention to themselves in some way. They do it ten minutes before somebody is expected home, which is why they are discovered. Good. But those who intend to commit suicide will do it until they succeed.

**PLAYBOY:** Not all of them. Do you know of cases where *Final Exit* was used by people in distress, but who were not terminally ill?

**HUMPHRY:** A Massachusetts district attorney issued a statement claiming that three people over six months had used my book to end their lives—or at least my book was present in their homes. These people had mental problems. Can you blame me just because the book happens to be in the home of someone who shot himself? People have known how to shoot themselves for years. I don't recommend that method of suicide, anyway. In another case, a woman was found hanging and there was a copy of *Final Exit* in her house. Obviously, she had been looking at methods and thinking the matter over, but she chose to hang herself. Again, I don't recommend that method. In any case, people who want to kill themselves will figure out a way.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't many suicide attempts actually cries for help?

**HUMPHRY:** Yes. Attempted suicides want to draw attention to their great pain.

**PLAYBOY:** But if you make it easier to commit suicide, won't it be easier for someone who is simply depressed?

**HUMPHRY:** That's not what we're advocating. The Hemlock guidelines are clear. There must be an enduring request by a dying person. There must be several applications to the doctor. You can't just sit up in bed on a bad day and say, "Kill me," and have the doctor kill you. There has to be a waiting period.

**PLAYBOY:** But couldn't despondent people see *Final Exit* as an easy and painless way out? In effect, you disallow them a waiting period or a nonlethal drug dose. Couldn't you be responsible for unnecessary deaths?

**HUMPHRY:** I honestly don't think so. We shall have to wait and see whether the suicide rate goes up—and the indications are that it hasn't. Even if it does, will there be more poison suicides than there used to be? We should do better at suicide prevention, shouldn't we? To try to transfer the blame to *Final Exit* is to skirt the real issues.

**PLAYBOY:** For those who cannot get doctors' assistance, you recommend pills. But some of the fatal doses seem extremely large. Wouldn't it be hard to swallow forty or fifty pills?

**HUMPHRY:** It would be. But I included many drug choices because the drugs aren't easily obtained. People must make do with what they can get.

**PLAYBOY:** Is cyanide the best alternative?

**HUMPHRY:** First of all, cyanide can be quite difficult to get hold of. Also, there's a division of opinion on it. A lot of experts tell me that it's very painful. Others say it is the best way to go. Done right, it's a fast and painless death. If you want my advice, I come down on the side of not using it.

**PLAYBOY:** In the movies, don't spies plan to ingest cyanide pills if they are caught by the enemy?

**HUMPHRY:** Yes, in pure and potent amounts. In the movies, however, we never see the final moments of that person who takes the suicide pill. It could be the worst agony. As far as doctors know, when you take cyanide, your blood literally boils. The credo of the Hemlock Society is that you ought to be able to take your life when terminally ill, holding the hand of your loved one. Anything like cyanide—that would bring on convulsions—is not acceptable. You cannot do that to your friends.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you also recommend placing a plastic bag over the head in addition to taking pills?

**HUMPHRY:** Well, every now and again drugs act oddly. To make certain, you use a plastic bag.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not only a plastic bag?

**HUMPHRY:** You can do it with just a plastic bag, and that's well known. But it is easier to use the combination. Suffocation could inspire a panic. If you're near unconsciousness from drugs, the plastic bag only makes certain that you will not wake up.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have stumbled across some good gallows humor. What's your favorite suicide joke?

**HUMPHRY:** My favorite is the one about the person who is just about to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. A New York City policeman dashes up to him, aims a gun and yells, "Get back or I'll shoot." The man gets back.

Bob Hope, Jay Leno and Dave Letterman have joked about the book. Arsenio Hall did a bit that was tremendous. People were calling up librarians, telling them they wouldn't be bringing back their copy of *Final Exit*—they were going to use it. [*Laughs*] We don't mind being laughed at. You've arrived when you're part of the humor.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you not advocate many of the traditional means of suicide—wrist slitting, guns or the like?

**HUMPHRY:** Teenagers and a great many suicidal people use violent means to kill themselves because they want to put the blame on other people. It's an act of terrible protest. The worst type of suicide is when people come home and find a family member hanging from a beam. It is done partly for self-destruction and partly to hurt other people. That is not what my book is about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do people who plan to commit suicide worry about someone finding them hanging or having to clean up the blood?

**HUMPHRY:** Our members do. The euthanasia people care very much about not putting others to trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** So you believe that violent suicides aren't done out of convenience—a gun happened to be handy, for instance—but out of a desire to communicate a message?

**HUMPHRY:** The shock of finding somebody you love hanging would be unforgettable. Our instructions are to do it as thoughtfully and humanely as possible. If you are thinking of doing it, tell people why and so forth. That is very different from violent suicides.

**PLAYBOY:** Your argument against guns is that someone else has to clean up the mess?

**HUMPHRY:** Yes. And it's a shock for anybody to see. Paramedics, doctors, family. That sort of behavior is not acceptable in the euthanasia movement.

**PLAYBOY:** How effective is Drano?

**HUMPHRY:** Under-the-sink chemicals are a terrible death, if in fact they work. Nobody in their right mind would take those chemicals. They burn your insides out and you'd be likely to throw yourself through a window. You'd go to your death in agony.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your other least favorite ways to do it?

**HUMPHRY:** If you electrocute yourself in your bath, you have to remember that somebody might rush in and, in attempting to rescue you, die as well. It's amazing that people don't think of things like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Presumably they have other things on their minds.

**HUMPHRY:** They ought to think about it. Hemlock people do not want to put others at risk.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you recommend using car exhaust?

**HUMPHRY:** Ever since cars became popular, people have been killing themselves inside their cars with the exhaust. So long as the car keeps running and it's in a secure place and nobody interrupts, it is a peaceful death. But it has the danger of the car stopping or a tremendous chance of being found by somebody knocking on the door, wondering why the car is running.

**PLAYBOY:** What are some of the most bizarre methods of suicide you've run across?

*Alive with pleasure!*

# Newport

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**HUMPHRY:** I'm deluged with crazy ideas. Bites from his pet rattlesnakes were how one man chose to die. An engineer had the heat of the sun's rays trigger a gun that shot him. He was a skilled engineer who wanted to go out in that style.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you advise elderly partners who wish to die together?

**HUMPHRY:** There are some old couples who are so devoted to each other, so dependent on each other, that they are determined to die together, even though only one of them is ill. That's a great tribute to their love. I think we should leave it uncriticized if that occurs. The sadder thing is that you see a lot of elderly people committing suicide because of the uncertainty of their lives. They are fearful that no one will help them die before they become incompetent or otherwise out of control. If they could make a lawful pact with their doctor and trust that people would help them, they might hang on. My wife Jean decided to take a third chemotherapy treatment because she had my promise to help her die when she wanted to—when things got too bad.

**PLAYBOY:** Your experience with Jean was pivotal to your founding Hemlock. How did you meet her?

**HUMPHRY:** We met in Manchester and were married when I was twenty-three. I was a reporter and interviewed Jean, who was the chairman of the youth council in her area. I took a shine to her during the interview. I had two tickets for a symphony and wrote to her, thanking her for the interview. In the note I said, "By the way, I'm going to a concert on Sunday. Here is a spare ticket." She turned up at the symphony and six weeks later we got married. We were married for twenty-two years. It was a good marriage. Three children, two of our own and one adopted.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your family life like when you were a child?

**HUMPHRY:** I was born of a typical middle-class family in Bath, Somerset. My parents' marriage was bad from the start. They were gadabouts, good-looking tearaways who should never have married. They weren't ready for marriage.

My father was a salesman. My mother was—I hear different descriptions—a model or a nightclub hostess. They were divorced soon after my birth. From what I can gather from my brother and others and little bits of memory, between the ages of about two and seven, we were just snatched between them. We would be coming out of school in Bristol, where my family moved, and my mother would arrive in a taxi and pick us up. The taxi would drive a hundred miles away and we'd be hidden in London.

My father would employ a private detective to find out where we'd gone. Then, sometime later, we'd be coming out of a school in London and my father would drive up in a car and—"Hello," "Hi, Dad," *whoop*—off in a car back to Bristol.

There was a bitter divorce action over custody, which my father won because his family was better off, better connected and had the lawyers. My mother was a lonely person. Something had gone wrong in her family. At any rate, the poor woman was beaten in the custody battle and was obviously very angry and upset. She took off for Australia and I never saw her again.

**PLAYBOY:** What toll did that take?

**HUMPHRY:** It made me cling to marriage and family very tightly. I never wanted to divorce or put my children through a divorce.

**PLAYBOY:** When your mother left, did it in some ways make it easier? At least there were no more kidnappings.

**HUMPHRY:** Well, no. I spent a lot of the time living with aunts and uncles. Unknown to me, my father spent a couple years in prison. I was told he was off on an extended sales trip. They would take my letters and readdress them to him in prison.

**PLAYBOY:** What had he done?

**HUMPHRY:** He forged a check. He was in a bad business deal and got left holding the bag. When he came out, he went straight into the Royal Air Force as a tail gunner. He did the bravest thing he could do to prove something. He was shot down. Then they put him in a machine-gun nest on the cliffs of Dover because the Battle of Britain was starting.

I hardly knew him during those years. After the war I got to know him. For a while we lived together.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you become a newspaper reporter?

**HUMPHRY:** When I was fourteen, I set my heart on being a famous writer. When I left school, I went to London. An employment exchange sent me to the *Yorkshire Post*, which wanted an editorial assistant. I didn't realize that editorial assistant was a euphemism for messenger boy. Still, I watched and I learned. That's when I met Jean.

I went back to Bristol, my home town, and got a job at one of the papers as a junior reporter. I was up and away. I went to different newspapers until I landed at the *Sunday Times*, arguably the best newspaper in the world at that point. I found I was really at the top of my profession, working with marvelous people. It was a wonderful, wonderful time.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you learn that Jean was ill?

**HUMPHRY:** She was diagnosed with cancer when we were in London.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of cancer?

**HUMPHRY:** Breast cancer, which turned into bone cancer.

**PLAYBOY:** How long was she ill?

**HUMPHRY:** She was ill for several years when it became clear that she was going to die. I knew I was going to lose her. It was just a question of when. I was expecting to nurse Jean to her death. In Oxford Hospital one afternoon, she asked me to help her die.

**PLAYBOY:** Just like that?

**HUMPHRY:** She said, "Help me to die." She explained why. About six years earlier, her mother had died of lung cancer. I wasn't present because I was looking after the children in London while Jean went to care for her mother. She was traumatized by it. She told me about how her mother had died at home in great physical and psychic pain. Her mother had screamed for help to die. She begged to be put out of her pain and misery.

Jean was deeply shocked, right to her roots. She concluded that she would never go through anything like that. She'd also seen a lot of people die in cancer wards—she had been in and out of hospitals for several years.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you respond when she asked you to help her die?

**HUMPHRY:** I had no time to realize how to cope with all this. It was all happening so fast. But she had thought it out lying there for weeks in hospital beds. She told me what she wanted me to do: "Go to a doctor, get lethal drugs and have them ready. When I'm ready to take them, I'll tell you."

She was very insistent. She said she wanted my decision then and there. She said that on the day that she was to die she didn't want any arguments or changes of mind. [*He begins to cry.*] She asked if I was quite sure.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your children consulted?

**HUMPHRY:** They were told. They were a bit shattered, but they had helped me look after their mother. They received the news of her decision with numb silence. Later, they were very supportive.

**PLAYBOY:** When did she decide to do it?

**HUMPHRY:** Once we had discussed it and agreed, she decided to take another chemotherapy treatment that had been recommended. It gave her some more time. As I said, without the agreement that I would help her to die, I doubt she would have taken that third chemotherapy. She didn't want to go through with it because she thought she might not come out of it in good shape. Luckily, it was bearable and she got a remission. It didn't last long, though.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you prepared with the lethal dose of drugs? How did you get them?

**HUMPHRY:** I didn't know which doctor to ask. I decided not to ask her doctors; I didn't want to involve them. They'd been fighting to control her pain and preserve her life. They were losing, but it wasn't their fault.

I had done a series of articles exposing medical politics in England and had a Deep Throat source in the medical profession, a young doctor. We met and I put it straight to him. I

said, "Jean's dying of cancer and she wants to commit suicide."

He had never met her. He interrogated me about the cancer, how long she had had it and how bad it was, what bones had broken, what medicine she was taking. I remember his words quite vividly. He said, "She has no quality of life left." She would lean forward and her ribs would snap. It was only going to get worse. He knew it.

He gave me the drugs and told me how to administer them.

**PLAYBOY:** What were his instructions?

**HUMPHRY:** He said they would be very bitter and she'd have a job swallowing them so I should put them in a drink and add lots of sugar.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the drugs?

**HUMPHRY:** A strong mixture of Seconal and codeine. I stored them safely away.

The doctors told her there was nothing else they could do. They asked where she wanted to die. She said she wanted to go home.

They sent her home with a big Brompton cocktail, which is a bottle of painkilling mixtures. Cocaine, heroin, alcohol and other things. It is designed to relieve pain but leave you alert.

At home she had good pain control. The pain was terrible, but within moments she could stop it with the drugs. The pain became worse and more frequent and she needed more Brompton cocktail and we knew she was dying.

One night, she sent me on an errand to do some shopping. It was to get rid of me. She called the boys in and said goodbye to them. I came back and didn't know she had told them. We went to sleep and woke up the next morning. Before she could even rise out of bed to sit up, she needed the pain-control medication. She was in indescribable agony.

I brought her tea and toast and the morning paper. I was watching her. I went over and looked out the window. I was watching her out of the corner of my eye.

She said, very quietly, "Is this the day?" It was awful. I just stood there at the window and I thought, you know, God. I knew it was coming. I knew what I had to do, but it was still the most awful question I had ever been asked.

I choked on the words. I must answer, I thought. I said, "Yes, if you want to die today, I can't disagree."

I said that she could go back into the hospital where they could help manage the pain better, but she said, "No, I'm not going back again." She then said she was going to die at one P.M. that day. She said, "I'm glad it's been decided. I've said goodbye to the boys. I don't want to see anybody else." She asked me to lock the door.

**PLAYBOY:** Beyond the grief, do you remember what you were thinking?

**HUMPHRY:** I remember being fascinated by how much control she had, how cool and courageous she was. There was great beauty in that sort of death, in the acceptance of death and knowledge that you can say goodbye. We spent those last hours between eight and one talking and laughing and crying. [*He cries, stops again to collect himself.*]

We talked about quarrels we'd had and good times and bad times. And about the children, what we were going to do. She wanted to have a tremendous involvement in what was going to happen, as best she could. She wasn't dictating, but she wanted her input. She told me to go away to Trinidad to complete a book I was working on. She said to let the children have the cottage. Things like that. She said I should get married again whenever I wanted. She said she told the boys that they must accept whomever took her place.

We talked about lots of things and we played César Franck's *Symphony in D Minor*, which was played at the concert we went to that time I sent her the ticket. We celebrated her and her achievements before she died. So she went to her grave knowing that she was a loved and honored person.

*"But then I thought, I don't care about the criminality or the immorality of it, I will not let this woman wake up."*

Toward one in the afternoon, she said, "Look at the time. Go and get it."

I went upstairs and got the drugs. I mixed them in a big mug of coffee with lashings of sugar. I walked through the living room. The boys were there, sort of lying around, and they looked at me. I said, "She's getting ready to die." [*Long pause, crying*]

I took it in and put it on the bedside. She asked, "Is that it?" and I said, "Yes, if you drink that, you'll die."

I sat on the bed and gave her a last hug and a kiss. She picked up the mug with her hands and drank the coffee down. She said, "Goodbye, my love" and passed out. She lay there and then her breathing became heavy.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she die right away?

**HUMPHRY:** After about twenty minutes, to my horror, she vomited slightly. I didn't know then what I know now about this sort of thing. I thought, Oh, my God. How did I know how much of the drugs had come up? I cleaned her up and thought she might wake up if she hadn't absorbed the lethal amount. And I thought, If she wakes up, I'll kill her. I'll put a pillow over her and stifle her.

**PLAYBOY:** You decided that in advance?

**HUMPHRY:** I never thought about it, but then I thought, I don't care about the criminality or the immorality of it, I will not let this woman wake up. I will carry it through at all costs. But I didn't have to. At ten minutes to two, she ceased breathing.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had to, would you have suffocated her?

**HUMPHRY:** Yes. I'm afraid it's one of those moral decisions where your obligation of love and duty overrides the civil duty of the law. I would have, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** How many times have you told the story of Jean's death?

**HUMPHRY:** Many, many times.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you surprised that people question your sincerity since you still break down when you tell it?

**HUMPHRY:** All I know is that it was a very good marriage. I'm not trying to idealize it, but the love, the relationship, the death—they all happened.

**PLAYBOY:** You have been criticized—and your honesty has been questioned—because you seem to milk the story. It seems that you have built your life on Jean's death.

**HUMPHRY:** Well, you be the judge. The story strikes people. I'm proud of the story, though I'd just as soon stop telling it. It's a story I cannot get away from.

**PLAYBOY:** Your second wife, Ann, accused you of suffocating Jean. She says that you confessed to her that you actually killed Jean with a pillow.

**HUMPHRY:** I was intent on helping Jean to die. Some people would call what I did murder. Devout Catholics would call bringing her drugs and sitting with her murder. But I didn't suffocate her. That is a lie.

**PLAYBOY:** Were the police involved?

**HUMPHRY:** No. A doctor arrived and wrote out a death certificate. The cause of death was carcinomatosis—cancer. It would never again have been mentioned had I not written about it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet Ann?

**HUMPHRY:** I met Ann through an advertisement in the *New Statesman* within a year of Jean's death. She was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. She had a wonderful Nordic beauty, lovely features. She was also very brilliant. We fell madly in love.

After a few months I asked her to marry me. I was in my mid-forties and full-blooded and healthy. I had had a good marriage. People who have had a good marriage look to replace it with another one. It's not like divorce, where you are often left embittered.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you decide to write the book?

**HUMPHRY:** After some time, I thought of writing an article about Jean's death. I thought there was much to say in the

way she had chosen to die. Ann said it was more than an article, it was a book. Ann wasn't working and she said she would help write it.

We wrote *Jean's Way* and found a publisher. Within a week of the book's appearance, I'd sold the paperback rights to the largest paperback house in England. I had sold about ten translation rights and I had four movie offers, though no movie was ever made.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you concerned about being prosecuted for assisted suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** I investigated the history of cases in England. No one had gone to jail for that crime. I knew it was a crime—the punishment could be up to fourteen years in prison—but the laws against it weren't enforced. I believed there was more value in telling the story than in worrying about the unlikely outcome of being prosecuted.

When *Jean's Way* was published three years later, there was a police inquiry. I told the police that I assisted Jean's suicide at her request. I said that if they wished to take me to court, I would plead guilty and employ a lawyer to defend me against a prison sentence. They asked me sixty-four times who gave me the drugs, but I wouldn't tell.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you found the Hemlock Society?

**HUMPHRY:** Ann and I moved to Los Angeles in 1980. She wanted to go back to America and I got a job with the *Los Angeles Times*. Soon after, with money left over from *Jean's Way*, I decided to start the organization. My journalistic antennas told me this was going to be a big issue. I'd done speaking tours since *Jean's Way* and the reaction was powerful and resounding. When I would speak, the halls were filled. It dawned on me. I thought there was something deeper going on. There was a huge concern. People were asking me for help, for advice. They were asking me for drugs and drug dosages.

**PLAYBOY:** You founded Hemlock with Ann. What was her involvement?

**HUMPHRY:** She worked with me on the books. I quit the *Times* and worked for Hemlock full-time. She also did her own writing. By then I realized that I had married in haste and would repent at leisure. I knew I'd made a mistake. I still loved her, but I knew it was going to be a nightmare being married to her.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**HUMPHRY:** She was impossible. She had agoraphobia. She wouldn't leave the house. She quarreled with my children all the time. She made it impossible for me to see them. She wouldn't work. Later, I realized she *couldn't* work. Over time, I realized that I was married to a sick person. She would go into trances, deep depressions. I would take her to the hospital and they would give her tranquilizers. She went from therapist to therapist.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you stay with her?

**HUMPHRY:** There would be signs that she was fighting it. Also, I was a child of divorce. I have a certain opposition to divorce, perhaps more than most people, because of my childhood.

**PLAYBOY:** What led to the divorce?

**HUMPHRY:** Anyone who abandoned her, in her mind, would have to be destroyed. I knew if I left her she would turn on Hemlock. I was terrified of leaving, so things went on. But 1986 was a year of disaster. My eldest son, still in England, got into trouble with drugs. He got picked up by the police and got six years in prison. It was a terrible blow. You don't expect your son to go to prison. To his credit, he did three years of his six years and came out fitter than when he went in. He redeemed himself and I'm very proud of him.

Anyway, a month later, my brother died. He was the one who carried me through my childhood in the absence of my parents. He went into the hospital at the age of fifty-eight, only recently happily remarried and financially prosperous. His life had just settled down and his children were off.

He went in to have an ear cleaned out and something went wrong. His heart stopped beating for thirty minutes. They got it beating again, but of course he was brain damaged.

I rushed over to England and looked at him in the intensive care ward. He was as good as dead. Nurses pulled back his eyelids and shined flashlights into his eyes. His pupils were fixed; it was a terrible sign. He was attached to every life-support system known to man. His wife, a hospital matron who was extremely knowledgeable about medicine, said it was hopeless.

We all sat down, his children, myself and his wife, and talked about what should be done. They asked me to ask the doctor to disconnect his life-support system and let him die.

The doctor said, "Mr. Humphry, we were just waiting for you to ask." He died that evening. He stopped breathing. Sudden death is far more painful than terminal illness. There is no preparing for it, no saying goodbye.

Then, that same year, Ann's parents, who were in a bad state of health, asked to be helped to die. Her father was ninety-two and had congestive heart failure. Her mother was seventy-eight and had had one severe stroke. She was paralyzed. It took her twenty minutes to cross the room with a walker. They decided to die together.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it rather incredible that you have been involved in the deaths of nearly everyone around you?

**HUMPHRY:** Well, it's not everyone. We're talking about Jean in 1975. And then eleven years later, in 1986, my brother and Ann's parents.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Ann's parents have considered suicide if their daughter and son-in-law hadn't been in the business?

**HUMPHRY:** Probably. A lot of people consider it as an option. Their family doctor told Ann's parents they had to go into the hospital. They didn't want to. They said they wanted to take their own lives. I told them, individually, that they had other choices and didn't need to do this. But they felt very strongly about it. They said they wanted to die together.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there any reason why Ann would have felt that you had talked her parents into killing themselves?

**HUMPHRY:** No. She asked me to get the drugs. She ground up the drugs and put them in yogurt. I was there, perfectly supportive. I took her mother out for a walk in the wheelchair the afternoon before she died and I said to her, "Ruth, you don't have to die if you don't want to. It's absolutely your choice. Just because Arthur is intent on dying doesn't mean you have to. We'll take you back to California." She said no. I'm quite clear of conscience. I was very fond of her parents. But then Ann turned on me.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of the way her parents had died?

**HUMPHRY:** Ann began to say I didn't support her emotionally. I said, "What do you mean? I did everything I could." She was obsessed with this.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that what finally caused the divorce?

**HUMPHRY:** It would take great minds to analyze what went wrong in the final stages. Another blow struck in 1989. She found a lump in her breast. When she found the lump, she kept telling me I didn't care. I told her I did care, I was concerned.

She had a lumpectomy and the doctor biopsied her lymph glands. He put her through every test there was. Medicine is not all that good at curing, but it is good at testing. The doctor concluded that the cancer had been removed and there was no trace of more. Ann was all right. But she had a preoccupation with death.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it connected to her involvement with you and Hemlock?

**HUMPHRY:** Who knows? All I know is she started on a kick of saying, "Why aren't you crying for me like you cried for Jean?"

"Because you're not dying. I really think you're going to make it. The prognosis is good and there's no need to be concerned." She wouldn't hear it. I said, "There's every reason to believe that you're going to pull out of this." But she was obsessed that she was going to die.

I finally decided the marriage was over. I could not bear to carry three albatrosses: her hatred of my children, her blame for the deaths of her parents and now her dying—that I cared for Jean and not her. It was more than this human flesh could bear. There had to be a better life out there.

*(continued on page 143)*

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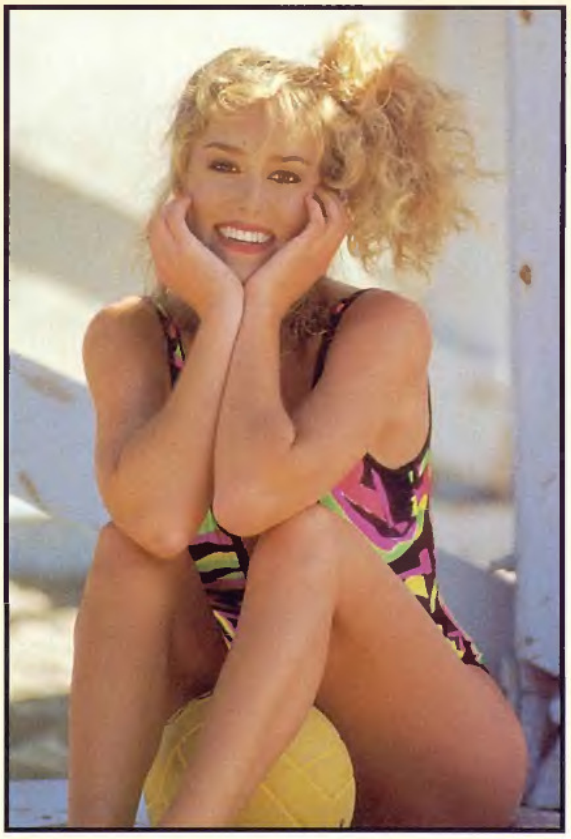

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THE AIR WAS SHINING up ahead, a cold white pulsing glow bursting imperiously out of the hard blue desert sky. That sudden dazzle told Demeris that he was at the border; he was finally getting his first glimpse of the place where human territory ended and the alien-held lands began.

He halted and stood staring for a moment, half expecting to see monsters flying around on the far side of the line; and right on cue, something weird went flapping by, a blotch of darkness against the brilliant icy sheen over there in the Occupied Zone. It was a heavy thing the size of a hawk and a half, with a lumpy greenish body and narrow wings like saw blades and a long snaky back that had a little globular purple head at the end of it. The bird, if that was what it was, flew on past, heading north, dropping a line of bright turquoise turds behind it. A little burst of flame flared up in the dry grass where each one fell.

"Thank you kindly for that pretty welcome," Demeris called out after it, sounding jauntier than he felt.

He went closer to the barrier. It sprang straight up out of the ground like an actual wall, but one that was intangible and more or less transparent: He could make out vague outlines of what lay beyond that dizzying shield of light, a blurry landscape that should have been basically the

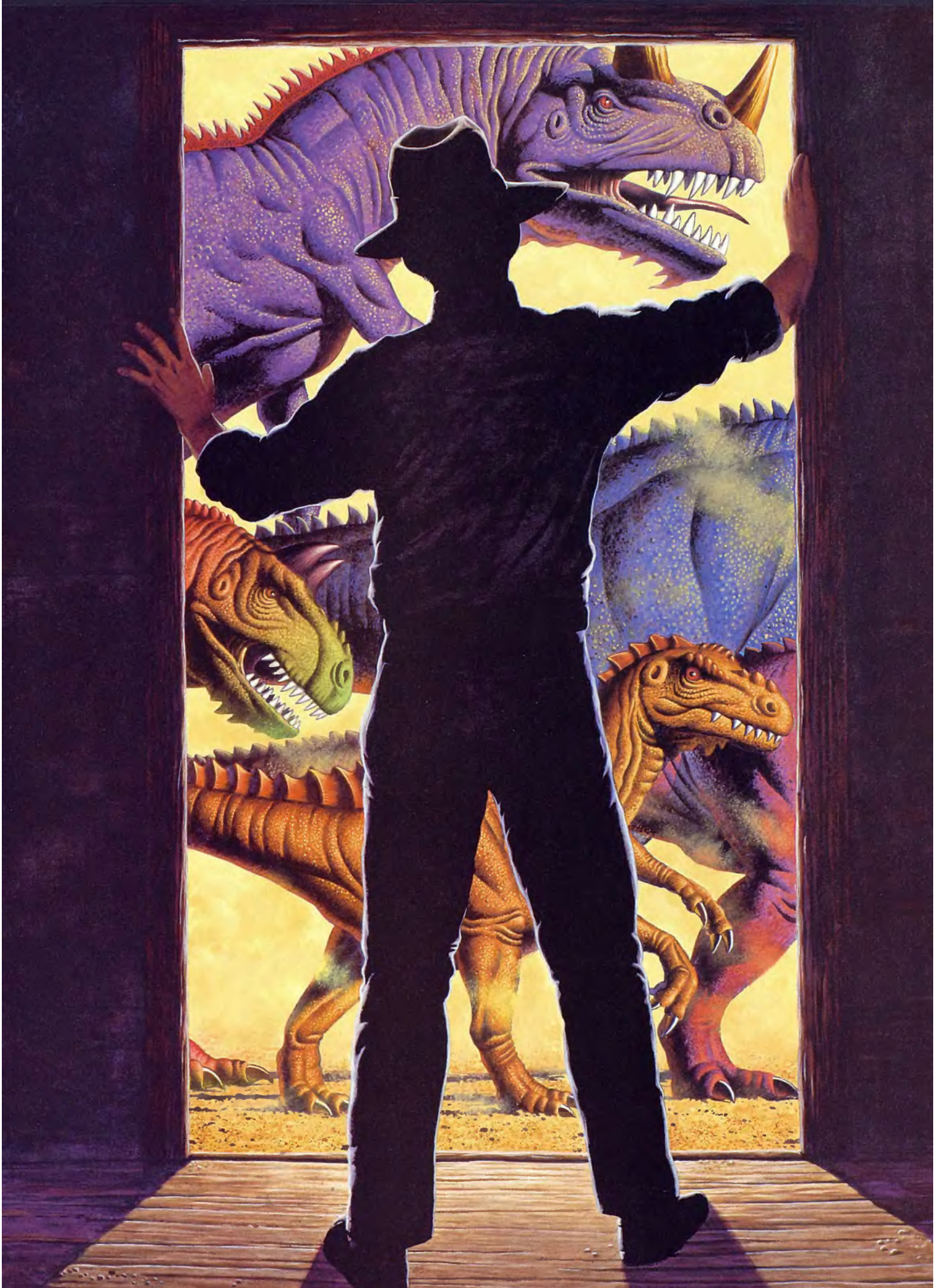
a complete novella

## By ROBERT SILVERBERG

aliens had captured
middle america—and now
the hunt was on

# THE WAY TO SPOOK CITY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB WALTERS



same on the Spook side of the line as it was over here, low sandy hills, gray splotches of sagebrush, sprawling clumps of prickly pear, but that was in fact mysteriously touched by strangeness—unfamiliar serrated buttes, angular chasms with metallic blue-green walls, black-trunked leafless trees with rigid branches jutting out like horizontal crossbars. Everything was veiled by the glow of the barrier that separated the Occupied Zone from the fragment of the former United States that lay to the west of it, and he couldn't be sure how much he was actually seeing and how much was the product of his expectant imagination.

A shiver of distaste ran through him. Demeris' father, who was dead now, had regarded the Spooks as his personal enemy. "They're just biding their time, Nick," his father would say. "One of these days they'll come across the line and grab our land the way they grabbed what they've got already. And there won't be a goddamned thing we can do about it." Demeris dedicated himself to maintaining the prosperity of the little ranch near the eastern border of Free Country that was his family heritage. He loathed the Spooks, not just for what they had done but simply because they were hateful—unknown, strange, unimaginable, alien. Not us. Others were able to take the aliens and the regime they had imposed on the old U.S.A. for granted: It had happened long ago, ancient history. There had never been a hint that the elder Demeris' fears were likely to be realized. In 150 years, the Spooks had shown no interest in expanding beyond the territory they had seized at the beginning, the Occupied Zone.

He took another step forward, and another, and waited for things to come into better focus. But they didn't.

Demeris had made the first part of the journey from Albuquerque to Spook Land on muleback, with his brother Bud accompanying him as far as the west bank of the Pecos. But when they reached the river, Demeris had sent Bud back with the mules. Bud was five years younger than Demeris, but he had three kids already. Men who had kids had no business going into Spook territory. You were supposed to go across when you were a kid yourself, for a lark, for a stunt.

Demeris had had no time for stunts. His parents had died when he was a boy, leaving him to raise two small sisters and three younger brothers. By the time they were grown, he was too old to be interested in adventures in the Occupied Zone. But this past June his youngest brother, Tom, an unpredictable kid whose head seemed stuffed with fantasies and incoherent yearnings, had turned 18 and gone to make his *entrada*. That was what New Mexicans called someone's first crossing of the border—a rite of passage, the thing you did to show that you had become an adult. Demeris had never seen anything particularly adult about going to Spook Land, but he saw such things differently from most people. So Tom had gone in.

He hadn't come out, though.

The traditional length of time for an *entrada* was 30 days. Tom had been gone three months now. Worry over Tom nagged at Demeris like an aching tooth. Tom was his reckless baby. Always had been, always would be. And so Demeris had decided to go in after him. Someone had to fetch Tom out of that place. The head of the family, the one who sought responsibility the way other people looked for shade on a sunny day, had appointed himself to do it. Demeris was the only family member, besides Tom himself, who had never married, who had no kids, who could afford to take a risk.

And now he was at the barrier zone.

•

The moment he stepped through the fringes of the field he felt it starting. It came on in undulating waves, shaking him as an earthquake would, making him slip and slide and struggle to stay upright. The air around him turned thick and yellow so that he couldn't see more than a couple of yards in any direction. Just in front of him was a blood-hued blur that abruptly resolved itself into an army of scarlet caterpillars looping swiftly toward him over the ground, millions of them, a blazing carpet. They spread out all around him. Little teeth gnashed in their pop-eyed heads, and they made angry muttering sounds as they advanced. He walked on, trying to avoid them, but it was like walking on a sea of slime. A growling thunder rose from them as he crushed them underfoot. "Bad dreams," Bud was saying, in his ear, in his brain. "All they are is a bunch of bad dreams." Sure. Demeris forged onward. How deep was this boundary strip, anyway? Twenty yards? Fifty? His eyes were stinging, his teeth seemed to be coming loose.

Beyond the caterpillars, he found himself at the edge of an abyss of pale quivering jelly. He compelled himself into it. A wave of pain swept upward from his scrotum to the back of his neck: He pivoted and twisted and then felt his backbone bending as if it were going to pop out of his flesh the way a fishbone comes away from the filleted meat. Stinging rain swept at him horizontally, and then hot sleet raked his forehead till he howled with rage. No wonder you couldn't get a mule to cross this barrier.

Head down, gasping for breath, he pushed himself forward another few steps. Something like a crab with wings came fluttering up out of a steaming mudhole and seized his arm, biting it just below the elbow on the inside. A stream of black blood spurted out. He yelled and flapped his arm until he shook off the thing. The pain lit a track of fire along his arm, up to the shoulder and doubling back to his twitching fingers. He stared at his hand and saw just a knob of raw meat with blackened sticks jutting from it. Then it flickered and looked whole again.

He felt tears on his cheeks and that amazed him: The last time he had wept was when his father died, years ago. Suddenly the urge arose in him to give up and turn back while he still could. That surprised him, too. It had always been his way to plug ahead, even when others were telling him, Demeris, don't be an asshole. Now, here, in this place where he absolutely could not yield, he felt the temptation to slough off and go back. But he knew it was only the barrier playing devil tricks with him. So he encapsulated the desire to turn back into a hard shell and hurled it from him and watched it burn up in a puff of flame. And he went onward.

Three suns blazed overhead, a red one, a green one, a blue. The air seemed to be melting. He heard chattering voices like demonic static, and then disembodied faces were hovering all around him, jittering and shimmering in the soupy murk, the faces of people he knew, his sisters, Ellie and Netta, his nieces and nephews, his friends. He cried out to them. But everyone was horridly distorted, blobby-cheeked and bug-eyed, grotesque fun-house images. They pointed at him and laughed. Then he saw his father and mother pointing and laughing, too, which had to be impossible, and he understood. Bud was right: These were nothing but illusions or maybe delusions. Things he carried within him. Part of him. Harmless.

He began to run, plunging on through a tangle of slippery threads, a soft, spongy curtain. It yielded as he ripped at it and he fell face down onto a bank of dry sandy soil that was unremarkable in every way: desert dirt, real-world stuff, no fancy colors, no crazy textures. The extra suns were gone and the one that remained was the yellow one he had always known. A wind blew against his face. He was across. He had made it through the barrier.

He lay still for a minute or two, catching his breath.

Hot stabs of pain were coming from his arm, and he looked down at a

jagged bloody cut near the inside of the elbow, where the crab thing had bitten him. But the crab thing had been only a dream, only an illusion. Can an illusion bite? he wondered. The pain was no illusion. A nasty pulsation ran through the whole arm, making his hand quiver rhythmically, dribbling fresh blood from the cut in time with his heartbeat. He wiped some of the blood away and examined it: maybe two inches long and deep enough to see into. Fine, he thought, I'll bleed to death from an imaginary cut before I'm ten feet inside the Occupied Zone. But after a moment, the wound began to clot and the bleeding stopped, though the pain remained.

Shakily, he stood and glanced about.

Behind him was the vertical column of the barrier field, looking no more menacing from this side than a searchlight beam. Dimly, he saw the desert flatlands of Free Country beyond it, the scrubby ordinary place from which he had come.

On this side was a realm of magic and mysteries.

He was able to make out the basic raw material of the landscape, the barren New Mexico or Texas Nowheresville that he had known his entire life. But here on the far side of the barrier the invaders had done some serious screwing around with the look of the land. The jag-edged buttes and blue-green arroyos that Demeris had glimpsed from the other side of the barrier field were no illusions; somebody had taken the trouble to redesign the empty terrain. He saw strange zones of oddly colored soil, occasional ramshackle metal towers, deformed geological formations—twisted cones and spiky spires and uplifted layers—that made his eyes hurt. He saw groves of unknown wire-leafed trees and arroyos crisscrossed by sinister glossy black threads like stitches across a wound. Everything looked solid and real, none of it wiggling and shifting as things did inside the barrier field.

Wherever he looked, there was evidence of how the conquerors had put their mark on the land. Some of it was actually almost beautiful, he thought; and then he recoiled, astonished at his own reaction.

They must have been trying to make it look like the place they had originally come from, he told himself. Then the idea of their doing that affronted him, practically nauseated him. Land was something to live on and to use productively, not to turn into a toy.

He thought of his ranch, the horses, the turkeys, the barns, the ten acres of good soil, the rows of crops ripening in the autumn sun, the fencing that he had made with his own hands running beyond the line of virtually identical fencing his father had made. That was home and family, good clean hard work, sanity itself. This, though, this was lunacy.

He tore a strip of cloth from one of the shirts in his backpack and tied it around the bite on his arm. Then he started walking east toward the place where he hoped his brother Tom would be, the big settlement midway between the former site of Amarillo and the former site of Lubbock that was known as Spook City.

He kept alert for alien wildlife, constantly scanning to front and rear, sniffing, watching for tracks. The Spooks had brought a bunch of jungle beasts from their home world and turned them loose in the desert. "It's like Africa out there," Bud had said. "You never know what's going to come up and try to gobble you." Once a year, Demeris knew, the aliens held a tremendous hunt on the outskirts of Spook City, a huge apocalyptic roundup where they surrounded and killed the strange beasts by the thousands and the streets ran blue and green with rivers of their blood. The rest of the time the animals roamed free in the hinterlands. Some of them occasionally strayed across the border into Free Country. While preparing himself for his journey, Demeris had visited a ranch near Bernalillo where a dozen or so of them were kept on display as a zoo of nightmares, grisly things with red scaly necks and bird beaks and ears like rubber batwings and tentacles on their heads, huge ferocious animals that seemed to have been put together randomly out of a stock of miscellaneous parts. But so far he had encountered nothing more threatening-looking than jackrabbits and lizards. A bird that was not a bird passed overhead—one of the snake-necked things he had seen earlier, and another the size of an eagle with four transparent veined wings like a dragonfly's but with a thick mothlike furry body between them, and a third one with half a dozen writhing prehensile rattails dangling behind it for eight or ten feet, trolling for food, snatching a shrieking bluejay out of the air as though it were a bug.

When he was about three hours into the Occupied Zone, he came to a cluster of bedraggled little adobe houses at the bottom of a bowl-shaped depression that had the look of a dry lake. A thin fringe of scrubby plant growth surrounded the place, ordinary things, creosote bush and mesquite and yucca. Demeris saw horses standing at a trough, a couple of scrawny black-and-white cows munching on prickly pears, a few half-naked children running circles in the dust. There was nothing alien about them or about the buildings or the wagons and storage bins that were scattered all around. Everyone knew that Spooks were shapeshifters, that they could take on human form when the whim suited them. The advance guard of Spook infiltrators that had first entered the United States to prepare the way for the invasion all wore human guises. But most likely this was a village of genuine humans. Bud had said there were a few towns between the border and Spook City inhabited by the descendants of those who had chosen to remain in the Occupied Zone after the conquest. Most people with any sense had moved out when the invaders came, even though the aliens hadn't asked anyone to leave. But some had stayed.

The afternoon was well along and the first chill of evening was beginning to creep into the clear dry air. His arm throbbed and he didn't want to camp in the open. Perhaps these people would let him crash for the night.

When he was halfway to the houses, a gnomish leathery-skinned man who looked to be about 90 years old stepped slowly out from behind a gnarled mesquite bush and took up a watchful position in the middle of the path. A moment later, a boy of about 16, short and stocky in torn denim pants and a frayed undershirt, emerged from the same place. The boy was carrying what might have been a gun, which at a gesture from the older man he raised and aimed. It was a shiny tube a foot and a half long with a nozzle at one end and a squeeze bulb at the other. The nozzle pointed squarely at the middle of Demeris' chest. Demeris stopped short and put his hands in the air.

The old man said something in a language that was full of grunts and clicks and whistling snorts. The boy nodded and replied in the same language.

To Demeris the boy then said, "You traveling by yourself?" He was dark-haired, dark-eyed, mostly Indian or Mexican probably. A ragged red scar ran along his cheek up to his forehead.

Demeris kept his hands up. "By myself, yes. I'm from the other side."

"Well, sure you are. Fool could see that." The boy's tone was thick, his accent unfamiliar, the end of each word clipped off in an odd way. Demeris had to work to understand him. "You making your *entrada*? You're kind of old for that sort of thing." Laughter sparkled in the boy's eyes but nowhere else on his face.

"This is my first time across," Demeris said. "But it isn't an *entrada*."

"Your first time, that's an *entrada*." The boy spoke again to the old man and got a long reply. Demeris waited

*(continued on page 88)*

*"You should know, honey, that Democrats are more eager to make asses of themselves, but Republicans leave better tips."*

# HAIL, COLUMBIA

## the great explorer's distant relative made a trip of her own

During this quincentenary year, we will all hear a great deal about the famous first voyage made by Christopher Columbus. As we should. He did sail off bravely, convinced that by following his nose he would eventually hit India and the treasures of the East—as long as his nose was facing west. What we don't hear about is his comely cousin Christina Columbus, herself a gifted explorer and adventurer. She, too, made a journey in 1492 that was supported by the king and queen of Spain and she, too, discovered new worlds. Archival confirmation of this Columbus' exploits was recently discovered and was lovingly recreated by British photographer and amateur historian Byron Newman. Here are the facts, as we are able to piece them together.

Soon after Christopher Columbus hatched his scheme to sail to the Indies, Christina figured she might as well get in on some of this action, too. Being modern in her attitudes, she understood that she needed a hook, something to distinguish her journey from Chris's. Realizing that he was assembling an all-male crew—which was predictable and had been done before—she decided to recruit only females. She then took her crew to the royal court. Queen Isabella was unimpressed, but King Ferdinand understood a good boondoggle when he saw one and green-lighted the whole thing.

Thus did Christina and her ragamuffin band of Italo-Iberian women set

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

sail for the New World from that lusty and busy port city of Genoa—home of the hard salami. The women, as it turned out, were not the most experienced of sailors, having been chosen on the basis of their fund-raising abilities, not on their nautical skills. They were prone to seasickness—this, you'll remember, was way before the advent of Dramamine or those little skin patches you can wear behind your ear—and the first day out of port was not a pretty one. Recovered, they remained indifferent sail trimmers, barely passable lookouts and less-than-stellar navigators. The one thing that they became quite good at was falling asleep, coaxed by the bracing salt air and the ship's gentle

rocking. They passed their waking hours playing dominoes—a game that centuries later would become popular throughout the Caribbean. The days passed slowly for the crew and for their fearless, shirtless leader.

After months at sea, land was sighted. Whereupon our crew gathered the beads and trinkets they had carried with them and went ashore to wow the natives—who, unlike the natives that Columbus encountered, knew the value of beachfront property. Christina, as it turned out, spent most of her time in the New World negotiating time-share deals and raising venture capital for the condominiums and casinos for which the sun-blessed Caribbean was naturally suited.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

# See Ross Run

*"I am not a legend. But I am a myth."*—ROSS PEROT

as ross perot, the billionaire populist, antes up for the white house, the question is, does the man of dollars make sense?

By ROGER SIMON

WE ARE WAITING for Perot. We are in the heart of Hollywood, which is to say we are in the heart of a semigrungy neighborhood. We are standing at the back door of the office building that houses CNN, where Larry King will soon interview Ross Perot live and in person. It will be his fifth show with King, but the first one since Perot invited the American people to draft him for the Presidency and save the Republic from the "speechwriters, handlers and cosmetologists" in Washington, D.C.

I am with a guy from KNX radio, six paparazzi and three celebrity watchers. Among the latter is Ed Orr, 57, retired, who lives nearby and strolls over whenever he knows a big name will be entering the building. "When Streisand was here, there was a real crowd," he says.

Sure, but Streisand can sing. All Perot ever did was turn a $1000 investment into a billion-dollar computer-services company. OK, he also rescued two of his employees from an Iranian jail by launching a commando raid that was the subject of a best-selling book and a TV miniseries. He tried, and failed miserably, to reform Wall Street. He has also given more than $120,000,000 to charity, turned the state of Texas upside down by pushing antidrug and education-reform legislation and nearly ran General Motors off the road while fighting its board members and president. At 61, he also windsurfs like an expert.

But sing? The guy probably can't carry a tune in a bucket.

Perot is coming here to CNN studios in his role as noncandidate and consummate salesman, using the television soapbox to sell one simple theme: "If you want the system to work again, you have to go back and make it work, with the people of the country being the owners and the elected officials being the servants."

In service of that mission, a gray Lincoln Town Car pulls into the alley and stops. From the back seat, a thin but wiry-looking man pops out and stands ramrod straight, getting full extension out of his 5'6" frame. His face is dominated by a nose that looks like it was stuck on as a large afterthought. He broke it, he says, while busting broncs as an eight-year-old at one dollar per bronc. Like much of what Ross Perot says, this may be entirely true.

He freezes for a second with obvious displeasure as he surveys us. Perhaps this is because there is not supposed to be any press here. Or perhaps it is because he has been seen emerging from the back of a limousine, which does not fit his man-of-the-people image.

Perot now whips off his sunglasses and kicks into greeting mode. "Hi! How're ya?" he says in a flat, twangy voice that sounds like a strand of barbed wire vibrating in a stiff breeze. He would love to stop and chat. He would love it if we could forget the tape recorders and pencils and pads and the ordinary business of journalists versus candidate and just talk normal and friendly, American to American, for once, OK?

Naturally, we take out our tape recorders and begin peppering him with questions, starting with the obvious one: How is he going to be able to get anything done in Washington?

He looks at me with blue eyes that could be windows cut into a glacier. "Compared to whom?" he says. "You think these guys are moving anything today? They're in total gridlock. Life's a relative thing—compared to whom? See?"

He starts to step away and then turns back. "*Asleep* I can do a better job than they're doin' up there now."

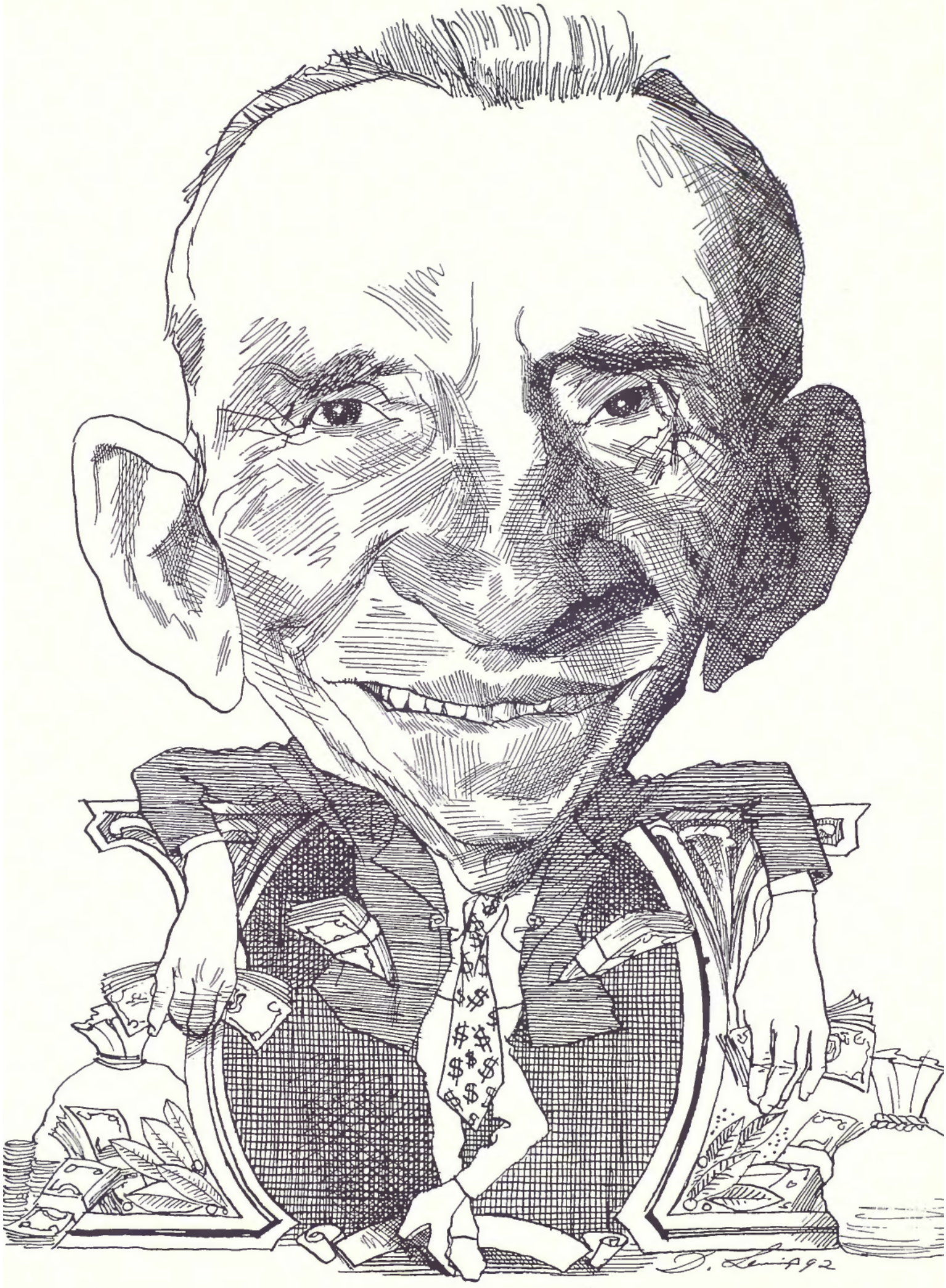
•

To run for President is to create an image and sell it to the American people. In 1988 George Bush had Roger Ailes and Lee Atwater to shape his image. Suddenly this son of a Senator from Connecticut—who had been born in Massachusetts, lived in Washington and vacationed in Maine—was a proud son of Texas. Bush even had his own version of a log cabin: a hotel suite in Houston that made him an official resident of the South. Early on, the press exposed the ridiculousness of renting a hotel room to become a down-home Texan. Few voters seemed to care.

But one man did care. In Dallas there lived a real son of



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



the Lone Star State. One who came up the hard way and made it the hard way, who ate in simple restaurants, drove his own old Oldsmobile and traveled without entourage—a man who really was down-home no matter how rich he was, and a guy who didn't need a damn hotel room to make him a damn Texan.

Many people have tried to figure out just why Ross Perot loathes George Bush (see "The Company He Keeps," page 139). *The Wall Street Journal* says it is because Perot believes Bush did not do enough to search for POWs in Vietnam. Others say it is because Perot resents how easy life has been for Bush. But that is not it, not really. Ross Perot hates George Bush because George Bush tried to steal his myth.

•

Although Perot rails against the speechwriters, handlers and cosmetologists, he has carefully crafted his image over the years. Some of the stories have been repeated so often they have taken on the veneer of truth. The chief repeater is Perot.

"He gets to the point where he believes every word he says," said Richard Shlakman, a longtime associate who is now a business competitor of Perot's. "A part of his genius is that he can be self-delusional when most of us are only hypocritical."

There is the story of how as a youth growing up in a poor family, Perot delivered newspapers from horseback (others say he rode a bicycle), becoming the first white paperboy to enter a tough black neighborhood (others say a white kid had the route before him). Some profiles even have him as the son of a hardscrabble cotton farmer.

Not quite. Perot's father was a cotton buyer and a horse trader and was able to send Ross and his sister to a private grammar school and to make sure Ross received accordion lessons. As a teenager, Ross used to hang around the pool at the country club. Ross Perot had a middle-class upbringing in an era when to be middle class was to be comfortable.

Yet the legend continues to this day that he buys his suits at Kmart—his suits may be off the rack, but they are off a very expensive rack—and leads a life of Lincolnesque simplicity. Although he does drive a 1984 Oldsmobile, he bought a Jaguar for his wife, Margot. He rewards himself with racing boats, of which he has several. He owns two homes in the Dallas area, one on a 22-acre estate in a posh neighborhood.

The tale Perot likes most to tell is how after graduating from Annapolis and serving his hitch in the Navy, he was working at IBM as a very successful salesman who was stifled by his bosses. One day, while getting a haircut, he happened to pick up a *Reader's Digest* and his eyes fell on a filler quote from Thoreau at the bottom of a page: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Perot went home and sat down at the kitchen table and drew up plans for Electronic Data Systems, one of the nation's first computer-services companies, the company that would make him a billionaire.

A copy of that issue of *Reader's Digest* is now kept in a glass case in his office. And as everyone who has not been on submarine duty for the past six months knows, Perot started EDS with $1000 borrowed from his wife (their "last" $1000 in some legends). In fact, $1000 was the minimum required to incorporate in Texas, and Perot not only had two regular paychecks of his own coming in but his wife had a third. EDS, a success from the start, never required outside investment. This does not in any way diminish Perot's achievement, but if Perot's life was quiet at the time he founded EDS, it was hardly one of desperation.

Perot does not shun publicity. Publicity is what makes legends. In the past, he has enjoyed charming the press. But while Perot likes publicity, he is also notoriously thin-skinned. When angered, he calls publications to complain about the stories and to register his hurt when a photographer doesn't capture him quite right.

And Perot does not forgive a slight. *The New York Times* once questioned how much credit Perot could assume for his greatest glory, the jailbreak in Tehran that freed his workers. Perot never forgot. When a reporter for the *Dallas Morning News* asked him in 1981 to write his own epitaph, he said: "Made more money faster. Lost more money in one day. Led the biggest jailbreak in history. He died. Footnote: *The New York Times* questioned whether he did the jailbreak or not."

Perot's willingness to go to bat for his employees is part of the legend, but his generosity comes at a price: total and absolute devotion to Perot and to the business he rules with an iron hand. (*Inc.* magazine reported that his employees were called "Perot-bots.") He could show enormous kindness (like flying in a specialist if your kid was sick), but according to one of his executives, "spending Christmas with your family, *that* he'd have no respect for."

Although Perot espouses a belief in the fundamental honesty, goodness, wisdom and skill of the American working man and woman, his companies have always been nonunion. In the Sixties, when EDS was working on an account for Pepsico and the Teamsters told him that only Teamsters, not his Perot-bots, could move Pepsico's computers, Perot delayed the Teamsters by asking for a $1,000,000 surety bond. Then an EDS employee simply rented a truck on a Saturday and moved the computers himself. And when a number of keypunch operators working for Perot in Concord, California, voted in the Teamsters to represent them, biographer Todd Mason writes that "Perot transferred the work and closed the facility rather than tolerate a union beachhead in EDS."

•

For a long time, Electronic Data Systems was Perot and Perot was Electronic Data Systems. Accordingly, more than a few employees were baffled when he sold the company to General Motors, while retaining substantial control over it. But working with people—as opposed to working over, around and through people—is not Perot's forte. The marriage with GM ended in divorce and a huge payment of $750,000,000 in hush money to Perot. And while legend has it that Perot and GM split because GM would not heed his advice on becoming more competitive with the Japanese, that is only partly true: Less publicized were Perot's battles to control compensation for his executive employees and his refusal to let GM audit his books.

It is not hard to figure how Perot came out of the GM fight richer and a national hero. He can play his sensible-little-guy role to the hilt. He speaks in fluent aphorism and has a down-home style reminiscent of Will Rogers'.

Taxes got you down? Try this Perotism on for size: "I bought a front-row ticket to utopia, and the show didn't hit the road." In other words, we never seem to take delivery on the utopia we are promised quadrennially and pay off annually. So instead of going to the voting booth and once again ending up with the evil of the two lessers, why not go for a little Perot?

•

Larry King is often criticized for being too soft on his guests, but his call-in questioners aren't. A guy calling from California manages to get a straight answer from Perot on whether he belongs to any country clubs that exclude Jews and blacks. Yes, Perot admits on national TV, he does belong to such clubs because "it's a good safe place for the children to swim, that sort of thing." He does not explain why his children, the youngest of whom is a college senior, would not be safe at a club that admitted black and Jewish members.

King, who later tells me Perot's answer is "explainable but inexcusable,"

*(continued on page 136)*

*"I'm certainly glad I brought the news of your winning the lottery in person, Miss Fisk. It's been a distinct pleasure being caught up in your celebratory mood."*

# Sex in Advertising

*madison avenue has always used sex to help pitch products. the results have been provocative and, on occasion, very successful*

EVEN BEFORE I knew there was such a thing as an advertising business, I learned that sex was often an important attention-getting element.

As a teenager in Chicago, I worked in a Standard Oil service station. I remember being intoxicated by the smell of gasoline—the pink, cold and sweeter ethyl more than the pale, dry regular—transfixed, too, by the sound and feel of the pneumatic grease gun with its whooshes and pops as I snapped it from one silvery nipple to another beneath some chopped, channeled and lowered 1950 Merc.

Even more than the sounds and smells and work in the place, I loved the coming in early and the leaving late. It legitimized my loitering in the back among the tool benches and files and vises. That's where the changing lockers were. And where there were lockers, there were pictures of women.

It was dim and hushed and it smelled of oil back there. Every available surface was covered with ads torn out of magazines hawking some automotive product or another. The girls in them beckoned, ripe with the promise of much more than an oil additive or a more effective carburetor or wiper blade.

Where they got all those ads I knew not. But I lingered and leered and, though vaguely, recall them all. I remember the ad with the Jane Russell look-alike who had huge bosoms and wore a tight-fitting sweater, both hands wrapped suggestively

People were sold on sex long before they needed advertising to sell them on anything else. Early ads like this one from 1919 (above left), in which a woman gets up close and frivolous with her bottle of Frivole perfume ("a new Parisian creation"), are tame by today's standards.

Few products are as naturally suited to the baring of skin as lingerie. A 1928 ad for Model Brassière Co. (above) celebrates a woman discovering the "new luxurious freedom" of Scanties, a liberating garment combining bra, vest, girdle and panties "all-in-one."

*text by* EDWARD A. MC CABE

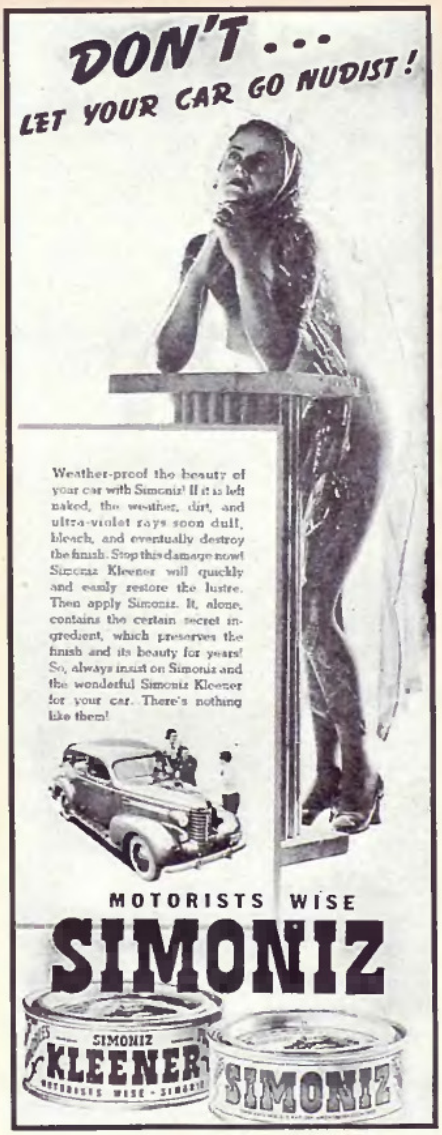
Dating back to the turn of the century, this daring ad for Celery-Fo-mo tonic—"enemy of headaches, friend of the stomach"—is one of the earliest examples of nudity in advertising. Interestingly, the od uses o toboo notion (explicit nudity) to sell a wholesome concept (health). This certainly works for us. Not only does this girl look to be in the pink of health, she appears, very much like the tonic itself, to be "hormless, pleasont, mogical."

around a shock absorber. And how could I forget the ad for the welding rods, the one with the girl in the low-cut bathing suit—her cleavage trying to climb off the page—juxtaposed with the words, "A good technique and the right rod for the job"? Dozens of these ads there were, papered everywhere, some new, clean and freshly hung, others streaked, greasy and curling away from doors and walls, dangling hard and yellowed with strips of cellophane tape.

I knew even then that, as daring as they seemed, as involving and compelling as they were, most of these ads were more about chauvinism and cocksmanship than about salesmanship.

In our little service station, we neither owned nor sold any of the products whose ads provided us with so much fascination. Not a one. Back then, advertising was the public's most accessible source of titillation. Today I sincerely doubt anyone looking for a sexual thrill grabs a magazine, races home and pants over the advertising. Unless we're talking about the Victoria's Secret catalog—but even that doesn't seem as sexy today as it once did. And maybe someone is still clinging to a copy of *Vanity Fair* with Calvin Klein's sexually explicit 116-page "outsert" in its original condomlike wrapper. That, somehow, promised to rise above the mass of what we call "sex in advertising." But really, once you've slipped off the sensuous sleeve, how racy is a black-and-white photo of a guy groping himself with blue

In 1920 the horem moy have lent on erotic charge (below) to a Parisian perfume. To enhance the provocativeness, Rigaud marketed the fragrance, Un Air Embaumé, as "the exclusive perfume with a touch of the Orient."


DON'T . . .
LET YOUR CAR GO NUDIST!
Weather-proof the beauty of your car with Simoniz! If it is left naked, the weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays soon dull, bleach, and eventually destroy the finish. Stop this damage now! Simoniz Kleener will quickly and easily restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz. It, alone, contains the certain secret ingredient, which preserves the finish and its beauty for years! So, always insist on Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener for your car. There's nothing like them!
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

In the Thirties male readers of moinstream publicotions took a shine to a series of ods for Simoniz cor products (above) bosed on the theme "Don't let your car go nudist!"

jeans under a shower? It all depends on what you're into, or used to, I guess. I once knew a guy who got off on a certain section of the Sears catalog. But that was in the Fifties.

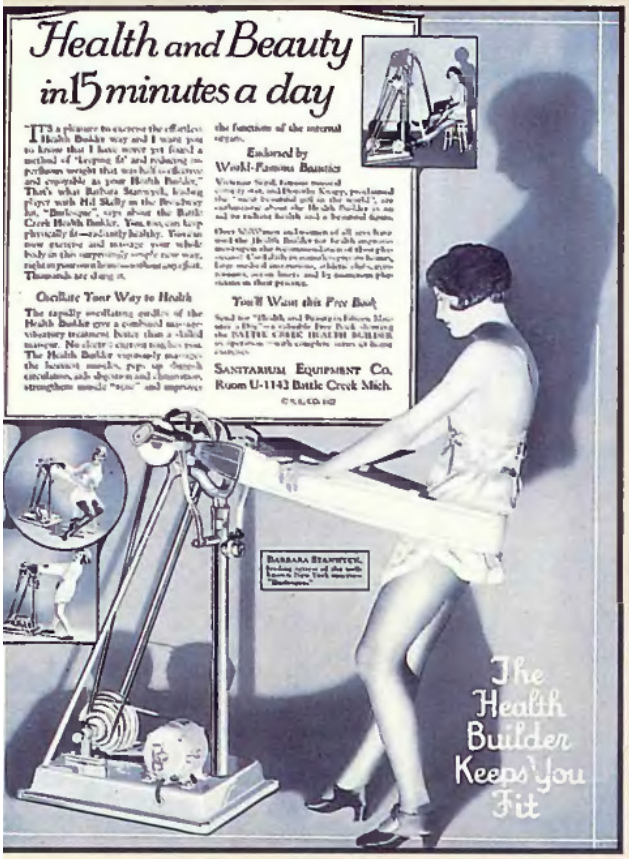
Certainly any cursory look at today's advertising scene will reveal that sexual themes are more pervasive than ever. But how sexy are they? As we've all learned, a lot of sex is not the same as good sex.

In New York we have a thing called Channel 35. This is our cable TV sex channel. Many major cities have one now. Ours is sort of a blue version of the *New York Post* in that it's hard to find anyone who will admit to having anything to do with it. Nevertheless, it's there. And on any given night, that's where you'll find sex in advertising. Because on it, sex is being advertised.

Want an escort? Just call and she'll come a-knockin'. Channel 35 parades an assortment before you in all sizes and colors. Black, white, Asian. They even sort them according to class. You can get everything from a tall, svelte blonde in an evening gown to a jeans-wearing, leather-jacketed gum-cracker. Gay sex? Lesbian sex? Group sex? It's got it all for you. S/M? Got that, too, you pathetic wimp.

If you're in the market

**In 1927, well before Suzanne Somers hawked the wonders of the Thigh Master, a promising young stage actress named Barbara Stanwyck demonstrated the benefits of home exercise on the Health Builder (below). Note the practical running shoes.**


Health and Beauty in 15 minutes a day
Endorsed by World-Famous Beauties
You'll Want this Free Book
Oscillate Your Way to Health
SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Room U-1143 Battle Creek Mich.
BARBARA STANWYCK
The Health Builder Keeps You Fit

Stop, Look and Kiss 'em
LOOK OUT FOR THE JARS and jobs in Interior Technical Merchandise. The Keuffel and Esser line of Drafting Materials and Engineering Instruments is always dependable—and we are their exclusive selling agents.
H. H. SULLIVAN INC.
TECHNICAL MERCHANDISE
QUALITY BLUE PRINTS AND PHOTO COPIES
"EVERYTHING FOR THE DRAFTING ROOM"
HARDWARE - ARTISTS SUPPLIES - HOUSE PAINT
65-71 SOUTH AVE. - ROCHESTER, N. Y. - STONE 330
1939 NOVEMBER 1939

**The predecessors of modern-day centerfolds inhabited calendars that found their way to the walls of locker rooms, dormitories ond repair shops. But the calendors weren't merely for decorotion. This poge out of the 1939 colendor from H. H. Sullivan Inc. (above) offered advice on taking care of tools: "Stop, Look and Kiss 'em."**

**After examining Lucky Strike's slinky Depression-era effort to persuade women that smoking was feminine (left), we can understand that sex and cigarettes came to be so closely associated. A 1936 ad for Woodbury soap (above) hailing the scientific wonders of "filtered sunshine" established a pair of advertising landmarks. It marked the advent in the U.S. of a mainline product using nudity in its advertising. The photo by Edward Steichen established the practice of using well-known art photographers, a tradition that has led to interesting exposures.**

In 1943 the main selling point for April Showers talc (below), aside from the decidedly naked woman, was that it spoke "a language that men understand."

A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!
Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment . . . with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand . . . and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allurement linger about you, always! Exquisite but not Expensive.
April Showers Talc
April Showers
Talc
CHERAMY
CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

for sexual apparatus, here's where you'll find it. There are stores pushing all the latest gimcracks, plus latex gizmos measured by the inch, foot and yard. They've even got a woman who'll come over and pee on you. Of course, they've also got people who will just talk dirty to you on the phone. But why get it only in the ear when you can get wet all over?

In such a world, what can poor Calvin Klein, Georges Marciano and the other national purveyors of sexually directed merchandise possibly do to keep up?

It's not easy. The mass media have codes and rules and guidelines designed to protect our puritanical sensibilities from prurience. The FCC or some such body grants greater latitude to—or doesn't even supervise—cable television. Needless to say, the boys over at Channel 35 play with a less-restrictive rule book.

Consider this. If you do a soap or shampoo commercial that is intended to run on one or more of the major networks, you can't show a man or woman who appears undressed in a shower. It's against the networks' code

The tease was key in ads for Springs Mills (above left) developed by company president Elliott Springs and condemned by Advertising Age as being in "bad taste."

Ads for Woodbury facial soap (above left) in 1946 and Tabu perfume (above right) in 1958 presented the steamiest music lessons in advertising history. Earlier, in 1936, Woodbury broke the taboo on female nude photography. Today, more than three decades later, the original campaign slogan touting Tabu as "the 'forbidden' fragrance" is still in use.

Bad timing and a collision with feminist sensibilities doomed National Airlines' "Fly me" campaign (above) to a crash landing shortly after its takeoff in the Seventies.

of decency to show so much of a person, even though that's the normal, natural, approved form of dress for taking showers. You are required to shoot close-ups, being careful to crop out or edit the sensitive areas.

In many newspapers, you can't run an ad that shows a belly button or more than an inch or so of cleavage.

Over in England and in other parts of Europe, pretty much anything goes. There they allow the public to see nudity in all its logical glory and nobody gets particularly excited or upset about it. Right now, in Scandinavia there's a commercial running for a condom that uses an animated penis to get the point across, balls and all. I gather that one has raised a few eyebrows. But in a way, isn't that what advertising is supposed to do? Get folks to pay attention?

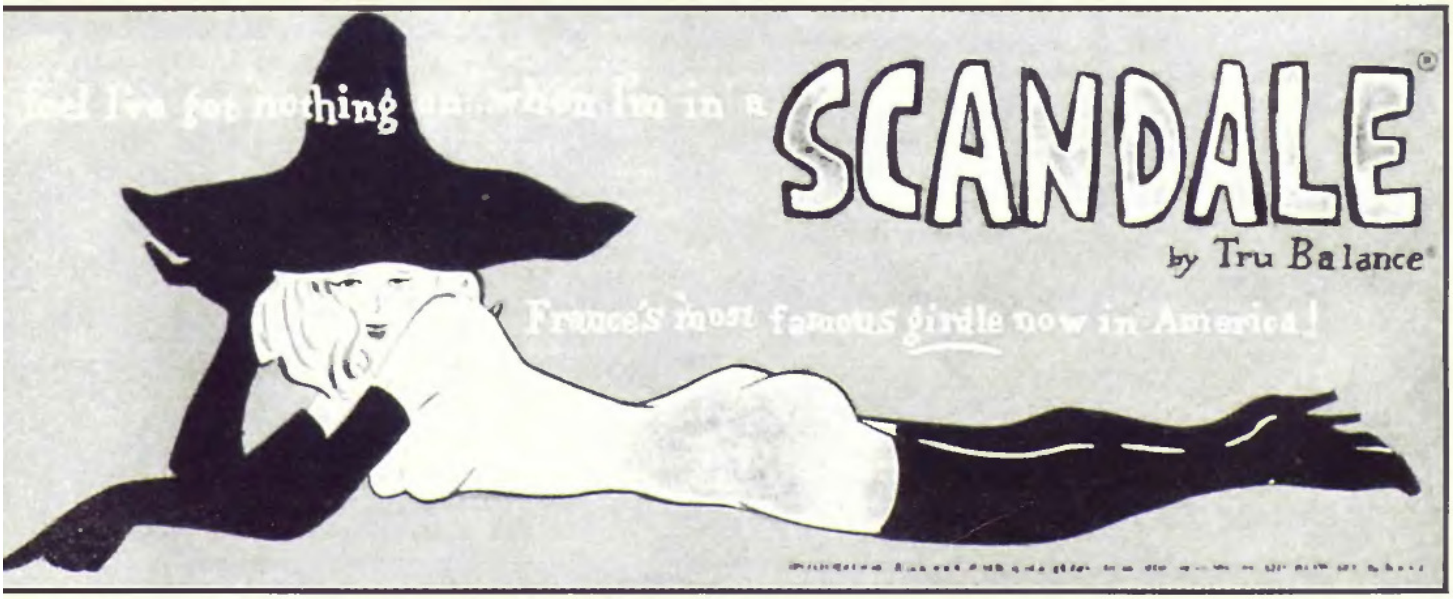
Now, I happen to believe most things in this world—in advertising or elsewhere—occur as a result of somebody trying to get away with something that's not supposed to be done. I call it the boomerang effect. Tell some people what they can't do and they'll generally come right back at you with a brilliant but sneaky way around the prohibition. (Look at Prohibition.)

Look at Victorian England. It was beneath the cloak of morality that the most deplorable sexual behavior flourished. When you have to be careful not to utter the word petticoat in public, what do you do to let off steam? You go home, strip, bind, gag, flog, rape and sodomize your maid, what else?

Anyway, a lot of the people who attempt to put sex into advertising are just trying to stretch the rules to capture your attention. And to a large extent, they're doing a damned fine job of pushing the edge of the envelope that contains the rule book. A rule book that, like all rule books, is hopelessly behind the times.

Even so, there is advertising out there that manages to flirt with some fairly dodgy and sensitive issues. Of course, the most artful and daring examples

In the mid-Fifties, Hanes (top) celebrated seamless stockings. Hartog shirt ads (above) featured photos by Hal Adams, who shot some of the early *Playboy* Playmates.




Over the years, probably no casual bit of information has stirred the American male libido as consistently as suggestions of French origins. In 1954 a larger-than-life poster of a stunning mademoiselle wearing a black hat, gloves, stockings, heels and nothing else appeared on the walls of the New York City subway. Its ostensible purpose was to inform women about the comforts of the Scandale girdle. But it also comforted the harried gray-flannel businessman, who suddenly found himself far less hurried to catch the next train.

A 1969 od for Sears's "adventuress set" bra ond girdle (top) belatedly announced the Sixties had arrived. In 1977, Jandy Place shirt-sweoters (above) were said to be "comfortable to the touch os they are to the eye."

undated with innuendo. There is fashion advertising with a sadomasochistic bent, jeans and sunglasses ads pushing the pairing of older men and very young girls, ads that clearly depict the idea of extramarital sex. In fact, today's ads touch on every area of sexual pleasure and perversion.

Critics of advertising will tell you that it has become too sexually explicit and that the use of sex in it too widespread. They might be right, but as is so often the case with zealots, when they're right, it's for the wrong reasons. Advertising is far less sexually explicit than much of what we can readily find elsewhere in our lives—in films, in magazine features, on cable TV, in literature. That advertising is as explicit as it is is not proof of the depravity of its creators and sponsors but is evidence that some of the outmoded restraints still in force are highly motivational. The irony is that in England, where advertising is allowed to deal with sex fairly openly, the advertising doesn't come across nearly as sexy as our advertising, which is less explicit.

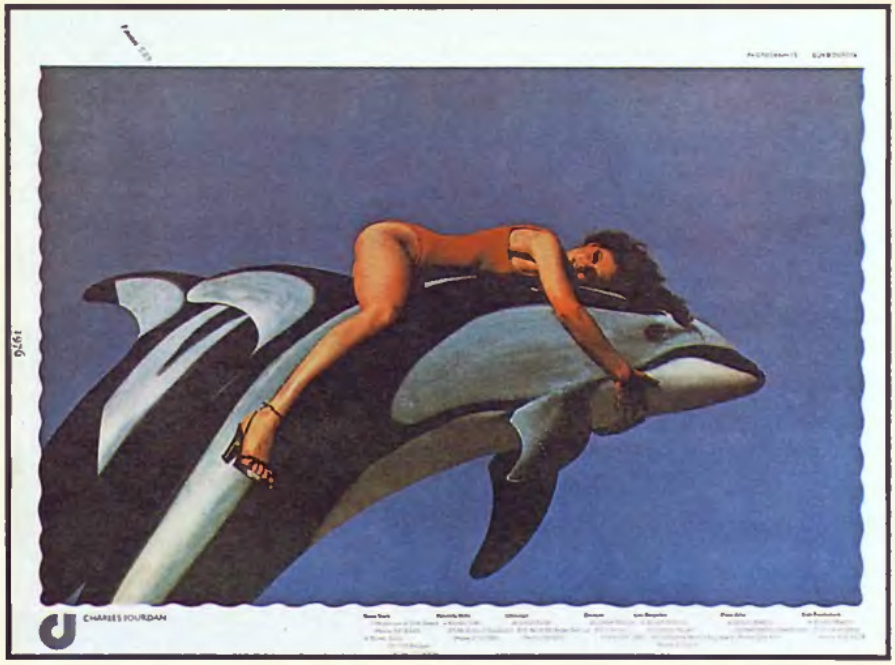
Also, far from being demonic manipulators who slip subliminal sex images into ice cubes—a charge leveled at advertising people by those who have nothing better to do in their lives than to imagine such nonsense—ad people

Madison Avenue's most memorable dream recurred in Maidenform bra ads (below). Sexy women repeatedly ventured out into public wearing almost nothing but their you know what. This one ran in 1963.

I dreamed I was
WANTED
in my Maidenform* bra
'FRAME-UP'* new bra with 3-way support
Embroidered panels frame, outline and separate the cups. Extra-firm supports at the sides give you extra uplift. Stretch band at the bottom keeps the bra snug and securely in place. It's a 'Frame-up'—in A, B, C cups.
IT'S A STEAL AT
$1.59

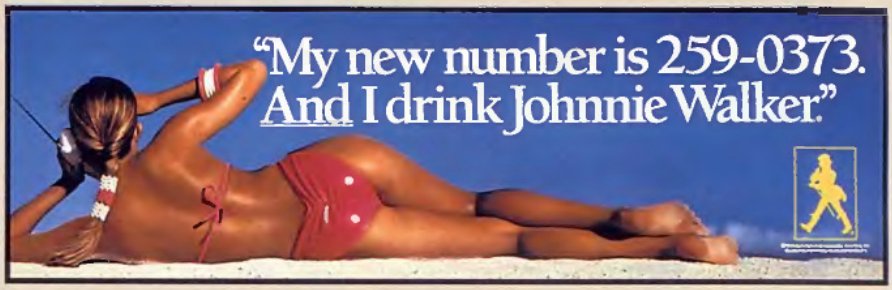
appear in magazines. Unlike other media, magazines issue little in the way of blanket prohibitions. They tend to accept advertising on the basis of its congruence with the publication's editorial policy and the appropriateness for its particular audience.

In all upscale fashion magazines, nudity has become almost commonplace, the controversial specifics masked by natural situational elements rather than by contrived editing or framing. There are perfume commercials and ads that clearly suggest putting it on means a ménage à trois is in the offing. Scan recent magazines and you'll be in-




Good advertising often defies convention. This 1976 ad for Charles Jourdan shoes (above) also manoged to defy the norms of inter-mammalian courtship. While some people see the use of gratuitous sexual imagery os a distraction, we view it as an unexpected bonus. Others may go so for as to argue that this agile, well-heeled woman is performing o valuoble environmental service. By the woy: Anyone who sees this dalphin os an extrovagant phallic symbol is probably preoccupied with size.

When the original Charlie perfume woman—future *Charlie's Angel* Shelley Hack—made her advertising debut as a sexy and confident working woman in 1973, she opened some eyes and dropped a few jaws. The blue-nosed *New York Times* refused to carry this very cheeky 1988 ad (below) on the grounds that it was "sexist" and "in poor taste," but 11 women's magazines happily accepted it for publication.



The 1989 ad for Johnnie Walker (above) is not the first time the company has relied on a fetching woman to promote its whisky. But over the years sexual roles have reversed. In 1971 a stay-at-home blonde in pearls purred that she bought it "for the man who has me." Almost two decades later, she languidly arranges to have someone fetch it for her.

are too busy, too responsible and too scrutinized to waste a second thinking of such crap. Besides, putting sexual images in ice cubes or drinks doesn't conjure up particularly appetizing imagery. Sexual excretions in your Scotch? Yuck!

And how about those who swear the face of Old Joe Camel, the cigarette cartoon character, is really a drawing of male genitalia? I wish they'd come off it. What company in its right mind wants consumers going around calling its product symbol Old Scrotum Face?

Same with the new Pepsi can. Recently, it was brought to my attention that to some people the typography and graphic representation on the front of the can might depict a man's penis and testicles. And, once pointed out, darned if it doesn't look like that to me, too. But is such a thing intentional? Are you kidding? You think the second-largest soft-drink company in the country wants America's mothers thinking their daughters are walking around publicly grasping, let alone placing their lips on, guys' units?

Why would anybody knowingly do something like that? Do these people think every major company in America is as sex-crazed as they are?

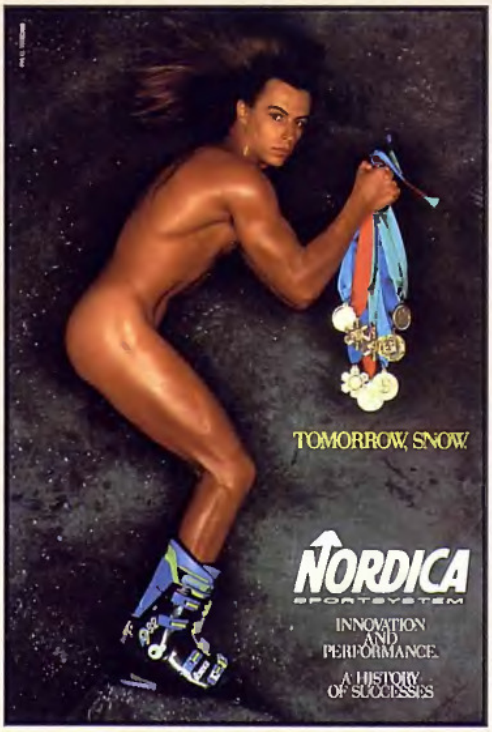
That's not to say there are no abuses.

Sex in marketing is often unnecessary and even undesirable. In too many instances, it's just a lazy cop-out. When you can't come up with an ad that's truly distinctive or compelling, there's always that old fallback: Why not put some pussy in it? There are still too many people concerned with selling things like machine tools who simply must regress to the big-boobed babe. That's boorish as well as stupid. Unless a product is truly sexy—sexy to use, look at or be seen in—using sex to market it just won't work. And trying to is nothing more than gratuitous tastelessness.

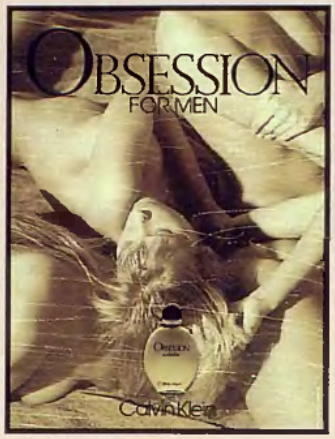
Yes, on television, too many spots continue to demean women or insensitively treat them as sex objects. And yes, even some of today's magazine advertisements may be going too far.

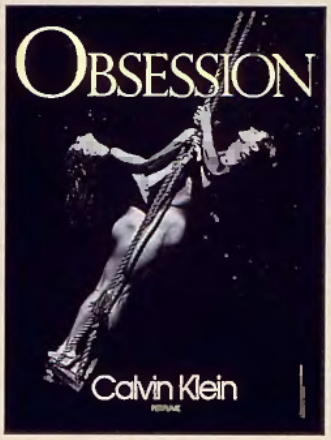
But that still leaves much that is smart and artful, charming or entertaining, and, certainly, the sheer volume of such ads reflects our continuing fascination with one of the more engaging aspects of life.

When ski-boot manufacturer Nordica decided to kick off the 1991 season by incorporating a little playful nudity into its advertising campaign, three magazines—*Ski*, *Skiing* and *Snow Country*—objected on "moral grounds" and told the company to take a powder. But *Powder* magazine agreed to take the ads (below), and the company received an avalanche of free publicity from the controversy.

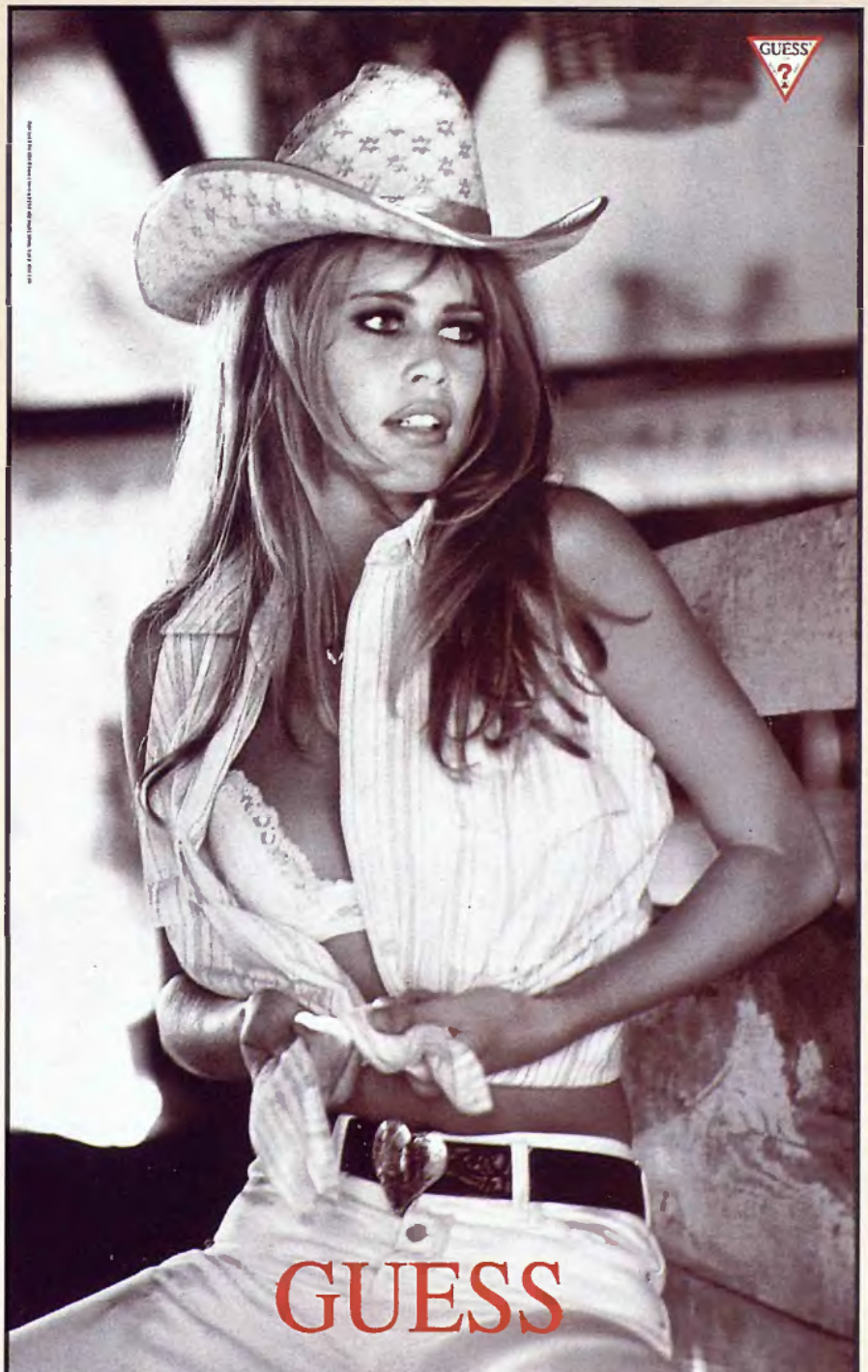


In 1980 denim-clad teen Brooke Shields confided that nothing came between her and her Calvins (below left). Landslide sales soon confirmed what Calvin Klein had suspected: "Jeans are about sex." Five years later Klein used sex to launch a new fragrance, Obsession. When you're selling a product with such a name, you can excuse any sort of behavior, especially of the obsessive variety. This includes trilateral nudity, unsafe swinging and lonesome jean-splicing. Sales for the first ten months alone were $30,000,000.



Last year the ad agency for Stroh Brewery had a notion to improve on its campaign for Old Milwaukee beer, which for years has featured guys declaring "It doesn't get any better than this." In an obvious parody of other beer commercials, the idea was to have the Swedish Bikini Team (above) descend on a group of blissfully unsuspecting campers. No sooner had the five voluptuous blondes hit TV screens across America than eight female Stroh Brewery employees splashed cold water on an unsuspecting Stroh's management. They filed suit against the company, charging the ads fostered a work environment that encouraged sexual harassment. The subsequent flap over sexism in suds commercials caused Anheuser-Busch to adopt a less-babe-oriented approach in ads for Bud and Michelob. And for the time being, at least, Old Milwaukee has regrettably grounded the Bikini Team. The team, however, managed to work in a memorable appearance in the January 1992 *Playboy*. It's curious that the Old Milwaukee ads provoked more controversy than the more erotically explicit Calvin Klein campaign. Letting the erotic speak for itself, the super-hot campaign for Guess (right) has sold lots of jeans and provided widespread exposure for Claudia Schiffer, shown here in her farmer's-daughter mode.



# PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

the best made-in-america cars; classy off-roaders; our predictions for japan; and wheels to watch

*article by*
**KEN GROSS**

IF YOU'RE in the market for a new car, this is the year to consider buying American. It looks as though General Motors is finally getting its act together. Ford has some top sellers, including the highly rated Taurus. Chrysler is introducing three new four-door sedans—the Eagle Vision TSi (pictured overleaf), the Dodge Intrepid and the Chrysler Concorde. These new models (designated LH cars) are the kind of product Chrysler needs. The challenge now is to ensure a consistent level of quality and to improve dealer service. We've been given a preview of the Vision, Intrepid and Concorde, and the good news is that they're not just a mishmash of recycled, outdated components. The engineers combined a cab-forward design with a radically dropped hoodline to create substantially more interior room and excellent visibility. An option for all three models is a 3.5-liter, 24-valve single-overhead-cam V6 engine coupled to a four-speed automatic transmission with overdrive. Zero-to-60 times are about eight seconds, with a top speed of 125 mph. And thanks to a state-of-the-art fully independent suspension system and extra-wide Goodyear Eagle GA tires, the handling is remarkably better than anything Chrysler has previously produced (excluding the Dodge Viper). Four-wheel disc brakes and dual air bags are standard equipment on all models; antilock brakes and electronic traction control are standard on some models, optional on others.

### OTHER TOP BORN-IN-THE-U.S.A. MODELS

If you like sports coupes, check out the peppy Saturn SC. Saturn's engineers have reduced the high noise levels of earlier models, and the company's one-price policy (about $12,000) means no haggling. In 1993, Saturn will offer an optional air bag and a slick new station wagon.

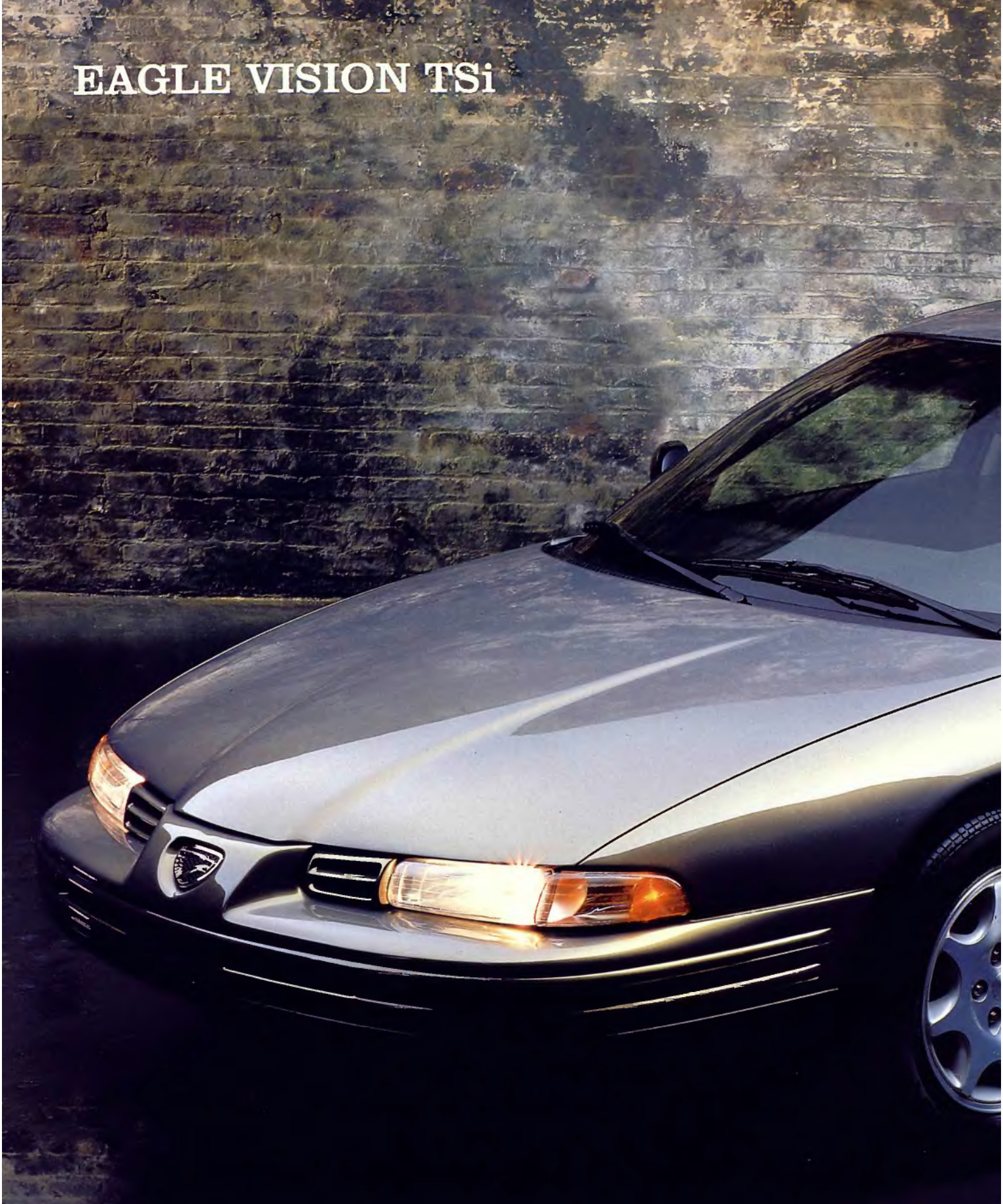
Although Ford's Probe is a joint venture with Mazda, it has the 75 percent local content necessary to qualify as a domestic car. This aerodynamic 2+2 shares its front-drive platform and four-cam V6 engine with Mazda's latest MX-6, but the resemblance stops there. The 1993 Probe is a rough-and-tumble GT with stiff suspension, aggressive looks and a sports orientation.

For 1993, the greatly improved Chevrolet Corvette LT-1 and

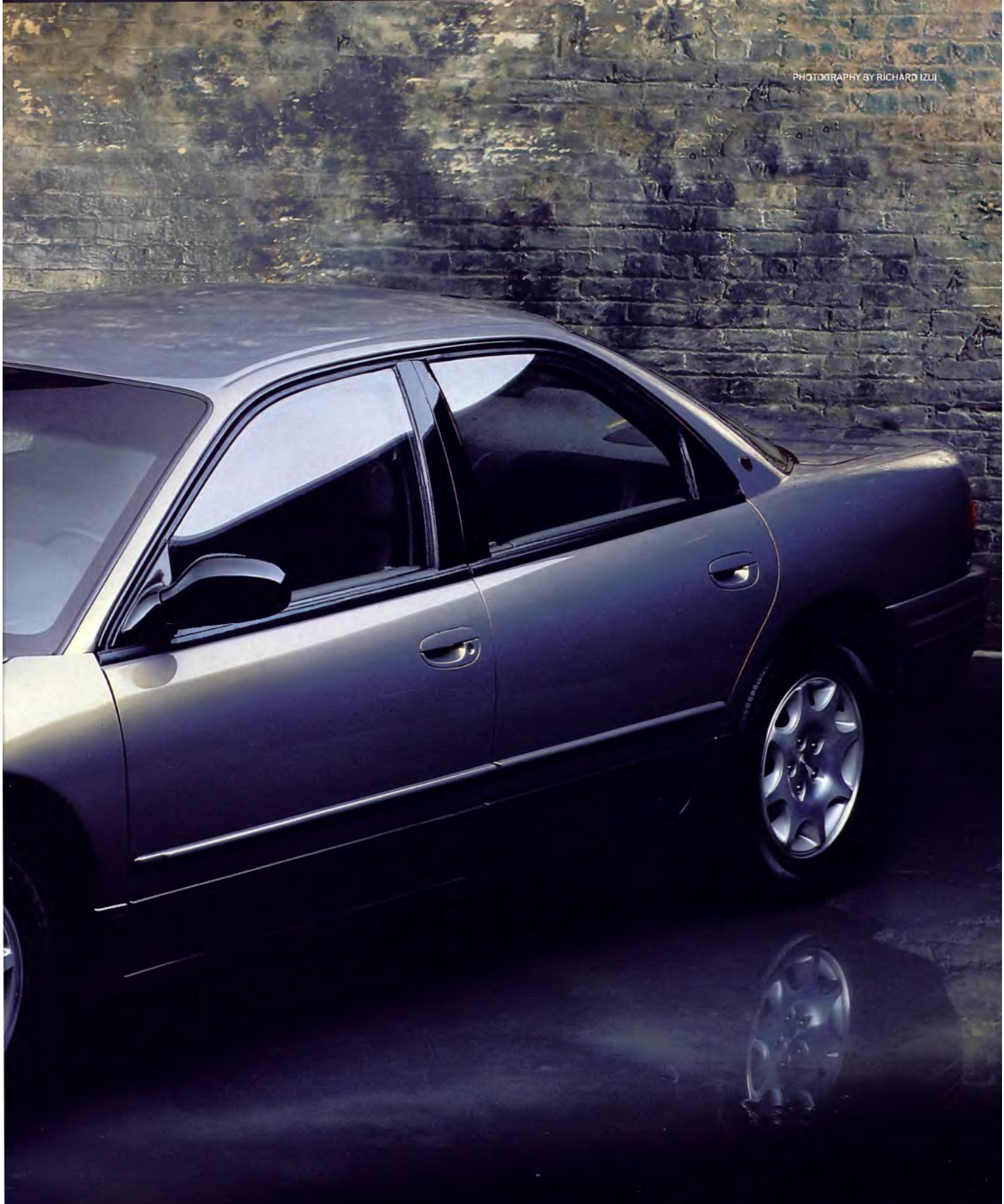


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

# EAGLE VISION TSi



the blindingly fast ZR-1 remain America's reminders that there's no substitute for cubic inches. In a class by itself is the ultimate born-in-the-U.S.A. two-seater, the Dodge Viper RT/10, which we covered in detail in our May *Automotive Report*. Nobody argues with 400 hp, ten cylinders and 450 foot-pounds of torque. Money is no object? Take a look at Cadillac's greatly improved 1993 Allanté. Recently, we drove the $60,000 convertible back-to-back with a 500SL Mercedes-Benz and a Jaguar XJS and came away impressed. On uneven surfaces, the Cadillac's electronic suspension and speed-sensitive steering were superior to both imports. What's more, it's the first *(continued on page 141)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

**Chrysler is betting that its all-new $18,000 Eagle Vision TSi will spearhead an American automotive renaissance. The Vision's eye-catching cab-forward design offers exceptional visibility and, at about 3200 pounds, it's lighter than most cars in its class. Under the haod is an optional 210-hp, 3.5-liter, 24-valve overhead-cam V6 engine. It is mated to an electronically controlled four-speed automatic transmission. Fully independent suspension, four-wheel disc brakes and road-hugging Goodyear Eagle GA performance tires also are part of the package. Other LH models include the Dodge Intrepid and the Chrysler Concorde. All offer twin air bags as standard features and an optional 11-speaker Infinity CD/stereo.**

# SPOOK CITY *(continued from page 64)*

*"A huge mottled yellow animal grazed nearby, camel-like, but with three shallow humps."*

patiently. Finally the boy turned back to him and said, "OK. Remigio here says we should make it easy for you. You want to stay here your thirty days, we let you do it. You work as a field hand, that's all. We even sell you some Spook things you can take back and show off like all you people do. OK?"

Demeris' face grew hot. "I told you, this isn't my *entrada*. I'm not a kid."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Trying to find my brother."

The boy frowned and spat on the dust, not quite in Demeris' direction. "You think we got your brother here?"

"He's in Spook City, I think."

"Spook City. Yeah. I bet that's where he is. They all go there. For the hunt, they go." He put his finger to his head and moved it in a circle. "You do that, you got to be a little crazy, you know? Going there for the hunt. Sheesh! What dumb crazy fuckers." Then he laughed and said, "Well, come on, I'll show you where you can stay."

•

The place where they put him up was a weather-beaten shack made of wooden slats with big stripes of sky showing through, at the edge of town, 100 yards or so from the nearest building. There was nothing in it but a mildewed bundle of rags tied together for sleeping on. Some of the rags bore faded inscriptions in the curvilinear Spook script. A ditch out back served as a latrine. A stream, hardly more than a rivulet, ran nearby. Demeris crouched over it and washed out his wound, which was still pulsing unpleasantly.

As darkness fell, the boy reappeared and led Demeris to the eating hall. Fifty or 60 people were sitting at long benches in family groups. There was little conversation, and that was in the local language. Nobody paid any attention to him, but he could feel the force of their hostility, an intangible thing.

He ate quickly and went back to his shack. For a while there was singing—chanting, really—coming up from the village. It was harsh and guttural and choppy, a barrage of stiff angular sounds that didn't follow any musical scale he knew. Listening to it, he felt a powerful sense of the strangeness of these people who had lived under Spook rule for so long. How had they survived? How had they been able to stand it, the changes, the sense of being owned? They had adapted by turning themselves into something beyond his understanding.

Later, other sounds drifted to him, the night sounds of the desert, hoots and whines and screeches that might have been coming from owls and coyotes but probably weren't. He thought he heard noise just outside his shack, people moving, but he was too groggy to get up and see what was going on. He fell at last into a stupor and lay floating in it until dawn. Just before morning he dreamed he was a boy again, with his mother and father still alive and Dave and Bud and the girls just babies and Tom not yet born. He and his dad were out on the plains hunting Spooks, vast swarms of gleaming vaporous Spooks that drifted overhead as thick as mosquitoes, two brave men walking side by side, the big one and the smaller one, killing the thronging aliens with dart guns that popped them like balloons. When they died, they gave off a screeching sound like metal on metal and released a smell like rotting eggs and plummeted to the ground, covering it with a glassy scum that quickly melted away to leave a scorched and flaking surface. It was a satisfying dream. Then a flood of morning light broke through the slats and woke him.

Emerging from the shack, he discovered a small tent pitched about 20 yards away that hadn't been there the night before. A huge mottled yellow animal was tethered nearby, grazing on weeds; something that might have been a camel except there weren't any camels the size of elephants, camels with three shallow humps and great goggling green eyes the size of saucers, or knees on the backs of their legs as well as on the fronts. As he gaped at it, a woman wearing tight khaki slacks and a shirt buttoned up to the collar came out of the tent and said, "Never seen one of those before?"

"You bet I haven't. This is my first time across."

"Is it, now?" she said. She had an accent, too. It wasn't as strange to Demeris as the village boy's, but there was some other kind of spin to it, a sound like a tolling bell beneath the patterns of the words themselves.

She was youngish, slender, not bad-looking: long straight brown hair, high cheekbones, tanned Anglo face. It was hard to guess her age. Somewhere between 25 and 35 was the best he could figure. She had very dark eyes, bright, almost glossy, oddly defiant. It seemed to him that there was a kind of aura around her, a puzzling crackle of simultaneous attraction and repulsion.

She told him what the camel thing was called. The word was an intricate slurred sound midway between a whistle and a drone, rising sharply at the end. "You do it now," she said. Demeris looked at her blankly. The sound was impossible to imitate. "Go on. Do it."

"I don't speak Spook."

"It's not all that hard." She made the sound again. Her eyes flashed with amusement.

"Never mind. I can't do it."

"You just need some practice."

Her gaze was focused right on his, strong, direct, almost aggressive. At home he didn't know many women who looked at him like that.

"My name's Jill," she said. "I live in Spook City. I've been in Texas a few weeks and now I'm on my way back."

"Nick Demeris. From Albuquerque. Traveling up that way, too."

"What a coincidence."

"I suppose," he said.

A sudden hot fantasy sprang up within him: that a sexual chemistry had stricken her like a thunderbolt, that she was going to invite him to travel with her, that they'd ride off into the desert together, that when they made camp that evening she would turn to him with parted lips and shining eyes and beckon him toward her. . . .

The urgency and intensity of the idea surprised him as much as its adolescent foolishness. Had he really let himself get as horny as that? She looked cool, self-sufficient, self-contained. She wouldn't have any need for his companionship on her trip home, nor probably for anything else he might have to offer.

"What brings you over here?" she asked him.

He told her about his missing brother. Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he spoke. She was studying his face with great care, staring at him as though peering through his skull into his brain.

"I think I may know him, your brother," she said calmly after a time.

He blinked. "You do? Seriously?"

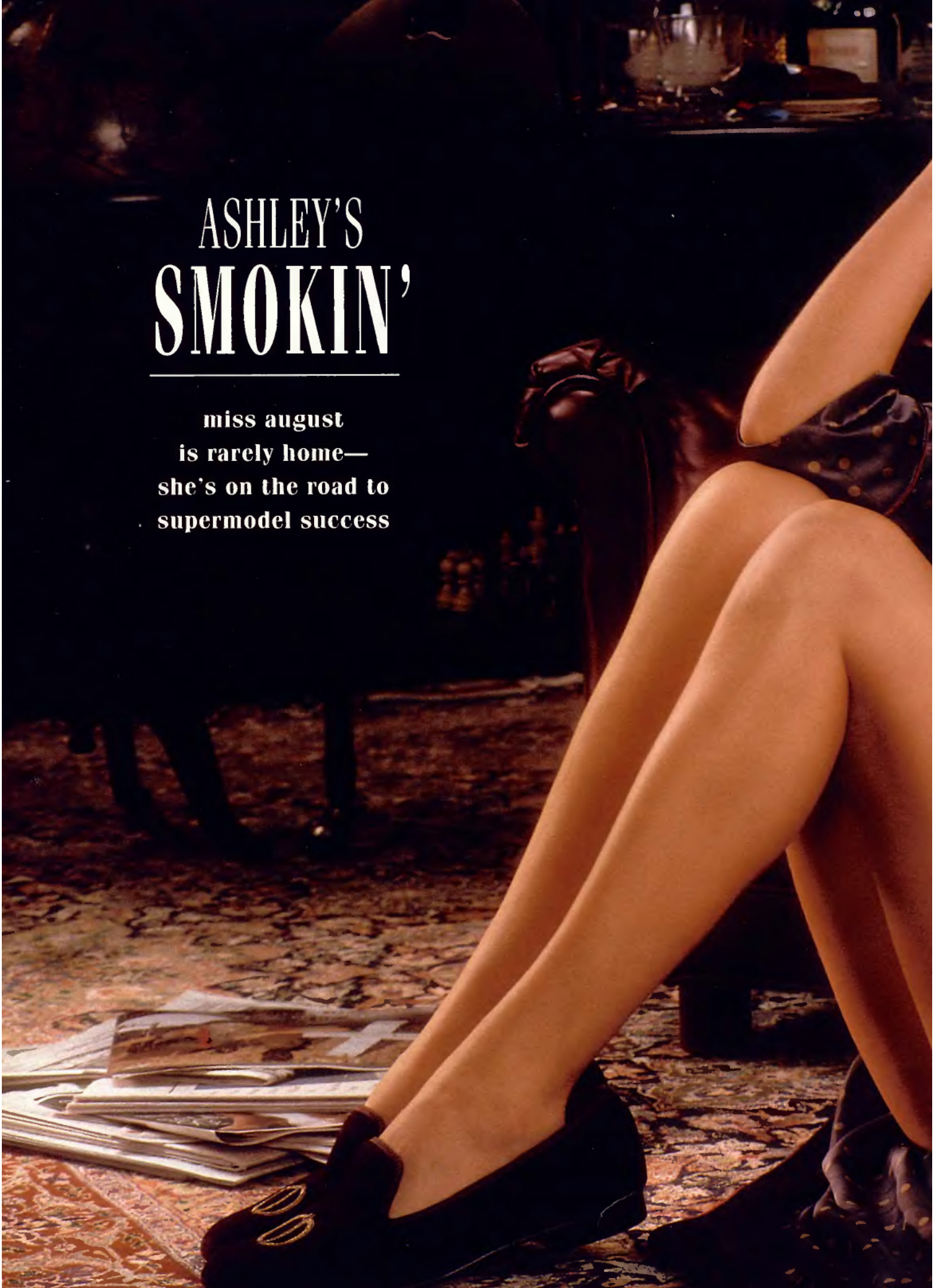
"Not as tall as you and stockier, right? But otherwise he looks pretty much like you, only younger. Face a lot like yours, broader, but the same cheekbones, the same high forehead, the same color eyes, the same blond hair, but his is longer. The same very serious expression all the time, tight as a drum."

"Yes," Demeris said with growing wonder. "That's him. It has to be."

"Don, that was his name. No, Tom.

*(continued on page 150)*

*"I don't know what we'd have done if he hadn't shown up!"*



# ASHLEY'S SMOKIN'

**miss august is rarely home— she's on the road to supermodel success**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

YOU'D THINK that having a body like Ashley Allen's would go to her pretty head, but it hasn't fazed this willowy Dallas-based model in the least. "I honestly don't think I'm all that pretty," she confides, "but I have to admit I'm real happy that *Playboy* does!" All in all, 1992 seems to be her banner year. Since learning of her impending centerfold status last October, Ashley has been fielding more offers than her answering machine can accommodate. And while she's happy to find herself so sought after, the demand is beginning to exceed her supply of energy. The long work days and the constant air travel required for on-location modeling shoots in Hawaii and Paris, various promotional gigs and the like have left this fetching 24-year-old feeling frazzled. If jet lag could kill, she agrees, she'd be listed in serious condition. Still, she perseveres with a smile, since most of the offers—including a film audition (*Bachelor Party II*), her ads for Hawaiian Tropic tanning lotion and her poster-girl work for Miller beer—are simply too good to refuse. Even wedlock has to take a backseat to Ashley's ambitions. "I got married young—when I was eighteen—but the marriage lasted only one year. My ex was a nice guy, but he tried to keep too tight a rein on me. He wanted me to give up modeling, insisting I have a baby instead. It was like the old cliché—he wanted to keep me barefoot and pregnant. No way. I never intend to get so dependent on a man that I don't have a career to fall back on." Her show-business

Ashley's dream has been to appear on the cover of *Vogue* or in the bathing-suit edition of *Sports Illustrated*—"or to become the next Playmate of the Year," she says, "even if it is a long shot."

career started at an early age. Ashley was a Miss Heart of the Border finalist when she was just 14. Later, she won several modeling contests, including, when she was 19, the local title in the Ford Agency's Supermodel competition, the breakthrough that launched her career. She's talented, too. "I was so shy as a little girl that my mom made me take dance lessons—ballet, tap and jazz—and it really helped to make me more outgoing." Ashley went on to play flute—first chair—in her high school band and became such an accomplished roller skater that she won the regional finals when she was 15. But despite a host of extracurricular activities in high school, including a two-year stint as a cheerleader and being named homecoming queen, she worked hard to be "an A and B student, if you don't count a C in geometry—I never could get the hang of angles." Fast forward to 1992. Romance? "Right now I just want a man who can make me laugh and who likes to go out dancing. I'm not into making any serious commitments." Eventually, though, she'd like to marry an amusing, self-made man who's as loving as her father was and have one child—a boy—to spoil rotten. "I do like men a lot," she admits, "but they can be awfully distracting when you're trying to concentrate on a career."

**"People tell me that I ought to forget about love and marry some rich guy for his money. But I can't make myself do that," says Ashley. "I don't want to use men for their money any more than I want them to use me for my looks."**

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
I LOVE you
Ashley Allen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ashley Allen

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 2-7-68 BIRTHPLACE: San Antonio

AMBITIONS: To live fast, love hard and die laughing!

TURN-ONS: The late Jim Morrison & Patrick Swayze in Dirty Dancing

TURN-OFFS: People who take up two spaces in parking lots, getting sick when there is no male nurse around.

FAVORITE BOOK: The Bible, because it's true and interesting and it comforts me.

BIGGEST FEAR: I'm scared of heights except for tall men.

FANTASY TIME: I'd love to wear mod clothes and be part of the crowd at woodstock.

Skating champ

Sis, boom, bah!

Still rollin' 1992

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During the long commute to work, two neighbors were arguing about presidential politics. Finally, one asked the other why he was such a dedicated Democrat.

"Because my daddy and granddaddy were Democrats," he replied.

"That's it?" his exasperated friend exclaimed. "What if your daddy and granddaddy had been horse thieves?"

"In that case," the first neighbor answered, "I guess I'd be a Republican."

What do you call a blonde upside down? A brunette.

Why do blonde girls have bruises around their belly buttons? Because blond guys are stupid, too.

Three friends were walking down the street when they were approached by a very attractive prostitute. "How much?" one asked.

"I operate on a sliding scale," she said. "I charge ten dollars an inch."

The three men thought that sounded fair, so they accompanied her to her apartment, taking turns in her bedroom.

The first emerged boasting that he had paid $70. The second proudly announced that he had paid $100. The third declared that he'd never had as good a time in his life for a mere $20. His friends began to snicker.

"Hey," he said, "neither of *you* had the sense to pay on the way out."

Have you tried the new David Dinkins cocktail? It's a Manhattan on the rocks.

A retiree was given his first set of golf clubs and decided to try them out. "This game is a complete mystery to me," he told the club pro. "What do I do?"

"You hit the ball toward the flag on the green."

The novice teed up and smacked the ball straight down the fairway and onto the green, where it stopped an inch from the hole.

"What now?" the fellow asked the stunned pro.

"You're supposed to hit the ball into the cup."

"Oh, great! *Now* you tell me!"

Times were hard in the Russian shtetl just after the war. Moishe had been out of work for months and finally, in desperation, called on the rabbi for help. "Please, Rabbi, isn't there some work you can give me?" he pleaded.

"Well," the rabbi said, "let me see. . . . Yes, I think we can pay you one ruble a day to stand at the village gates to greet the Messiah."

"Only one ruble, Rabbi? That's not very much."

"That's very true, Moishe, but just think of the job security."

What has 75 balls and screws little old ladies? Bingo.

The day after her husband's death, the widow met with the funeral director. "What would you like to say in the obituary?" he asked.

"Klinger died," she replied.

"That's much too short. You should have at least five words."

"All right," she said. "How about 'Klinger died. Cadillac for sale'?"

Grafitto spotted on a tavern wall: THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH (IF THAT'S OK WITH THE REST OF YOU).

A devout Catholic woman was running late to church when, in her haste, she stumbled and fell, skinning her elbows and knees, and splitting her skirt up the back.

Dazed and confused, she glanced up and saw a small boy watching her. "Is mass out?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "but your hat is on crooked."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"I have problems with safe sex. The damn condoms keep popping off my head."*

# PLAYBOY COLLECTION

**things you can live without, but who wants to?**

Not mony bottles of Scotch come in their own hand-crafted leather case, but this 21-year-old single malt is not just any Scotch. A special offering of The Glenlivet, it's limited in the U.S. to only 2000 hand-blown antique-design bottles, which are numbered in Scotland, $650.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Kawasaki's high-performance 750SX Jet Ski features electronic digital ignition—a first for personal watercraft—as well as a redesigned hull shape for greater stability, $4900.

Tired of schlock jocks? Tune in to the wide world with the 50-watt Philips AM/FM/shortwave/cassette player with 30 station presets and a removable security unit, $499.

Ricoh's pint-sized 35mm Shotmaster Ultra Zoom camera is big on features, including a 38–60mm autofocus lens, plus modes for shooting images on TV and in low light, $250.

Pusser's new stainless-steel chronometer comes with a 24-city time indicator and a compass, $1500, including a gimballed compass holder, a pouch and a burl case.

The model 7700 three-inch color TV can be attached to the back of the front seat of your car or used as a mini TV in the kitchen or den, by Casio, $700, including adapters.

Create a big splash with Swimman, a waterproof FM receiver and cassette stereo system that's right at home on dry land or in the deep, by PI-Thorian International, $250.

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

The Nordic Flex Gold strength trainer adjusts to the resistonce applied to the machine during an exercise, about $1000, including a leg extension and a butterfly attachment.

**who says**

**locker-room**

**conversation is**

**strictly for**

**the boys?**

# GIRL TALK

*Girls talk about sex all the time. Really. We do it when we get together over cocktails, when we hide away in the ladies' room, when we tie up the phone late at night. It's a rite of sisterhood to pass on sexual secrets. As a talk-show producer in Detroit, I've had intimate conversations with women from all walks of life—professionals, housewives, students—and, over the years, many of those women have become personal friends. So, with a promise that all the names would be changed, I gathered a group of my friends for what became one of our more revealing conversations. Here's your chance to listen in.*

*Around the table were:*
*Annette, 34, secretary, single*
*Dayna, 29, teacher, recently married*
*Cheryl, 31, marketing consultant, single*
*Tina, 31, interior designer, single*
*Sherry, 30, therapist, single*
*Teri, 28, travel agent, single*
*Lisa, 35, gallery owner, single*
*Trish, 38, public relations director, single*

•

*How often do you think about sex?*

ANNETTE: As I get older, I'm definitely aroused more often. I'll be in a meeting full of men and suddenly find myself imagining what each would be like in bed.

SHERRY: I think about sex a lot more when

***article by***

**LORI WEISS**

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

I'm actually involved with someone. If I wake up in someone's arms, I carry that feeling all day long. The girls in my office can always tell when I'm getting it.

TRISH: I've been thinking about sex a lot more since I've been involved with Greg. He *makes* me think about it. He calls me at work and gets me going on the phone. He tells me what he wants me to wear that night and what he's going to do to me.

TINA: I think about sex in the shower. It's very erotic when the water is pulsating against your body. And I love it when they unexpectedly join you. You think they came in to get toothpaste, and then you find out they came to get something else. I love washing every part of a man's body, watching him get turned on. There's something about a clean, hard cock.

CHERYL: You know, I'm finding that I can't hold out as long as I used to. The other day, I was playing racquetball with a new guy. We were hot and sweaty, which I find very sensual. He started to kiss me and my hand went straight into his pants. I don't know what got into me. Anyone could have been watching.

•

*During the early stages of a relationship with a new partner, when do you know you're ready to sleep with him?*

TINA: I guess it's instinct. It's a feeling that I can trust him. A feeling that he's planning to stay around for a while.

SHERRY: I need to feel safe with him.

TERI: Yeah, safe. I'm letting this man into my body. That's something men can't relate to. I'd like to have faith in him first.

TINA: There are signs that tell you it's the right time. He's not all over you when he kisses you goodnight. He respects your boundaries. He's calling you during the week. You've become friends. Then you can move forward and become lovers.

ANNETTE: I ask a lot of questions. Quite frankly, I'd never go to bed with a guy who didn't believe in abortion.

TRISH: Oh, that's romantic.

ANNETTE: Well, think about it: What if you get pregnant and aren't ready to have a child? It's not like I'm judging my bed partners by their political views, but I like to know what I'm getting into.

TRISH: I have to know that a guy likes me a lot and that I'm not just a fuck. I have to know there's going to be some relationship. Length of time doesn't matter; what does is how you connect.

SHERRY: You have to be comfortable with someone both emotionally and physically. That or so horny you can't hold out anymore.

ANNETTE: But if the man is marriage material, you don't want it to fizzle out. So I take it slower. It's a test.

TRISH: In other words, you'll fuck a guy a lot quicker if you don't like him?

ANNETTE: Right.

TRISH: [*Laughs*] That's so fucked up!

CHERYL: But she's right. Sometimes you know you'll never marry the guy, so you just fuck him and get it over with, because that's all it's about.

•

*What's the most outrageous thing a man has ever done to you sexually?*

TRISH: Easy. One night, Greg and I were having sex, and all of a sudden, he pulls out. I thought, Uh-oh, something's wrong. Next thing I know, he's tying my wrists and ankles to the bedposts with silk ties. I've never gotten head like that in my life. It was incredible. I couldn't see, so everything felt intense.

ANNETTE: I'm sorry, but that scene makes me nauseous. Once they start getting into ties and toys, it ruins things. It cheapens the relationship.

TRISH: Then you don't know what you're missing. The things I've been doing with Greg used to seem dirty to me before I actually started doing them. I used to think they were disgusting and disrespectful to women. But I don't feel that way anymore. What I like best with Greg is when he turns me over and makes me beg him to enter me—makes me tell him over and over how badly I want it.

ANNETTE: That makes you feel good?

TRISH: Yes. It does.

ANNETTE: It sounds like a power play.

TRISH: Aren't you taking this a little too seriously?

ANNETTE: Maybe—but *begging*?

LISA: Well, I won't beg, but I'll negotiate. Like, just as he's getting hot and he's sure I'm about to give him a blow job or something, I'll make him promise to wash the car the next day.

DAYNA: I'd love to try any of those things with Patrick, but he won't even discuss sex with me.

TINA: Why?

DAYNA: It's like it's taboo—something you do but don't talk about. Sometimes after sex I ask him if anything in particular felt good. He rolls over and goes to sleep. Sometimes I think I should find someone who can have fun in bed.

ANNETTE: I know. Men take their orgasms too seriously. Isn't sex supposed to be an adult form of play?

•

*Trish, what made Greg's going down on you so "incredible"?*

TRISH: After he tied me up, he started kissing my toes. He kissed all the way up my leg. Next, I could feel his tongue licking the inside of my thigh. He passed over my groin—never really stopping, just teasing—and continued up to my breasts and stayed there for a while. Then he worked his way down the other side.

The best thing in the world is to look down and see only the top of his head. I can feel his tongue starting to trace a curving kind of shape right around the top—which is the most sensitive area for me, right along the clitoris—slowly, real slowly. By the time I start to get excited, he's already moved to the next curve. My body gets warm, then hot. I feel this tremor building from my knees to my thighs. My nipples get hard, my mouth gets dry.

CHERYL: Well, Harvey didn't do anything like that. I mean, the way he performed oral sex, I'd look down just to see if his dog had sneaked into the bedroom. He did it like a dog lapping up water. It was such a turnoff.

TINA: You should have known that from the way he kissed you the first time. When a man kisses you slowly—exploring, not plowing in—you know he's going to take his time going down on you.

SHERRY: How about when they hum? I remember this one guy who'd make vibrations with his lips right on my clit—it sounded sort of like a motorboat. I'd come almost instantly.

DAYNA: Patrick acts like he's doing me a favor when he goes down on me. He kind of flicks his tongue on my clitoris, which really annoys me. It feels like a fly, like a nuisance. I just want him to get on with it. I want his tongue in me.

CHERYL: I love deep tonguing, too, but only if the guy's rubbing his hand on my clit at the same time. I like a man who can do two things at once.

ANNETTE: So what's the big deal with Patrick, Dayna? Why don't you just tell him you don't like the way he goes down on you?

TRISH: No, *don't* do that. Men hate it if they feel like you're directing them. What Dayna should do is subtly move Patrick's head to where she wants it, then moan a little so he knows she's really enjoying it. Suddenly, he'll think he's discovered a new way of pleasing her. You do that once, and the next time he goes down on you, he'll go right to the spot you want him to.

•

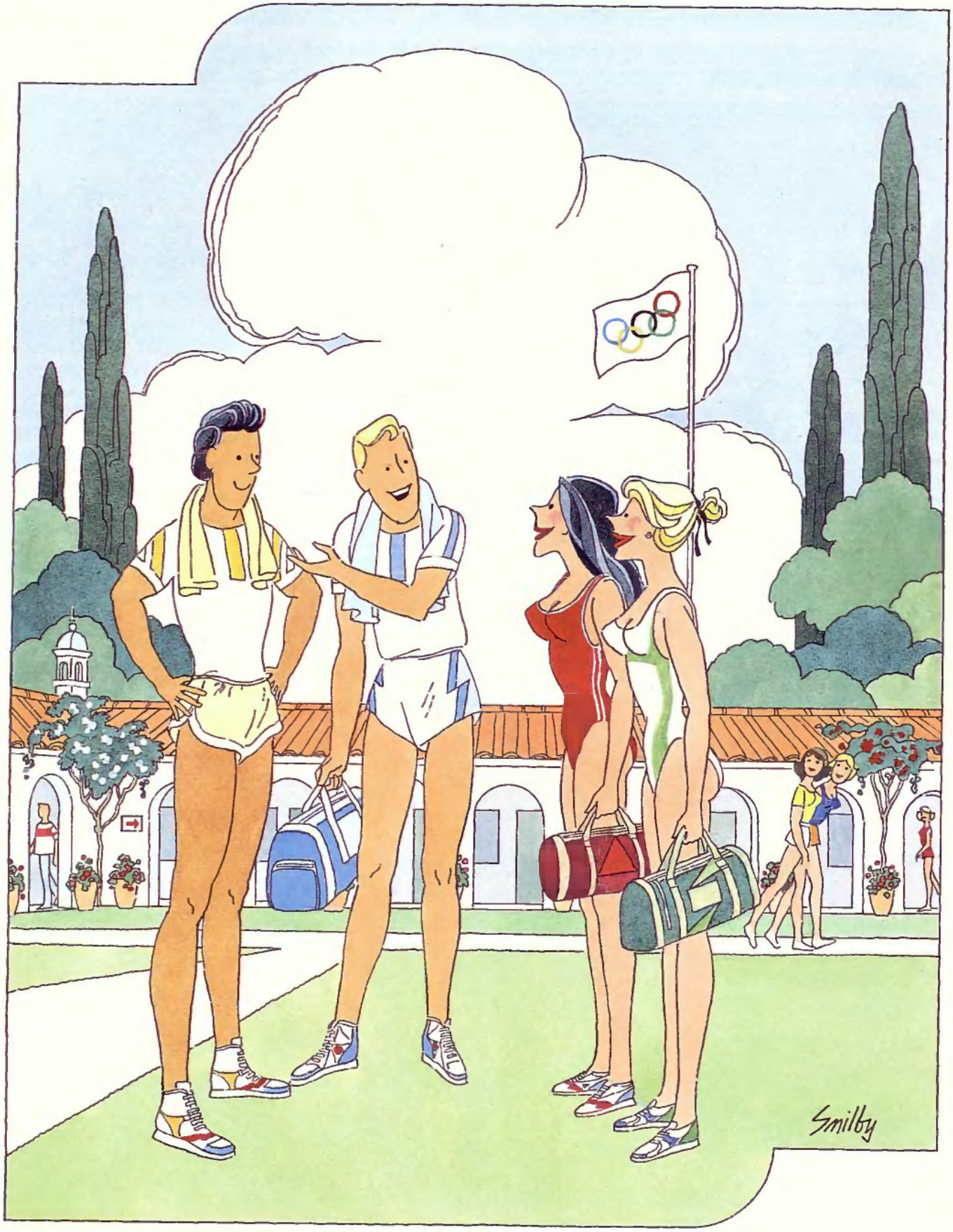
*What about going down on men?*

ANNETTE: Can I ask a stupid question? Why do they call it a blow job? I don't blow. Does anyone blow? [*Laughs*]

SHERRY: Actually, sometimes I do, but it's not like blowing a horn. It's just faint little breaths—up and down his dick, around his balls. I want a guy to want it before I start using my tongue.

TERI: A musician I was with taught me triple-tonguing. It's a technique used by trumpeters. I lick the tip of the

*(continued on page 126)*




*"No—he's here for the rowing. I'm here for the screwing."*

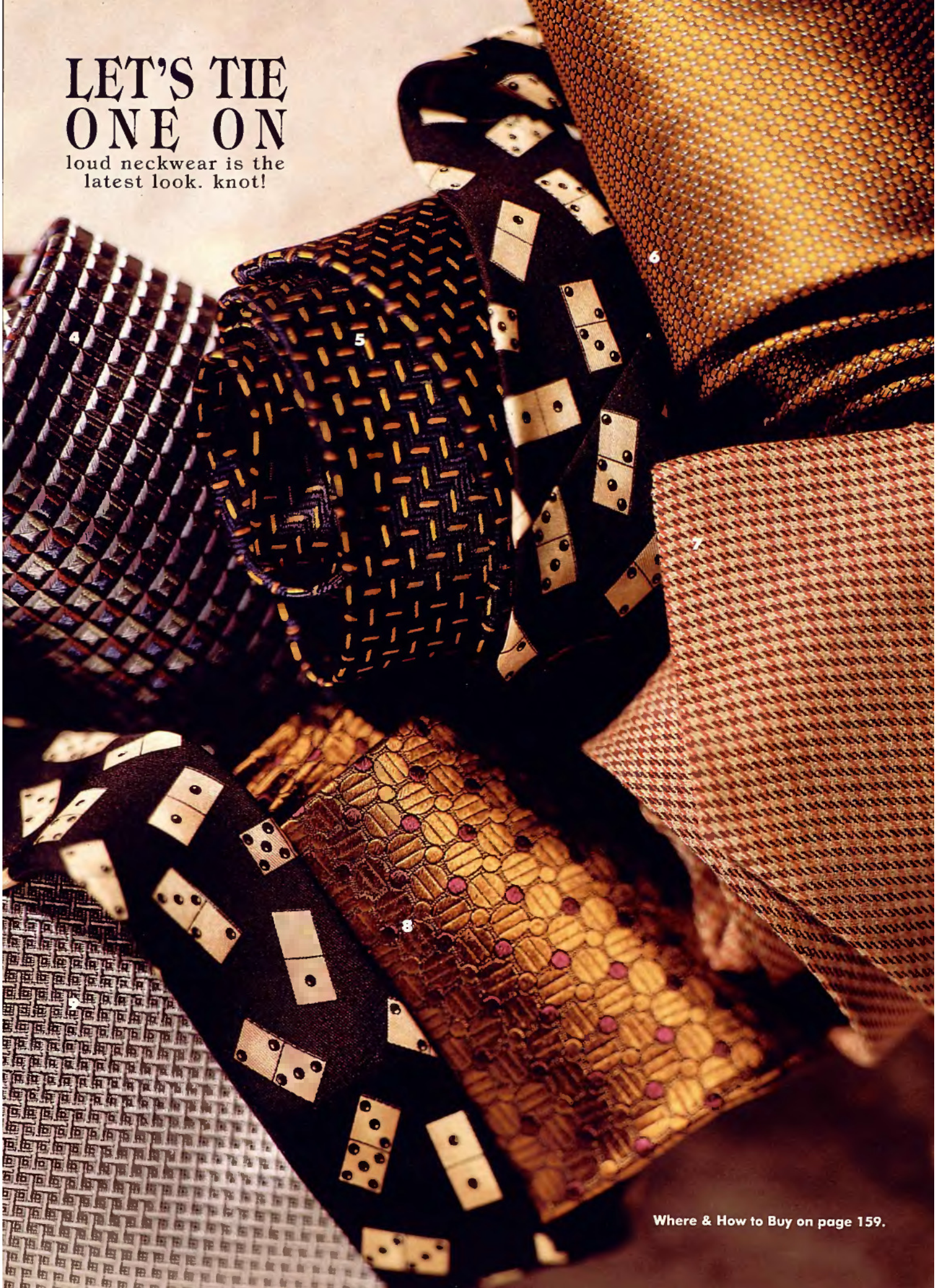
The pushy power tie has gone the way of Charles Keating. Small, woven or printed patterns—nicknamed "neats"—have been mated with earth and jewel tones. (Even patterns that are drawings of ordinary objects such as candy have been neatened up.) About four inches is the correct tie width. Below and opposite are 12 neat ties made of silk. Following the numbers: (1) Jacquard tie, by Nick Hilton, $70. (2) Domino tie, by Gucci, $85. (3) Macclesfield pattern tie, by Park Lane, $58.50. (4) Box-pattern tie, by Tino Cosma, $80. (5) Herringbone tie, from Bugatti by Superba, about $50. (6) Minidot tie, by KM Krizia, $55. (7) Houndstooth woven washed-silk tie, by Joseph Abboud, $70. (8) Gold-and-burgundy tie, by Countess Mara from the Private Reserve Collection, $60. (9) Black-and-silver Macclesfield tie, by Ferrell Reed, $65. (10) Geometric tie, by Audrey Buckner, about $70. (11) Jacquard tie, by Harken, $53. (12) Medallion tie, by Donna Karan, $100.

*fashion by* **HOLLIS WAYNE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

# LET'S TIE ONE ON

loud neckwear is the latest look. knot!




Where & How to Buy on page 159.

waiting for the fat lady to sing? you're in the wrong box, pagliacci—this is the nineties

# A REGULAR GUY'S GUIDE TO OPERA

General H. Norman Schwarzkopf (a.k.a. Stormin' Norman) is arguably the most macho guy in the world. But forget macho: He's obviously a *regular* guy, the kind of guy you could sit down and have a beer with. He'd tell you how he would have kicked Saddam's butt big time if Bush would've let him, probably drawing the attack plan on a napkin. It would be like having a beer with John Madden, except not as loud.

We don't know a lot about General Schwarzkopf personally, though that will change when he publishes his autobiography. Right now, all we know is that the man is a bull with a wicked sense of humor.

And he loves opera.

I mention this because of the impression most of us have of opera—that it's effeminate, elitist, stuffed shirt, inaccessible and unrealistic to the point of silliness. Believe me, I understand. But believe me, too, when I tell you that something is happening with opera. In the Regular Guy World, you know something is hot when it starts showing up in TV commercials. By that measurement, opera has achieved celestial status. As of last summer, more than 50 TV commercials used opera to push goods ranging from Michael J. Fox sipping a diet Pepsi during a chorus from *Aïda* to a monkey listening to *La Bohème* on a Sony Walkman. Hollywood is all over this trend like a new tux. If, for example, you saw *Fatal Attraction*, *Pretty Woman*, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Moonstruck*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *Bull Durham*, *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Bonfire of the Vanities* or *Someone to Watch Over Me*, you heard opera music helping to set the mood. If you saw *Meeting Venus*, you saw Glenn Close starring as an opera singer.

And it's not just packaging. Attendance at operas in the U.S. is through the roof—up from 4,600,000 in 1970 to well over 20,000,000 last year. Half the people filling those seats were guys just like you and Schwarzkopf, except—in your case—for one difference. Somewhere along the line, those guys discovered a very important fact: *Women love opera.*

Once you see a live performance, you'll understand. This is a world-class game of dress-up, a suspension of disbelief so outsized that it attracts talent whose egos and passions can only be described in the same way. Where else do all the arts—music, singing, theater, ballet, painting, sculpture, poetry—come together but on the opera stage? Opera is for people who want it all, which pretty *(continued on page 144)*



article by James Morgan

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

AÏDA

DAIRY
RIBS

# DOMESTIC BLISS

## *our loving salute to the all-american housewife*

WE HEAR a lot these days about the tyranny of the home, that housewives are the last unsung oppressed people in America. That women who choose to have a family and decide to care for it themselves are condemned to drudgery and the horrors of daytime TV. Well, the remarkable ladies on the next eight pages are here to tell you: A woman's place in the Nineties is wherever she wants it to be. And, for many, that place is home. However, being a housewife means more than "staying at home, baking cookies and having teas," as Hillary Clinton put it. We have always suspected that some of the sexiest women we knew did not live next door. Some lived in the same house. And, given the response that we received following the television movie *Posing*, we're not alone. In case you missed it, *Posing* was based on the experiences of three women, including a suburban housewife who appeared in *Playboy*. One Michigan housewife who could relate explains thus: "Motherhood isn't always conducive to feeling sexy, so a woman has to do all she can to feel good about herself." For these ladies, that includes everything from staying in shape (there are roller skaters, equestriennes and belly dancers among them) to shopping for lingerie. And, as it did for the character in *Posing*, it also includes modeling for *Playboy*. Hundreds of full-time wives and mothers responded to an ad that appeared in the December 1991 issue of the magazine announcing plans for this pictorial. One New Jersey homemaker wrote: "I think it's great that *Playboy* has decided to pay tribute to all the moms out there who aren't actresses, models or famous—just women who are doing great jobs raising their families, yet haven't lost sight of their individuality, femininity and sensuality." Our sentiments exactly—that's just what we had in mind.

You couldn't keep Indiana mom Riley Bee (opposite and above) away from home with her two young children. "I do all that domestic stuff and I love it. I feel so lucky to be able to raise my children myself," she says. And after this five-foot-ten-inch beauty tucks the kids in for the night, she turns her attention to her husband. "We met eleven years ago. We're perfect partners."

Kimber Staren (left) gets the royal treatment every day at home. "My husband is wonderful," she says. "He is sensitive to my feelings and supports everything I do." Above, Kimber gives her husband, Ted, a reason to hurry back to their suburban Chicago home. Texas beauty Elisa Berrios (below) is never behind the eight ball when it comes to taking care of her two-year-old daughter, Brooke. We'll let her husband, Tino, explain: "Brooke couldn't ask for a better mom." And what about her being in *Playboy*? "It will get her some much-deserved recognition."

"Ever since I was a little girl sneaking peeks at my Dad's *Playboys*, I've wanted to be one of the beautiful women on your pages," Staci Way Epperson (above) wrote to us. Staci, putting in time with her Saint Bernard (right), is used to animals. "We have a pet chicken named Mabel, two rottweilers and three horses on our ranch in northern California." Skydiving enthusiast Cindy Swenson (below) completed a 9500-foot jump right before she found out she was pregnant with her son, Cody. Here, the Pennsylvania housewife dives into the family finances.

We wish they all could be California wives. Beverly Murphy (above left) and Debbie Kline (above right) have been friends for nearly a decade and are inseparable. "We both have two girls," Beverly tells us. "We do everything from throwing birthday parties to reading bedtime stories. We wipe runny noses and dry teary eyes. We fix healthy lunches and wish our kids could always be this happy and never grow up." These two friends are so close they consulted on baby names and each named one of her daughters Kelly.

Lisa Best (below and right) may not look like the mother of a 12-year-old daughter but she sure sounds like one. "My beautiful, perfect daughter is a straight-A student who excels at every sport she tries," Lisa says, acknowledging her own bias. Lisa's husband, Peter, is a California fire fighter.

Susan Roulo (left and above) and her husband, Michael, played coed volleyball and softball, but this fall she'll hit the books. "I want to get a degree in nutrition," says this Michigan housewife, "but I've waited because I wanted to be home during my son's first two years of development."

Yes, Mary Heath (left and above) does do windows and a lot of other things at her rambling farmhouse in Oregon. Renovating the place and "making it bloom" is actually a project the whole family enjoys, says Mary. Her family includes her fiancé, two kids from a previous marriage and her parents, who live a mile down the road. Those who claim that a woman can't have a great shape after childbearing haven't met Jan Lawrence (below). "My body is better now than before I had my kids," says the full-time mother of two from Illinois. "I compete in bikini contests with women younger than I am and still come in in first place."

Texas housewife Lais Kay de Armas (left) loves to paint, claiming, "My artwork causes people to look twice." We think Lais is a head turner, too. She wants to "live life to the fullest and be the best wife and mom ever." "Just because you're a wife and mother doesn't mean you lose your sense of sexuality," says New Yorker Elaine Marks (above). "All my life, I'd dream of two things: being a wife and mother and being in *Playboy*." If any charitable soul out there would like to help California homemaker Cheryl La Carriere (below) pick up her groceries, the line has already started forming somewhere to the left.

A 38-year-old mother and—believe it!—grandmother, Californian Shelley Handley (far left) has three children. She has warked as a house painter and constructian worker, enjoys landscaping, phatagraphy and scuba diving and "loves life. All of it, every day." New Hampshire hamemaker Gail Walleston (near left) prefers to call herself a domestic engineer, perhaps because you'd need a degree in organization to manage her schedule. Aside from taking care af her awn two children, Gail baby-sits far ather working moms, valunteers at her daughter's school and at the YMCA and is a partner in her husband's home-based marketing-consulting firm. Her husband tells us she enjoys reading the articles and interviews in *Playboy* "but is very intimidated by the pictarials." Our cover girl, Margie Murphy (below and right), is a part-time businesswoman who's putting her love of animals to work by opening a superstore far pets near her Florida home. And last but hardly least, Kentucky sweetheart Suzanne Stuart (bottom left) says her husband, Jorge, "reads *Playboy* religiously." With this issue, Jorge should be in heaven.

# GIRL TALK *(continued from page 110)*

*"I want them to be womanizers. They're the best lovers—they adore women, all shapes, all sizes."*

penis really fast. It's almost a trilling of the tongue, like in that potato-chips commercial. It gets the guy excited gradually, then drives him nuts.

ANNETTE: Men like it when you swallow, but I just can't bring myself to do it.

CHERYL: Neither can I.

TRISH: So what do you do?

ANNETTE: I let it drip down the sides. They don't know the difference. They come. What else do they want?

TRISH: What? That would be like a man pulling out just when you're about to have your orgasm. If I'm giving a guy pleasure, why would I want to stop when he's at his peak?

TINA: What do you do?

TRISH: While I'm swallowing, I'm still licking, I'm still sucking. If you're not going to swallow, you might as well leave the room while he's coming.

CHERYL: I just continue touching. You know how sensitive that ridge gets underneath the head of the penis? I keep going over it and over it. They go wild.

LISA: You know how you can avoid the whole situation? Finish him off with your hand but—and this is the trick—keep your head down so he'll think you're blowing him. If you do it right, he'll even think you swallowed.

•

*What makes you connect or disconnect during sex?*

CHERYL: I've never told anyone this before, but I love it when a guy holds my hand while he's fucking or eating me. There's a real bonding, a real intimacy. Like he's letting me know he's still there and it matters to him that it's me.

DAYNA: For me, it's kissing. I want him to keep kissing me the entire time he's inside me.

ANNETTE: I hate it when they put their hand down there to see if you're wet yet. It's like they're putting their finger up to test the direction of the wind.

TRISH: But they like to know you're getting wet. It's exciting for them.

ANNETTE: Then couldn't they be a little more subtle about it? I feel like they're taking my temperature. It would be much more sensual if they'd work their way down, kissing and fondling until they feel me squirm. When I squirm, that means I'm on my way.

LISA: As long as they did something more than just putting it in whenever they're ready. Sometimes I wish a man had a vagina so he could know how it feels when it happens too fast. It hurts.

SHERRY: I hate it when they keep fucking you without even knowing you're there. One time my head was hitting the headboard and the guy just kept on going. What did he think that sound was, a workman next door?

TINA: I know this doesn't sound very ladylike, but there are times we make love and times that he fucks me. I'll be in his kitchen, bending over to take something out of the dishwasher, and there he'll be, sliding up my skirt, yanking down my underpants, and we'll be doing it right there at the sink.

CHERYL: There's something to be said for spontaneity.

SHERRY: I love it when they seduce me. Tim and I once left a party together and went back to his place. The moment we got inside the door, he told me not to take a thing off, not even a shoe. He wanted to take my clothes off—slowly, piece by piece. He kissed every part of my body for what seemed like hours. When he got to my hands, he removed my rings; when he got to my ears, he removed my earrings. He kissed his way down the front of my blouse. I could feel his breath on my nipples. Just the thought of his next move made me so wet, I thought I was going to come that very second.

•

*Do you come every time you have sex?*

CHERYL: No. Oh, please. Give me a break. I never come unless I do it or show them how to do it.

TERI: I wouldn't go that far. But sometimes if you have sex three or four days in a row, you're not going to come every time.

TINA: But *they* do. Fuck that. I'm there for the same reason they are.

CHERYL: So you come every time you have sex?

TINA: Yeah, even if I have to do it myself. Like when I'm on top and his penis is in, I'll turn certain ways and keep on going.

DAYNA: Patrick doesn't seem to know that when we're done and I haven't had an orgasm, there's something he can do about it. I think he would like it if I came every time, but if I don't, I don't.

LISA: John wouldn't stop until I did. That was his thing. It had to be one hundred percent.

ANNETTE: It's a macho thing with most men, I think. They keep count. I'm surprised they don't have scorecards by their beds.

SHERRY: [*Laughs*] There was this one guy—God, he was great. I was about to go home and he asked me if I'd do one thing for him before I left. I'm thinking, What else could he want? He had me lay back while he put a pillow under my butt. Then he ate me until I was screaming. All he wanted was to make me come. That kind of guy can keep score with me as long as he'd like.

•

*Why do you stay with a partner who fails to get you off?*

CHERYL: Because I'm fucked up. Actually, I'm much more aggressive about it now. I pick only men who are really into sex. I want them to be womanizers. They're the best lovers because they adore women—all shapes, all sizes.

TINA: A part of me wouldn't be fulfilled if the sex wasn't decent.

TRISH: I agree. A friend is a friend, but a lover has to be a lover. And if I've been in bed with a guy and I see that it isn't working—that the chemistry just isn't there—then I have to leave.

DAYNA: What if everything else is great?

TRISH: Then he'd be a friend.

TERI: Well, if I left every man who couldn't bring me to orgasm, I wouldn't have anybody.

LISA: What's the big deal, anyway? If I don't come, I wait until he goes to the bathroom and then I masturbate. Sometimes it's easier to take care of things yourself than explain to him how to get you off. It only takes thirty seconds, right?

[*Silence*]

Come on, you guys! Everyone masturbates. I thought we were being honest here.

TRISH: Well, it's not really my thing, but during the first couple days of my period, it does relieve the pressure.

SHERRY: Well, I don't like doing it. It's too much work. But if I have to, it'll be in the whirlpool, with the jets positioned right between my legs. I put on Luther Vandross, have a cup of coffee with a little Bailey's in it, turn the lights down and fantasize about anyone.

CHERYL: I like the tub, too. A friend of mine once bought me a vibrator and I experimented with it. I ran a hot bath, brought in a glass of wine and a trashy novel, and when the guy in the book started thrusting with his big, hot pulsating dick, I thrust with my big, hot pulsating vibrator. [*Laughs*]

TINA: When I was in college, this girl who lived next door to me was very vocal. Whenever her boyfriend came over, it was like listening to my own porn tape: the screaming, the heavy breathing. I'd get so hot lying on my bed by myself, tucked in with Mr. Vibrator. I was exhausted by the time

*(continued on page 132)*

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20 QUESTIONS

# CATHERINE CRIER

*We can understand why a TV news anchor might change careers to become a Texas judge. It's the reverse that puzzles us. But for 37-year-old CNN newswoman Catherine Crier, there wasn't much hesitation. After being elected to the bench for a second four-year term, she wanted to return to a more active role, "pursuing and developing a case." When a TV agent suggested she do an audition tape, Crier was intrigued by the notion of mixing her legal skills with journalism. CNN loved the tape—one executive there called her "fantastic, electric"—and invited Crier to join the staff. She debuted as co-anchor of the evening newscast in the fall of 1989. Today, only three years later, Crier also co-hosts the network's "Inside Politics" election coverage and has her own daily program, "Crier & Co." Crier also finds time for sculpting, exercising her horse, golf and writing a book. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Crier at CNN headquarters in Atlanta. Later, they went to dinner. Rensin describes the trip: "She drove. Fast. And played Lyle Lovett. Loud."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: When you arrived at CNN, there was criticism about how quickly you moved into the anchor's seat. The complaint centered on your lack of journalistic experience. Was the carping fair?

**the brightest news face on cnn broadcasts her views on judicial robes, judicious reporting, good men and good chairs**

CRIER: Sure. It's also fair for me to say, Give me a chance. There are parallels between my current job and my previous ones. As a prosecutor, I hit the streets, I rode with the cops, I interviewed the witnesses and I pulled together a case—then delivered it to a judge instead of to an audience or a news editor. My final argument was delivered to a jury instead of doing a stand-up in front of the courthouse. As a judge, I didn't advocate one side or the other. I listened to all the evidence, determined the facts, applied social perspective and public policy and rendered a decision. That's what a journalist does.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: You now co-anchor two newscasts. What goes on behind the scenes that might change our perception of what's being presented?

CRIER: There's an element of immediacy you try not to show because you want to deliver information calmly. Behind you, people are rushing through the room, ripping copy off the wire, running in with information or talking into your ear. It's very much like *Broadcast News*, a picture I can appreciate since taking this job. During the Persian Gulf crisis, our producer was yelling, "Get me Amman! Get me Riyadh! Get me Tel Aviv! I need the State Department!" I realized that our audience is receiving information virtually as fast as the President, the policymakers and those participating in events. Do we have enough time to reflect, analyze and evaluate before we report? Instant information has a tremendous impact. Do we understand what it means to have a camera poised on top of a tank as a revolution gets underway? Do we know if it has any effect on the event itself?

**3.**

PLAYBOY: Good questions. Care to answer them?

CRIER: In many circumstances it does. British writer Timothy Garton Ash wrote that at the end of the Twentieth Century, all revolutions will be tele-revolutions. Because events across eastern Europe from the fall of 1989 through the Soviet coup were televised, messages got out. People who might not otherwise have known learned of the movements. Then they took action. So, yes, history has been changed.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: You also have your own show, *Crier & Co.* What makes it any different from other shows with a panel of talking-head experts and a moderator?

CRIER: We wanted to showcase women experts, but not simply on issues that have been traditionally categorized as women's issues. The original idea was more or less a *Crossfire* with women, where I moderate a discussion-debate format that tries to represent left, right and center on major issues. It's evolved to more of a *Nightline* format. Since we debuted in March of last year, we have seen more women policymakers and experts on shows that have traditionally turned to white males for opinions.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: Any advice for Ted Koppel?

CRIER: [*Laughs*] No. I've always been a fan of the show. I can listen to intelligent discussion ad nauseam. I'm entertained by that. Ted is very good at finding that kernel in a succinct fashion. I'm not interested in listening to a moderator ramble on. What I want to hear is what the guests have to say.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: Yet an occupational hazard of a panel show is the guest who talks a lot while saying nothing. How do you handle the hot air? How do you know when it's time to cut in?

CRIER: I have to say, "Excuse me, I just heard four minutes of drivel. Would you mind returning to the question at hand?" But I try to be careful because there's still a bit of the trial lawyer in me that wants to jump in and get more aggressive. There's no need to be rude.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: You are also co-anchoring CNN's election-year program, *Inside Politics*. How are you covering the process differently?

CRIER: People are interested in the issues, and we want to give them the meat of the campaigns. It's necessary that we point out inconsistencies and campaign drivel. We plan to analyze election commercials to find what the candidate is really saying. It's an extraordinary time in American politics. This country belongs to the people, and they have a responsibility as owners to participate in its management. I think the message is getting through. Certainly, there was more interesting, issue-oriented debate than I initially expected. However, personalities may overshadow issues. I'm frustrated by the time devoted to "character" issues. Every contingency can't be dealt with, so the American people have to look at inherent qualities of individuals to be able to make some determination about how they will act in the future. But I do not want to see the debate focused on those issues to the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3

exclusion of the critical concerns facing this country.

**8.**

PLAYBOY: Having twice run for a judgeship in Dallas and won, give us your expert opinion on paid political advertising and campaign contributions.

CRIER: Thank goodness judicial campaigns were not quite as sophisticated when I ran. [*Laughs*] I believe it is necessary to limit and regulate the source of campaign contributions. Many good men and women who go to Washington or to their state and local offices with good intentions are not corrupted by the system, but they're still constantly under pressure as a result of those influences. As yet, the voters don't understand the influences and aren't crying out for reform. But when they do, that's when you'll see response out of Washington.

**9.**

PLAYBOY: You campaigned on the Republican ticket. Republicans often complain about the liberal bias of the media. Did you subscribe to that viewpoint? Has moving over to the media side changed your perspective?

CRIER: I don't categorize. And when you say "the media," I could point to magazines or articles that have a certain obvious bent. But I don't think there's an overall liberal bias. I do think the media have an inquisitive character and an investigative nature that tend to poke and prod at the status quo. But that's what they're supposed to do. Perhaps always asking questions, demanding more information and more responsiveness, only makes the media seem liberal. I've never had a problem maintaining a healthy independence. I let the viewers make up their minds. You become well-informed by listening to diverse opinions, facts and information garnered to paint a complete picture, not a biased position. That's respected at CNN. We're constantly evaluating reports and packages and story delivery: Did we get both sides in clearly enough? Is there a position that needs to be handled more effectively because it wasn't covered? We can't run this piece until we get more sound from the other side. I have learned how hard I believe the media—my limited experience being CNN—work to give an objective point of view. And on top of the obvious liberal-conservative, Republican-Democrat positions, CNN also understands there is an international audience, not simply an American audience. International issues deal with a multiplicity of viewpoints.

**10.**

PLAYBOY: You be the judge: Clarence Thomas or Anita Hill. Who was telling the truth?

CRIER: A fascinating event for the American people to watch. Very uncomfortable. There were frustrations from both perspectives. We were watching a process that was in part being treated as a legal proceeding without really having the evidentiary rules and regulations of a courtroom proceeding. Yet it was not as open as a journalistic inquiry might have been. It's possible both people were telling the truth as they perceived it. There were moments when the world wanted to say someone was lying. That is, unfortunately, what one probably ultimately has to do. And this is part of the problem with the whole issue: What is harassment to a woman may not be understood as such by a man.

**11.**

PLAYBOY: How would you describe yourself to a stranger?

CRIER: Too serious, needs to be more impulsive, but loves life and is committed to making the world a better place. Up and at 'em. Greets the day with a breath of fire.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: You're also smart, good-looking and single. The romantic applications have to be rolling in. What sort of guy stands a chance with you?

CRIER: Ooo! [*Embarrassed laugh*] Intelligent, articulate, funny, impulsive—with great eyes. I used to think similar career paths were necessary, but not so much now. One gets so much input from work that a little diversity from the outside would be OK.

**13.**

PLAYBOY: When would you just as soon have a man make up your mind?

CRIER: At the end of a long day, figuring out where we're going for dinner. I once dated someone in Dallas, and the joke was that on the bench I was making important decisions, but by the end of the day, "Where do you want to go for dinner?" would throw me. I'm a big-picture person. I love global politics, the world at large. Just don't make me deal with the small stuff.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: As a judge, you didn't actually sit on a bench, you sat on a chair. As a newsperson, you also sit a lot. Describe the perfect chair.

CRIER: There is no perfect chair for me. It's simply the chair for that moment, depending on my mood or what's needed. On *The World Today*, the evening newscast, the desk is high. Originally, the chair was also high, sort of a stool with a back but also with a wobble. And it wobbled precariously. My first night on the air, two weeks into the job, I sat there thinking, Please, don't let me fall off this chair. So I requested a small riser built behind the set so that a regular low chair could be used. They accommodated me. That chair rolls, has a back, no arms. It's perfect because I don't slump back and relax. I have to sit up and look into the

*"What a coincidence, stranger. I, too, prefer not to sit with my back to the door."*

camera. My judge's chair was leather, kind of overstuffed, with arms. But since you sit there hours and hours listening, you need the comfort. And of course, they always make sure a judge's chair is a little bigger than life and imposing. At home, I'm a real sloucher.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: Let us in on the secret: What do judges really wear under their robes?
CRIER: Well, I had *something* on under the robes. [*Laughs*] The business suits that I wore in court are pretty much what I wear on the air today, only they were brighter. Still, there are times when I find the wardrobe and appearance part of this job a little disconcerting. Occasionally, I feel like a poodle. [*Laughs*] And this is not the substance of the job: a pound of make-up on your face, ratting the hair, the hair spray. It's not something I used to pay lots of attention to. Sometimes it's frustrating to spend a great deal of time on an interview only to have someone comment on my hair or the color of my jacket. One side of me sometimes wants to toss out the powder puffs. I'm happiest in a pair of blue jeans and a T-shirt, out on the farm.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: Do you have a hobby we would never suspect?
CRIER: Horses. My family has raised and shown Arabian horses for years. I have my horse outside Atlanta, and any time I'm in town on the weekends, I ride across the countryside. There is no greater escape. I'm a Texan at heart. I had a saddle about the same time many little girls got dolls. Now riding works for me the way running works for joggers. It's my moment of contemplation.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite song about Texas?
CRIER: *All My Exes Live in Texas (That's Why I Hang My Hat in Tennessee).*

**18.**

PLAYBOY: Complete this sentence: You know it's a bad news day when the lead story is. . . .
CRIER: Once when things were very slow, there was a controversy about a story on bottled water. It was important, but to have had to debate whether or not it should be the lead? The story had been floating around, shall we say, for about twenty-four hours. So the challenge became making it interesting by finding a guest to develop the story and enhance what might be an otherwise dry topic.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: Defend the car phone.
CRIER: I'd have to defend the answering machine and the microwave oven, too, and unfortunately I've succumbed to all three. And I mean unfortunately. I remember when I thought, Who in the world would need a microwave oven? Now I can't remember the last time I turned on my real oven. The answering machine helps me communicate with my nearest and dearest. In fact, I have a wonderful friend whom I cannot wait to hear from on the answering machine because she will give me an entire discourse on world events and on her day that will leave me in stitches. It's so hard for us to get together so we can sit down and talk. And the same thing's happened with the car phone. [*Smiles*] I also just broke down and bought a fax. Disgusting, I know. Now I have to figure out how to hook it up and use it.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: What would you tell your boss, Ted Turner, if you could get away with it?
CRIER: I can already speak my mind freely. And I can always go back and hang out my law shingle, right? [*Laughs*] Actually, I am very much in sync with the philosophy of this company. My dreams and visions are encouraged by this environment, not discouraged. Most people hate where they work. I'm lucky.


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# GIRL TALK (continued from page 126)

*"I want him to be able to laugh in bed. Not to think his coming is the Second Coming."*

they finally came. The three of us should have had a cigarette afterward.

•

*Speaking of threesomes . . . .*

TRISH: Absolutely not! I could never do it with another woman. I wouldn't want to share the power or the conquest. Two men might be interesting, but they'd have to be two guys I could trust.

TERI: I've done that and now I wish I had left it as a fantasy. It made me feel cheap.

ANNETTE: Guys do these things purely for the sexual experience. A man would never do something like that with someone he wanted to be involved with.

SHERRY: Not true. I was once going with this guy who was always bugging me about doing a threesome with another woman. His ex-wife had been bisexual, and I began to wonder if I were missing out on something. So one night the opportunity arose. I really got into it. I wanted him to do her while I watched. I especially wanted to watch him take her from behind.

TINA: Are we talking anal sex?

SHERRY: Yeah, that's what made it so exciting. But the girl said that the only way she'd let him do that was if she could go down on me at the same time. I guess she wanted a distraction.

TERI: Or maybe she just wanted to go down on you.

SHERRY: Whatever. But I've got to tell you, women really know how to do it to other women. I haven't met a man yet who could match it. Women know the rhythm, where to go.

TRISH: Sorry, that's one dance I'd rather sit out. It's the strength of a man's body that makes sex exciting.

ANNETTE: I agree, but one at a time. I'd wonder about a guy who'd allow another man in bed with his woman. It could get rough—like the guys would be comparing their performances. That couldn't be very good for the woman.

•

*Have you ever had sex with two guys on the same day?*

TERI: I wouldn't do it now—it's too risky. But years ago? Sure. I might have had one for breakfast and one for dinner.

DAYNA: Not me. I couldn't do that. We're talking about intercourse, right?

ANNETTE: It's OK to do everything else?

DAYNA: I just couldn't feel comfortable having intercourse with two guys on the same day.

TINA: When I was seeing Rick, I'd spend the night with him, go to breakfast with him on Sunday morning, then go home, change clothes and spend the day flying with Ron. We'd put the plane on autopilot and play. We never actually fucked.

TRISH: Would you go back to Rick later that night, just for the sexual release?

TINA: Sure.

DAYNA: And you didn't feel guilty?

TINA: No, because he was always playing head games, flirting with other women.

CHERYL: See? Guys don't realize they push us to cheat on them. I've done it and it's always been out of anger.

ANNETTE: The only time I ever cheated on my ex-husband, it was out of anger or maybe even insecurity. I was uptight about this female friend of his, and I needed to get back at him—without his knowing, just in my own head. There was this guy I'd known for years; he'd always had a thing for me. I met him in the city one night and we went to a hotel. It was so bad. I couldn't wait to get out of there. I cried the whole way home.

TRISH: Was the sex bad or did you feel guilty?

ANNETTE: Total guilt. Of course, years later, during all those separations, I wanted to say, "Fuck you! Look at what I did!" But I never did.

LISA: When I cheated, no one pushed me to do it and I never felt guilty about it. I had been with Frank for years and I had to know what I was missing before I could think about marrying him.

TERI: You were thinking about marrying this guy, so you went out and fucked someone else?

LISA: I wasn't sure what I was feeling, but I knew I had to find out before I made anything final. Sex wasn't exciting with him anymore. So I started spending my evenings with Larry. He was teaching me about real estate and there was this mental thing. He was so different, so exciting. What really confused me was that the two of them didn't compare sizewise. Larry was only this big [*holds her finger and thumb an inch apart*].

CHERYL: No!

LISA: Yes, and that's what confused me. I wanted to figure out why someone that small excited me so much more than someone I had been with for years.

•

*How important is dick size?*

ANNETTE: I know men would hate to hear this because it confirms their worst fears, but I've definitely had the best sex with men who are large. Maybe they have more confidence when they're large.

SHERRY: Oh, come on. It's not really so different when they're small. You just don't feel as full, that's all.

CHERYL: Sometimes when they're shorter and smaller, they come out when you don't want them to. If you move the wrong way, they pop out.

ANNETTE: Well, I hate it when they apologize for being small. I mean, what are you supposed to say?

LISA: You know how guys are. They're so insecure.

SHERRY: But it's really not quantity—it's quality. Besides, for me at least, bigger isn't necessarily better when it comes to oral sex. I don't have a big mouth, and it's just not comfortable for me with a big penis in there. I feel like I'm choking.

LISA: Guys who are young and hung—they don't know what to do with it. They think they're just supposed to slam it in.

TRISH: Right. Just because they're large doesn't necessarily make them good.

•

*So if size really isn't crucial, what is the most important attribute for a lover?*

CHERYL: How long they can go. Stamina.

TRISH: Their desire to please.

SHERRY: Tenderness, sincerity.

LISA: The way he looks.

SHERRY: No—the way he looks at you.

ANNETTE: Right. He has to be constantly aware of you and where you are. He has to want to do things with you, not lost in his own world.

DAYNA: I like a guy who smells good. Smell is critical.

ANNETTE: Not those guys who pour on cologne?

DAYNA: No, their natural smell.

LISA: They have to be tall and big. They have to have presence. And there's kissing. If he can't kiss, I can't go any further.

DAYNA: A lot of foreplay. I need a lot of touching. And I want him to tell me I'm hot, that I'm gorgeous.

ANNETTE: I want him to be able to laugh in bed. Not to think his coming is the Second Coming.

TINA: Friendship is the bottom line. You care about a friend, no matter what.

SHERRY: The best lover is obviously the one who loves you.

•

*Have you ever dealt with a reluctant male?*

DAYNA: I had a guy who didn't kiss me until the sixth date. I had already decided if he didn't kiss me on that date, he was definitely gay. He turned out to be one of the best kissers. I guess he was just warming up or something.

SHERRY: I was with one guy who took so long that I began to think of it as a friendship. By the time he made his move, I was appalled. I had put those feelings away.

ANNETTE: So how soon do they need to make the move?

CHERYL: First date. Otherwise there's no second date. If he doesn't, I think there's something wrong. I'm not aggressive enough to say, "Hey, let's go fuck." But I can do other stuff.

TRISH: Like?

CHERYL: Like talking about it all the time

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until they make the move. I once talked to a guy about blow jobs nonstop until he finally broke down.

•

*Have you ever given in to a guy who was pressuring you to have sex?*

TINA: No.

TERI: No way. Never. It would make me more determined to walk away.

TRISH: My very first time, I was under pressure. I was eighteen and he told me in no uncertain terms that he would leave me if I didn't do it.

SHERRY: Haven't we all gone further than we intended to under pressure? You think you're just going to kiss, then you get tired of pushing away his hands.

ANNETTE: Why do men think that just because you let them kiss you, they have free reign to fuck you?

SHERRY: It's infuriating. I recently had a date with this guy who came over to my place with a bottle of champagne and carry-out Chinese. Things started off great. Then he began to kiss me. Five minutes later, this supposedly great guy turned into an octopus. He insisted that he couldn't just kiss me, that he got too excited and it hurt.

CHERYL: It hurt?

SHERRY: Right: blue balls. And after only five minutes. He went on and on about how this was a guy thing, and then when I told him he couldn't spend the night, he tried to negotiate with me. He announced that a hand job would be a nice compromise.

TRISH: Did you come to any agreement?

SHERRY: Yeah. He agreed to get out of my apartment and I agreed not to tell every girl in town what an asshole he was.

•

*What do you think happened at the Kennedy compound that night in Palm Beach?*

LISA: She was stupid and she teased him. She got to a point where she didn't want to go any further, and he had already gotten to a point where he wanted it.

TRISH: Maybe she didn't want to play the game as long and hard and furious as he did. Sometimes guys can be forceful.

DAYNA: Isn't that rape?

SHERRY: Both of them were drunk. When a girl says no, is he going to listen when he's been drinking? Maybe she doesn't even remember what she said.

LISA: I don't think it was rape. That type of person isn't going to go out and rape somebody.

ANNETTE: Are you kidding? People like that get whatever they want all the time. They're on a power trip.

CHERYL: William Kennedy Smith went out to have a good time. He met someone who he felt was inconsequential but interested in him and he decided to take things as far as he could. Maybe she was looking for a relationship and he saw her as a commodity that was available in his territory. He felt that he could do whatever he wanted with her.

TERI: I definitely think he raped her. Nobody except a masochist would put herself through what she's been through. No woman wants her underwear shown on television.

•

*Has AIDS changed the way you pick partners and what type of sex you have?*

CHERYL: It's put a real damper on things. I like sleeping with different men—I enjoy sex—but you can't just go out and fuck someone anymore. Now you have to worry about what he's got. It sucks.

DAYNA: You need to have the ultimate trust in someone. You have to know about their history.

TRISH: Their old girlfriends. Ex-wives.

ANNETTE: There have been times I've thought, Maybe I just won't get involved with anybody. Or maybe I'll go back to my ex-husband and have great sex and a shitty life.

TRISH: I'm terrified. Greg's not twenty-five anymore and he's not out boffing every chick in town. But he did go wild after his divorce.

DAYNA: Don't you use condoms?

TRISH: We do now, but we didn't for a very long time.

DAYNA: Why not?

TRISH: He wouldn't.

DAYNA: So what's the point? Why use them now?

TRISH: Because it may not be too late. It doesn't hurt to be safe.

SHERRY: I'd never have sex with anyone unless he was wearing a condom.

TRISH: But it's not always that easy.

ANNETTE: What's so difficult? Tell him he either wears one or he goes somewhere else to get it.

TINA: I think condoms are disgusting. I'd rather stick to one person I really like and chance it than use one of those.

SHERRY: Would you at least ask a guy to get tested?

TINA: No, I'd like to think my judgment was better than that.

CHERYL: How would you say that anyway? "I have this friend down at the local AIDS testing center——"

DAYNA: What if your judgment was wrong, Tina?

TINA: Then I guess it's too late.

•

*Can you have really hot sex with someone you sleep with all the time?*

TRISH: It all depends on the chemistry. With Greg, it's hot every time because we're the same kind of sexual people. I could sleep with him seven nights a week and it would never be boring.

ANNETTE: It's important that you both like the same things. It was great with Tony every time because we both liked it rough and hard and rowdy—none of this passive stuff.

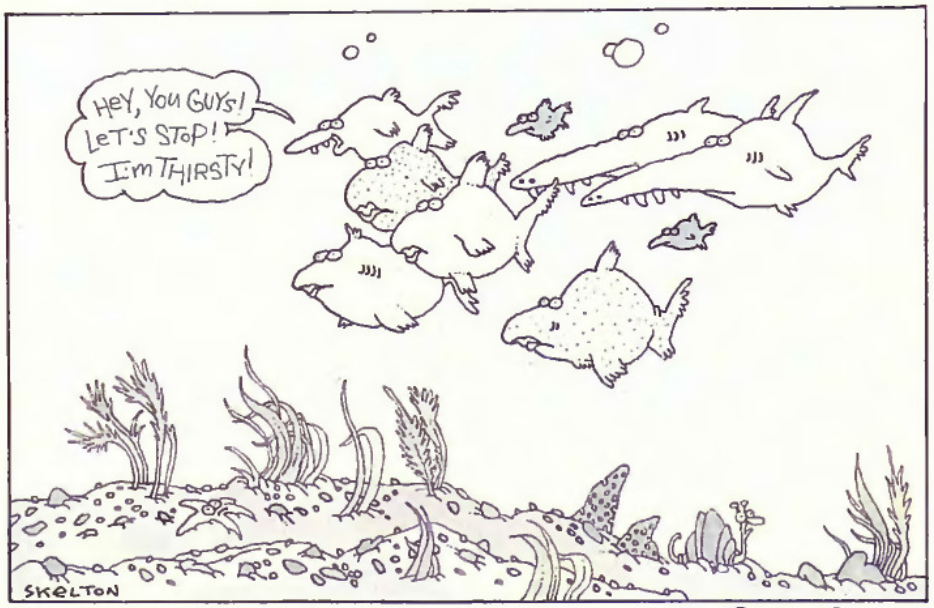
CHERYL: But face it, things get boring. You have to be into each other for great sex, and how often does that happen?

SHERRY: Sex is more like an ebb and flow, a cyclical pattern in a relationship. As much as I'd like a happy, uninterrupted sex life, it's unrealistic to assume that there won't be times that aren't completely satisfying. But those times could be clues that there are other problems that have to be looked at.

•

*What's the one piece of advice you'd give men about pleasing women?*

TRISH: What they really need to learn is the art of seduction. A man needs to make a woman feel like he really adores her, even if he's faking it, you know, like gigolos do. He should make her feel like she's the most beautiful girl in the world.




Fish Joke

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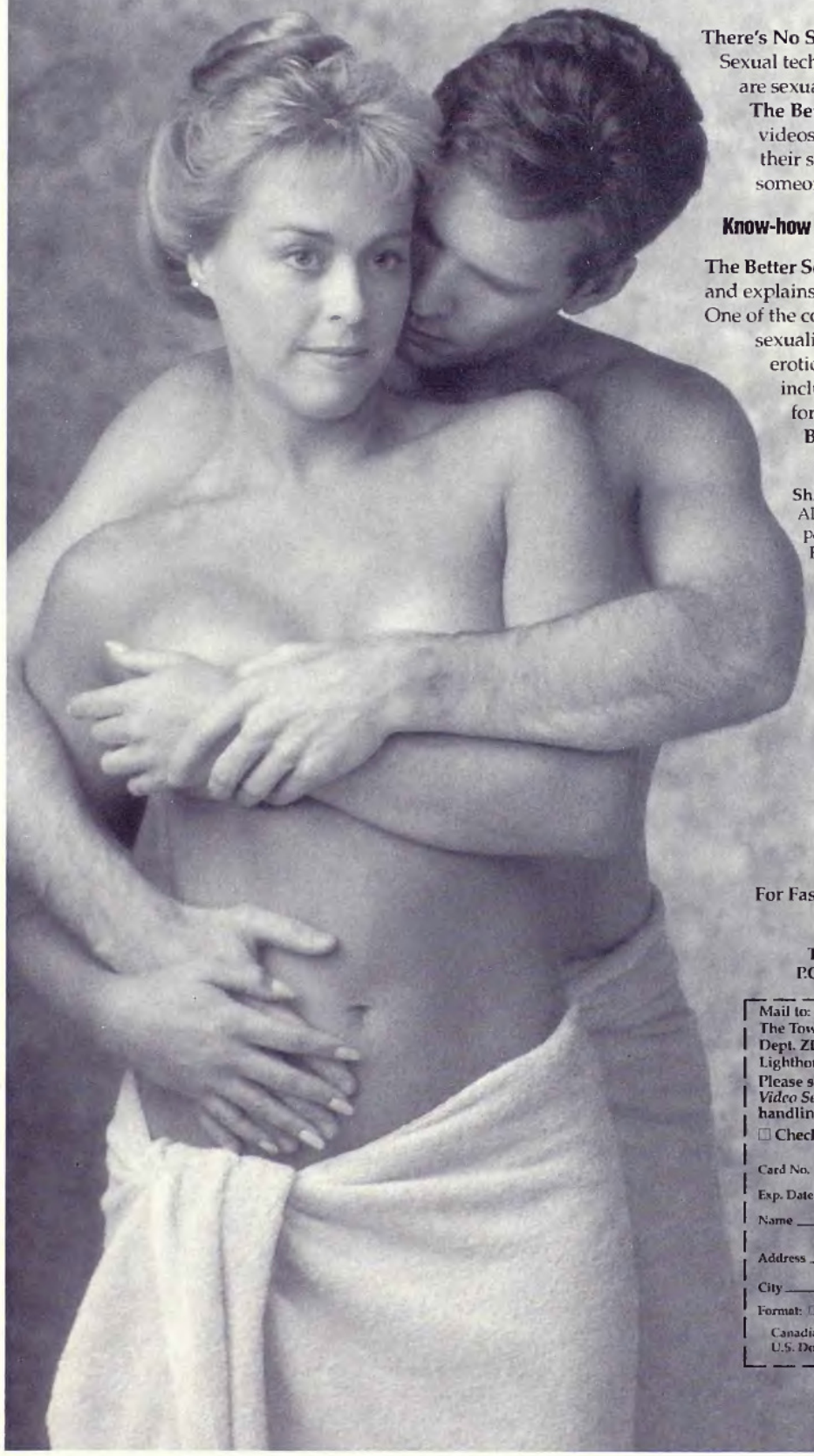

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# Ross Perot *(continued from page 74)*

*"A vote for Ross Perot is a way of striking back. People want to inflict him on Washington."*

notices an interesting thing as he leaves the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel the next morning. "Everybody wants Perot," King says. "The doorman, the waitress at breakfast, the guy who sells me socks at Bally, all of them are talking about how they want to vote for Perot. A black guy comes up to me and says, 'Perot. He's the one I like.'

"I never saw anything like it," King continues. "All his defects are now pluses: He doesn't know anything about Washington? Good. People want to know what experience Perot has. Where has experience gotten us so far?"

Issues aren't that important, either. A few days before King's show, Perot was on the Evans and Novak TV show and Novak asked him, "What do you think about federal funding of abortions?" Perot replied: "Haven't spent ten minutes thinking about it."

What are issues anyway? A bunch of positions that your handlers write up after they talk to your pollsters. That's how a politician takes a stand on issues these days, and Ross Perot isn't a politician. That's the point. He is none of the above. What he offers is toughness, directness. A promise to turn things upside down to help the little guy.

People don't care about Perot's ideas. They like the idea of Ross Perot. A vote for Ross is a way of striking back. People want not just to elect him but to inflict him on Washington. Here is a man who will make life hell for Congress, for the federal bureaucracy, for the media and for everyone else who has lived fat and smug for so long.

A vote for Perot is not just an act of affirmation. It is an act of revenge.

•

The centerpiece of the Perot candidacy is his intention to return this country to its owners via the electronic town hall. Under Perot's program, important issues would be presented to Americans on a TV show that would emulate the New England town meetings of an earlier time.

Will it be complicated to scrap our tax system and get a completely new one? Nope. "Run all the different models," Perot says, "go back to the town hall, explain it to the American people and say, 'OK, here are . . . the various options,' build a consensus and . . . move, move, move. Act, act, act!"

And after "viewing the various options" on their TV sets, the American people would make their choices by pressing a button. The votes would be recorded by congressional district, offering a direct (but nonbinding) instruction to House Representatives and Senators as to how to vote.

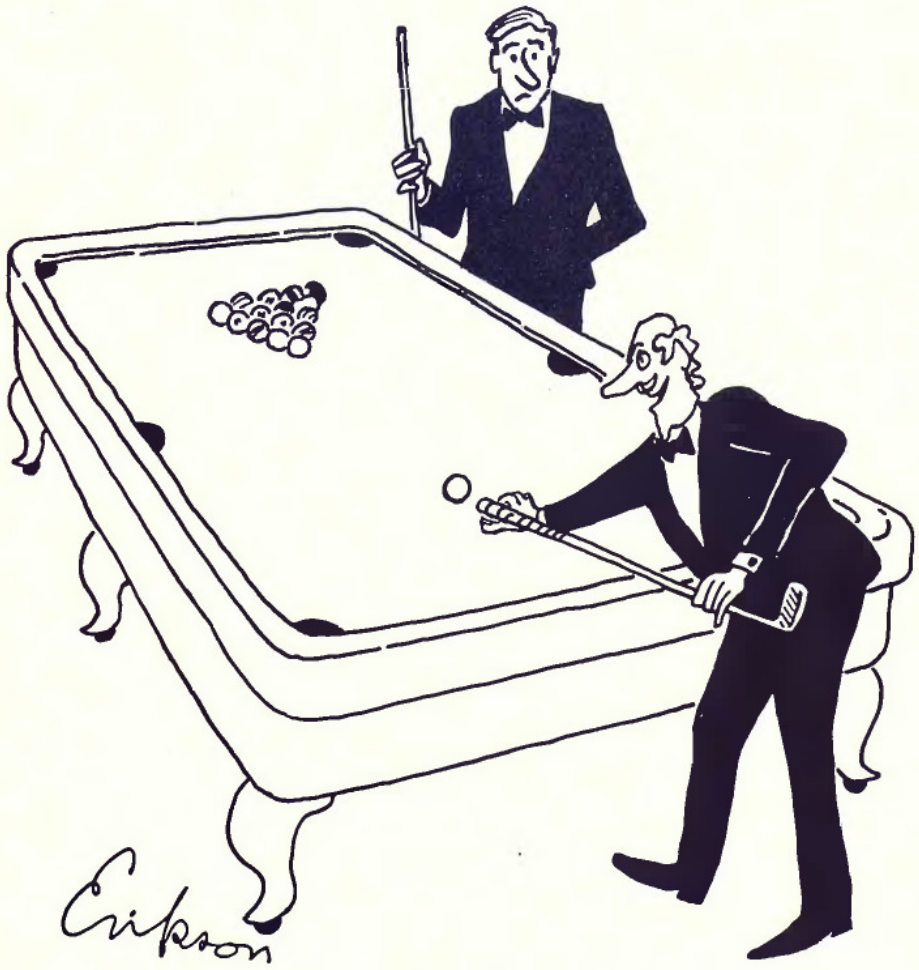
It would annoy Perot to acknowledge it, but a few glitches do seem possible. To enact the electronic town hall, we'd have to wire the entire nation for interactive TV and provide access to such technology for those who do not own TVs, as well as for those 23,000 American families who live in homes without electricity.

Perot also does not say how long these town hall shows would run. Would Americans watch a discussion of the tax code for, say, five hours? (Not with *Basic Instinct* playing on HBO, they wouldn't.) Perot himself once lamented: "Twenty-five percent of college seniors in Texas can't name the country on Texas' southern border. That's scary." Wrong. What's scary is that these people would be voting on America's new tax code.

But Ross Perot's faith in the electronic town hall is really not based on faith in the innate wisdom of the people, even though he constantly preaches such faith. It is instead based on Perot's faith in his ability to persuade (some would say manipulate) people to believe what he wants them to believe. He stakes out a position, commissions an opinion poll to bolster his argument and goes after what he wants like a steamroller. Anybody who does not go along is the enemy.

This is what Perot did when he served on two Texas commissions, one to fight drugs and the other to reform education. He flew in expert witnesses, commissioned polls, established a position, demanded consensus on it and hired lobbyists to push his ideas through the legislature. In the case of the drug war, his entire package of bills passed the Texas legislature with only minor amendments. The bills provided for tougher sentences and wider use of wiretapping. Perot was delighted. "When drug dealers look at those laws, they're going to get out of Texas," he crowed.

But that was more than a decade ago and drug dealers are still doing quite well in Texas, thank you. One reason is that people like Perot—who have been successful in dealing with business




*"Think you can take me, kid?"*

problems—tend to vastly underrate the magnitude of social problems. As people of action, they are used to throwing talent and money and sheer force of will at a problem and then watching the results inexorably follow. Changing American life is a whole lot tougher.

The man of action was back at it in 1988, riding around in squad cars with Dallas police and deciding that the real way to get rid of drugs in the city would be to cordon off south Dallas and send in the cops for house-to-house searches, confiscating drugs and guns. That suggestion—and its conflict with Fourth Amendment protections against unreasonable searches and seizures—appears in numerous profiles of Perot, and Perot didn't complain when it did. But in the spring of this year, after it looked like he might really be drafted to run for President, Perot decided such a plan would not fit a presidential image, one of respect for such American institutions as the Bill of Rights. So in April, Perot merely denied that he had ever said anything about cordoning off neighborhoods. He also denied that he had ever endorsed a state income tax for Texas or that he was for increasing the use of wiretapping in drug cases.

Besides, none of those things were important, anyway. "Nothing ever comes up that's relevant to the issues," Perot grumped. "Pretty soon, people are going to want to know how many mosquitoes I have in my house."

•

While Perot doesn't always win his fights, he does tend to leave the battlefield littered with wounded when he loses. Take his fight over the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., consists of a series of polished black granite panels that form two walls. Visited by almost 50,000 people each week, it is one of the most solemn, powerful monuments in the nation's capital.

Ross Perot hated it. The idea of a memorial bearing the names of those dead and missing in Vietnam came from Jan Scruggs, a wounded Viet vet who struggled for years to put the money together. (The project would eventually cost almost $9,000,000, little of which came out of tax dollars.) In March 1981, Scruggs asked Perot, who had already contributed $10,000 to the memorial, for another $160,000 to underwrite a competition for the memorial design. The competition attracted 1421 entries and was won by Maya Ying Lin, a 22-year-old Yale undergraduate. The design was not universally popular. Some veterans thought its black color was supposed to symbolize national shame over the war and that its V shape was a reference to the peace sign. Tom Wolfe called it "a pit" and a "tribute to Jane Fonda."

But these people were merely expressing their opinion. Ross Perot does more than express his opinion. He hired the Gallup Organization to design a questionnaire on the walls, and then EDS mailed it to prisoners of war. As it turns out, the POWs didn't like the memorial either. Thus armed, Perot launched a public campaign against the design.

In the end, he got a flag and a statue of three soldiers added to one side of the memorial. But he was not happy. A few months ago, a reporter called Jan Scruggs and asked him if he would care to comment on Perot for a profile. Scruggs declined. "I'm afraid of him," he said.

•

Coming out of the CNN studios after the Larry King show, Perot once again stops to chat. And this time he says that if the dirty Republican tricksters try to keep him from running for President by challenging his petitions in one state, then he will run for President even if he doesn't get on the ballot in all 50 states. "You bet I'll run in a case like that," he says. "'Cause that's rotten."

Actually, it is pretty standard politics. If Democratic operatives had not successfully challenged Eugene McCarthy's independent party petitions in New York in 1976, it's very likely that McCarthy would have denied Jimmy Carter a victory in that state and thrown the election to Gerald Ford. But to Perot, every attack is a personal attack. And he knows how to attack back. "Mudslinging is a predictable feature of Perot missions," Todd Mason says.

Sometimes it can be trivial, schoolyard taunts. Jim Oberwetter is the Texas chairman of George Bush's reelection campaign. Oberwetter's job is to support Bush and to criticize Bush's opponents—Ross Perot, for instance. But Ross Perot doesn't have to take it, see? In front of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Perot said he sometimes confused the name Oberwetter with "bedwetter." He was rewarded for this bon mot by the laughter of the editors.

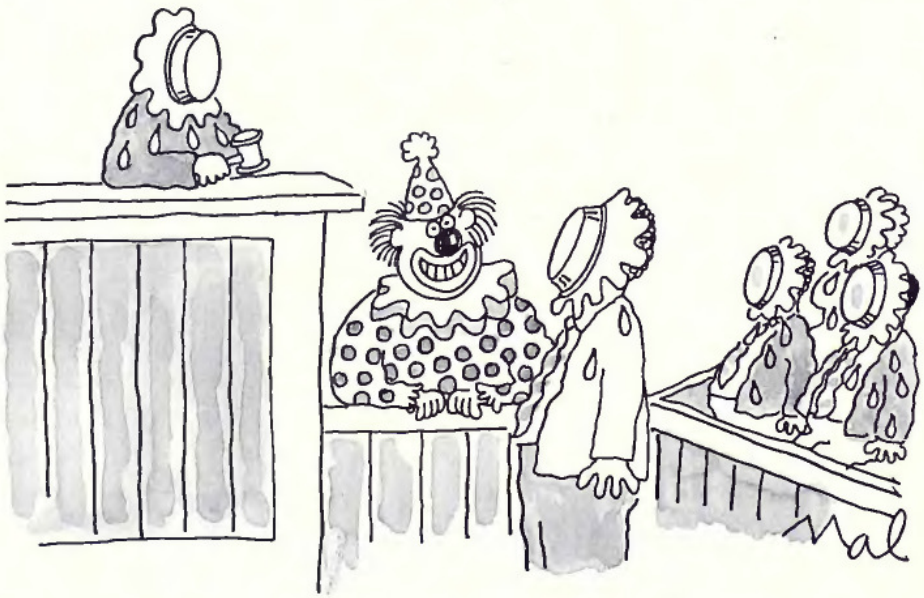
But Perot's counterattacks are not simply taunts. "I can handle myself in a street fight," he says. And he is not kidding. Perot doesn't launch just counterattacks, he launches commando missions.

In April of this year, *The Houston Post* reported that Perot had called a prison warden in Missouri and tried to arrange a meeting with a convict, Gunther Russbacher, who claimed he had flown George Bush to Paris in 1980 for a secret meeting with Iranian officials concerning the 52 hostages held at the U.S. Embassy in Tehran. This is the so-called October Surprise conspiracy theory in which Ronald Reagan and Bush allegedly bargained with Iran to delay the release of the hostages to assure the defeat of Jimmy Carter.

There are few subjects as dear to the heart of Ross Perot as American hostages, and the October Surprise looked like a smoking gun pointed at the head of George Bush. The weapon, however, may not be smoking. In fact, it may be a toy gun.

Perot wanted to meet Russbacher, who is serving a 21-year sentence for stealing money by posing as a stockbroker. *The Houston Post* described him as having "a history as a con man." Perhaps not the most reliable of sources, but Perot is the kind of man who loves the smell of conspiracy in the morning.

The meeting was supposed to take place on February 28, but Russbacher was hospitalized for a heart condition and had to cancel. When the story of the

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aborted meeting then broke in the press in April, Perot was moved to near-profanity, which is as near to profanity as he gets. "That's total bull . . . that is so friggin' gross," Perot told the *Post* when confronted with the report. Perot did not deny trying to arrange the meeting with Russbacher. But he said he merely wanted to talk to him to see if he was "being abused by the penal system."

The story was leaked to the press, Perot insisted, as more Republican "dirty tricks." But wasn't Perot trying to arrange a few dirty tricks of his own by going to see that prisoner? No. Never. Not Ross Perot. Not the man who has stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting, the man whose actions are designed solely to ferret out the truth and save America.

So was Perot gathering dirt to run? No. Impossible. Because he did not really want to run. He did not really want to be President.

I know this because I asked him. Did he want his petition drive to succeed and make him a presidential candidate? "No," he replied. "From my point of view, if people feel there is someone they'd rather have as President, I'd be tickled to death to stay in Texas, do business and enjoy my family. The alternative is to go try to do the toughest, dirtiest, most thankless, brutal job in the world, with everybody asking you irrelevant questions all day long while you're working on real problems."

A few weeks later, the Perot Petition Committee made its first report to the Federal Election Commission, as required by law. Of the approximately $450,000 raised by the Draft Perot movement, about $410,000 came from Perot himself. Maybe Perot didn't want to be drafted, but he was paying the freight.

•

Perot walks toward his waiting car and is stopped by Jack McGrath, an entrepreneur and former political operative who is now selling GO PEROT T-shirts for $12 apiece. He has two free ones for Perot, both extra large, the only size they come in.

"Mr. Perot," he says, "these are for you."

McGrath hands him the two shirts. "That's for your wife, Margot, and this is for you."

"Terrific," Perot says.

"Hope you enjoy it," McGrath says, "We're working hard for you."

Perot grips McGrath's hand and lasers him with those glacier blue eyes. "I appreciate all you're doing for this country," Perot says.

Evidently he means the T-shirt biz. After all, to support Ross Perot is to support America. With that, Perot steps to his car and gets in the front seat this time, next to the driver, like a man of the people should.

# The Company He Keeps

is ross perot the maverick outsider he pretends to be? a cia veteran probes the texan's high-level ties and secret missions

By FRANK SNEPP

My first glimpse into how Ross Perot operates came in 1969, when some of his eager employees showed up in Indochina to try to deliver Christmas parcels to American POWs in Hanoi. I was a CIA officer posted in Saigon at that time, and I watched his staff bustle around the embassy like spoiled rich kids, ordering up services and information as if they were in a first-class hotel and blithely ignoring those who had seen too much of the war to share their can-do optimism. For them, action was everything. Not surprisingly, their mission failed.

Even so, Perot came out of the botched operation with something priceless—a reputation as an action-oriented outsider who could get the job done by outflanking government bunglers. In fact, that reputation was ill-deserved even then. Perot later acknowledged that the Vietnam mission was an insider deal from the start, conceived with the secret blessings of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger as a way of maintaining the appearance of action on the POW issue when, in fact, there hadn't been any.

Now, 23 years later, Perot's reputation as an outsider seems even less appropriate than it did in 1969. If one thing is now apparent about him, it's that he has long been plugged into secret government activities. Unlike other inside players, though, he has operated without the accountability of an elected or appointed official.

I began to understand Perot's peculiar dual status—the outside insider—while covering the Iran-contra scandal for ABC News. Time and again, Perot's name popped up in the strangest places, such as in Oliver North's notebooks.

Perot first met North in the early Seventies, when the Marine officer was thinking about quitting the corps and hoping to sign on with the self-made computer magnate. As North recounted in his autobiography, Perot persuaded him to stay in the Marines, thus launching him on a path that would later lead both men into the thickets of covert action.

While North went his own way, Perot worked with other Vietnam vets, monitoring their concerns about soldiers missing in action in Indochina and even sending some old Vietnam hands overseas on quasi-military missions for his company, Electronic Data Systems. For instance, he hired retired Green Beret Colonel Arthur "Bull" Simons, commander of the failed Sontay POW rescue in 1970, to lead the commando raid into Iran to rescue two EDS employees.

When Ronald Reagan was elected President, Perot gained a supportive attitude in the White House and began to work with North.

In 1982, North, then a lieutenant colonel serving on the National Security Council staff, asked Perot to help underwrite the rescue of U.S. Brigadier General James Dozier, who'd been kidnapped by the Red Brigade in Italy. The rescue came off before any of Perot's $500,000 donation was spent, but the collaboration gave Perot a brushing acquaintance with the Pentagon's newest espionage team, the Intelligence Support Activity. It also gave him greater cachet at the White House, where he was already a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. In that capacity, he received top-secret clearances.

Meanwhile, Perot had begun sponsoring searches by "beer can commandos" for American MIAs in Laos, according to a former White House official. He thus established himself as a man North could rely on to staff and/or fund off-the-shelf operations. Indeed, Perot's forays into private rescue operations undoubtedly inspired North. The two were, in effect, teaching each other how to sidestep the bureaucracy and congressional scrutiny.

One of North's most ambitious stabs in this direction, the secret bankrolling of the contras, apparently offended Perot's sensibilities. As he has stated in interviews, he told North "it was a dumb idea" that "couldn't work" and didn't give him a penny. But North quickly found other ways to draw his friend into the covert-action quagmire. In January 1985 North encouraged Perot to underwrite an effort to free CNN bureau chief Jeremy Levin, who had been taken hostage in Lebanon nearly a year before. At the center of the initiative was the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who had negotiated the release of Lieutenant Robert Goodman, a Navy aviator downed in Lebanon the previous year. Because Jackson was a critic of the Reagan Administration, Perot played go-between and picked up Jackson's $30,000 in expenses. When Levin walked out, Perot sought no public credit.

In May 1985, at North's request, Perot offered $200,000 to help ransom CIA station chief William Buckley, seized in Lebanon a year earlier. Perot pledged another several million dollars to pay off the kidnappers through a drug dealer in Beirut. As it happened, the down payment disappeared into an unidentified pocket and Buckley died in captivity.

In early 1986 North again dipped into Perot's coffers for $100,000 to seed a bizarre operation in which millions of dollars in self-destructing counterfeit currency were to be paid to the captors of Peter Kilburn, a librarian from the American University in Beirut. The plan was delayed because of CIA foot-dragging and Kilburn was murdered in retaliation for the U.S. bombing of Tripoli. Perot lost his $100,000.

That summer, as North traveled to Tehran on a secret negotiating mission, Perot was enlisted in a fallback hostage-release scheme involving Richard Secord and other members of North's off-the-books enterprise. One of Perot's deputies hauled a suitcase packed with $1,000,000 to Cyprus and deposited the cash in a local bank. The money was to have been spirited into Lebanon as ransom for one hostage, with the understanding that a similar amount would be paid for the release of every additional captive. But the intermediaries queered the deal by demanding full cash payment up front.

In all these undertakings Perot assisted the Reagan White House in avoiding congressional oversight and in violating Reagan's stated policy against ransoming hostages and negotiating with terrorists. Yet Perot felt justified. "Presidents always say they don't pay ransom. . . . Presidents always say what they have to say," he later reflected. "But you've got two choices: You do something unconventional like getting private funds to take care of it, or you let them

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kill the hostages."

Still, by the summer of 1986 Perot was beginning to squirm. He was out $300,000 and felt that North had kept him poorly informed during the last mission, even though a monitoring station had been set up in Dallas offices.

President Reagan tried to mollify Perot with a letter thanking him for his "discreet assistance." But the stroking didn't work. Perot suspected that even as the Administration was mishandling the hostage issue, it was also bungling efforts to resolve his other pet concern, the status of the approximately 2400 Americans supposedly still missing in Indochina.

In August 1986 a self-styled mercenary told Perot that the U.S. government was deliberately short-circuiting the POW search in order to cover up covert operations financed with Asian drug money. Disillusioned by his prior dealings, Perot suddenly concluded that some of his intelligence contacts were corrupt.

As the Iran-contra scandal broke the following October, Perot found a new if improbable catalyst for his suspicions—Daniel Sheehan, president of Washington, D.C.'s, liberal Christic Institute. Shortly before Sheehan first flew to Dallas and met with Perot, the institute filed a lawsuit against many of the operatives with whom the billionaire had worked. An affidavit later filed by Sheehan accused Secord and scores of others of enlisting drug traffickers in the contra-support effort. Although the suit was ultimately thrown out of court, Sheehan's impact on Perot was profound. "Guys got into the habit of using drugs to raise money to finance anti-communist operations," Perot told startled friends. "They can't break themselves of the habit."

Sheehan introduced Perot to a gallery of ex-spooks who were only too happy to feed his paranoia, and by the end of 1986 Perot seems to have swallowed Sheehan's conspiracy theories whole. He badgered the CIA for background on Secord's associates and warned the FBI not to "snoop behind my back." He brooded about being rubbed out by the CIA and told ugly stories to the press and Congress about a Pentagon official accused by others of involvement in a worldwide drug-and-weapons network and POW cover-up.

In 1987 he took his complaints directly to Vice President George Bush. "I can't get at the prisoners," he told Bush, "because of the corruption among our own covert people." It was not what Bush wanted to hear on the eve of the Iran-contra investigations, and the Vice President immediately ordered Perot to stop his POW/MIA activities. Perot ignored him and flew to Hanoi on a private mission to try to get the Vietnamese to agree to high-level talks on prisoners of war. But Reagan later undercut him by scuttling a negotiating schedule Perot had hammered out. Perot was furious at what he saw as the betrayal of the President's promise to resolve the POW issue. "Mr. President, I want you to get this straight from me," he told Reagan. "You've gone back on your word."

Bitterness from this episode was later aggravated by Perot's anguish over Iran-contra revelations, and even his friendship with Ollie North suffered. After reading North's autobiography, for instance, Perot castigated his old friend for trying to implicate him in the Iran-contra cover-up. As North told it, in December 1986 Perot had tried to cajole him—with money—into pronouncing President Reagan ignorant of any wrongdoing. Not so, Perot thundered back. "I wanted the truth to come out." To buttress his claim, he produced a secretly recorded tape of a phone conversation with North. So much for trust between friends.

Perot's break with the Reagan crowd gives his current run for the Presidency the poignancy of a vendetta. But his anger isn't limited to George Bush. He has a beef with Bill Clinton, too. Back in 1988 Perot discovered that a small airfield in Mena, Arkansas, had been used by drug traffickers and government operatives to outfit planes for covert airdrops. Eugene Hasenfus' cargo plane, which blew open the Iran-contra mess when it was shot down in Nicaragua the previous October, had been refurbished at Mena's hangars.

Already fearful of a drug-and-contra connection, Perot immediately suspected the worst at Mena and called the governor to urge an investigation. Clinton seemed noncommittal, but then announced publicly that he had offered to fund a probe. Local prosecutors disputed this, however, and ever since, Clinton has been fighting cover-up charges in the press. Perot continues to follow the situation through a private investigator.

For all that has been made of Perot's financial wealth, it may matter less this year than his wealth of information. Perot was present at the creation of the Reagan and Bush administrations' biggest fiasco. He knew that Reagan was lying in declaring that money had never been paid for hostages. He knew firsthand that Oliver North had secretly solicited money for the contras. And yet he said nothing publicly until Hasenfus' aircraft propelled the truth into the headlines. Ironically, Perot's own armor may be too tarnished for him to play the crusader on any front.

# AUTO REPORT

*(continued from page 86)*

*"Mitsubishi is unabashedly attempting to corner the sports utility market with its new $18,500 Montero."*

Cadillac equipped with the powerful 290-hp, four-cam Northstar engine. Best news? It's only half the price of a Mercedes 500SL. Subtle styling changes accentuate the beauty of its Pininfarina-designed body. Two other Caddy alternatives: the smooth-handling Eldorado Touring Coupe and the Seville STS. Both will have Northstar engines in 1993.

Ford's Crown Victoria and its sister sedan, the Mercury Marquis, are good values at about $19,000 each. We also like the Crown Victoria LX with the handling/performance package—the closest thing to a police car a civilian can buy.

Buick's supercharged Park Avenue Ultra is another muscular front-wheel-drive car that continues to impress us. Frequently compared to a Jaguar, the top-of-the-line Buick combines a curved body and posh interior with exceptionally smooth performance. Pontiac's sporty SSEi is also a good choice, as is Ford's lightning-fast Taurus SHO, which will come equipped with an automatic transmission in 1993.

### SPORTS UTILITIES IN HIGH GEAR

Americans bought nearly 1,000,000 four-wheel-drive sports utility vehicles in 1991. And while most people never use the actual off-road capability of their mounts, they like the personal statement the brawny trucks make.

The Jeep Cherokee was a top seller for five years, but when Ford's handsome Explorer debuted in 1990, it took a piece of Cherokee's market.

Why? The Explorer was based on a truck platform, but Ford's designers ensured that it rode and drove more like a passenger car. Their research had shown that sports utility buyers wanted a luxurious vehicle that felt like a sedan. Similar results in Chrysler's minivan research indicated that families would buy a Voyager or Caravan if they were more carlike. Chrysler heeded the advice and its minivans were highly successful.

The latest application of this logic is the new Jeep Grand Cherokee. Although any vehicle with a Jeep badge has to be a capable off-roader, Chrysler's engineers took advantage of the Grand Cherokee's rigid construction to build a vehicle that's a strong, quiet and capable off-roader yet sedan-smooth and comfortable on the street.

We drove the new Grand Cherokee in rugged Texas hill country, back-to-back with the Explorer, and discovered that the Cherokee is more than a match for the Explorer on pavement. Its longer suspension travel, shorter wheelbase, greater ground clearance, lighter weight (by about 400 pounds) and horsepower difference (190 hp vs. 155 hp) give it clear off-road and touring superiority. (When the 235-hp V8 Grand Wagoneer bows this fall, Jeep claims it will tow a 6500-pound trailer load with ease.) Best of all, the newest Jeep is the only vehicle in its class with a driver's-side air bag. Our prediction: The Grand Cherokee will quickly reclaim much of Jeep's lost market share.

Of course, the Japanese haven't been napping. Mitsubishi is unabashedly attempting to corner the sports utility market with its new $18,500 V6 Montero, a rugged Japanese copy of Britain's luxurious Range Rover—complete with optional leather seating, push-button ride control and a fine CD stereo.

Isuzu's totally restyled, 190-hp, four-cam V6 Trooper LS is another tough contender. Leading the import sports utility brigade, Isuzu has sold more than 333,000 Troopers in the U.S.—but the only similarity between its new truck and the older model is the badging. The powerful new Trooper can haul a 5000-pound trailer and also stop safely thanks to optional four-wheel antilock brakes (rear-wheel-only ABS is standard). The Trooper has a new streamlined look and a new price (about $25,000 with automatic transmission).

Credit Range Rover for elevating luxury sports utility vehicles to a class by themselves. Although Britain's Rover Group Ltd. failed here with its Acura Legend–based Sterling sedans, careful market research, extensive product testing and memorable ads helped Range Rover achieve sales of more than 4000 units annually in a few years. Now Range Rover is changing its name to Land Rover North America. To emphasize the Land Rover's proud military- and exploration-vehicle heritage, the company is importing the Defender 110, a muscular throwback that would have been right at home battling Saddam Hussein's Republican Guards.

There's also AM General's $44,000 Hummer. The toast of Desert Storm, this three-ton military monster truck is now available in civilian clothes. Fittingly,

*"I really can't decide which candidate's unworkable health plan I like best."*

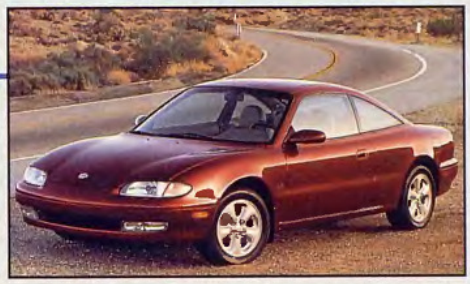
# WHEELS TO WATCH

### JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE

Chrysler's billion-dollar investment in the new Grand Cherokee was well spent. Excellent off-road and smooth on the highway, the $19,000 Grand Cherokee is the first sports utility with a standard air bag and four-wheel antilock brakes.

### MAZDA MX-6

The restyled 1993 MX-6 LS represents the grand touring side of the Mazda/Ford partnership. Priced at $18,000, the V6-powered MX-6 shares the Probe's basic suspension yet offers more subtle settings for comfortable long-distance cruising.



### OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA SC

Oldsmobile's Achieva SC is an economical (22/31 mpg) sports coupe with styling panache, a 180-hp Quad Four engine and standard antilock brakes. The SCX version (about $17,000) packs another ten hp and a high-performance suspension package.

### VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO SLC

The powerful 174-hp VR6 engine in Volkswagen's new $22,000 Corrado SLC Coupe lets drivers clock zero to 60 in under seven seconds and hit a top speed of 140 mph. Antilock brakes are standard; options include leather seats and a sunroof.

### INFINITI J30

Infiniti's $34,000 J30 sedan includes some features left off the bigger Q45, such as a discrete oval grille, handsome interior wood trim and twin air bags. You can also choose an optional touring package for a sportier look and feel.

### BMW 325is

The definitive small sports sedan, BMW's 325i now has a companion: the 325is. This stylish $29,000 2+2 has the same platform and 189-hp, six-cylinder engine as the 325i but adds stiffer shocks, multi-link rear suspension and sportier seats.

Arnold Schwarzenegger bought one of the first ones. Like Arnold, the Hummer is slightly smaller than a light tank and impossible to ignore.

Lastly, Lamborghini is closing out its V-12 LM002—a rakish vehicle designed as a high-speed, desert-warfare personnel carrier for Saudi Arabia. You'll get little change from $158,000, but at 125-plus mph, you'll own the fastest, most powerful sports utility vehicle available.

#### WHAT'S AHEAD FOR JAPAN?

Despite political pressure and "buy American" sentiment, many consumers feel that Japanese automakers still set the standard for quality, reliability and features. In the past five years, luxury makes such as Lexus, Infiniti and Acura have captured a significant portion of sales from former leaders BMW and Mercedes-Benz. And if and when the Japanese decide to compete in the bigger pickup truck category (as they have threatened to do for years), you can bet they'll offer a highly competitive vehicle right from the start.

Still, we predict that the road ahead for Japanese automakers will be one of cautious progress. Higher prices on Japanese cars, coupled with an increased demand for hot new American models, will diminish Japanese import volumes here and encourage Japanese car companies to sell more of the cars they actually make in the States. To help restore lost profitability, Japan will begin to lengthen product life cycles. If a new model lasts only three years before being replaced, consumers are less likely to trade in their existing cars. The Japanese learned this lesson the hard way in the motorcycle business. New product proliferation turned off riders, who chose to keep their old bikes and, in turn, caused the market for new cycles to shrink.

Japan is a country that looks at business from a long-term perspective. In the U.S., most companies still focus on quarterly results. It would be unheard of for an American firm to sacrifice market share for a year or two in order to stabilize a political situation. But the Japanese recognize the precariousness of their position. They know it's unlikely that consumers in Japan will develop much interest in buying American cars, but they don't want to give up their hard-won U.S. advantage, either. That means they'll bide their time, increase their American manufacturing capability, export cars built in the States overseas and wait out the bad trends.

In the meantime, domestic automakers have a terrific opportunity to hold their pricing and entice more Americans to try their greatly improved models.

# DEREK HUMPHRY

*(continued from page 58)*

I knew it was a bad time to leave her. I knew she would turn on me with all the viciousness she had. That was her nature. But I couldn't take any more. And I told her.

**PLAYBOY:** In a message on the answering machine, according to magazine reports——

**HUMPHRY:** A lot has been made about this tape-recorded message, but this is what happened. On a Wednesday we quarreled all day. We'd been in therapy for the previous six months, seeing therapists in Eugene, Oregon, where we lived. I said we should go back to the therapists and figure out what to do. In a meeting with them that night I told her and the two therapists that it was more than I could take. She threw a huge tantrum, shouted and screamed and danced up and down the room saying that I was abandoning her. I said, "You've driven me away! I cannot live like this." She begged and pleaded and, to calm her down, I said I would think about it for a few days. She calmed down immediately.

I had to speak at Hemlock meetings in Santa Fe and Albuquerque. I went on that trip and thought about what to do. I brooded on it and thought, I cannot go back, I cannot.

I started calling her on Saturday to say that I was confirming my decision that the marriage was over. I called and called all day Saturday, Saturday evening and Sunday. There was never an answer.

I had to get on a plane to Dallas that evening and decided to leave the message on the answering machine. I thought she just wasn't answering the phone. So I left a message saying that the marriage is over, I will do all I can to support you and look after you, but the marriage is over. Of course, journalists just love to hold it against me that I finished the marriage on an answering machine, but it is just not the truth. It had been breaking up for years.

**PLAYBOY:** The implication has been that you deserted a woman with cancer.

**HUMPHRY:** From then until she committed suicide two years later, no one—no doctors, none of her friends—ever said she had cancer. She did not. The cancer never came back.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did she kill herself?

**HUMPHRY:** I think she was miserable. First she turned on me. She went to the newspapers, got herself on talk shows. The breakup of our marriage rivaled Donald Trump's at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Particularly when you threatened her. You said you would tell the truth about the death of her parents. And once again, you did it using her answering machine.

**HUMPHRY:** We all make mistakes and this was mine. A *People* magazine reporter came to see me and asked me what it was like growing up knowing my father was in prison. It was not accurate. I didn't know he was in prison until later. I asked how she knew about that. Ann told her. I explained it and then the reporter asked what it was like to have my son in prison. "Ann told you that, too?"

"Yes."

I was very angry. This was really playing dirty, I thought. In my great anger, when the reporter left, I called Ann and made a silly threat to her. I said if she didn't shut up I would report her to the police.

**PLAYBOY:** Report her for what?

**HUMPHRY:** That we had committed a crime in assisting in the suicides of her parents. What I said was stupid and unwise. I regret it and I've withdrawn it.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you being a hypocrite? Wasn't that against everything you've worked for?

**HUMPHRY:** Quite. It was something I said in the heat of anger and it was a lapse on my part. But that's what provoked me. Then she revealed my threat to *People* magazine. To my astonishment, I opened *People* magazine and found my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telephone message in there.

**PLAYBOY:** Ann's suicide note charged you with murdering your first wife.

**HUMPHRY:** It's awful to think that somebody you loved and worked with so much would kill herself like that. And leave such an accusatory suicide note.

**PLAYBOY:** She wrote, "Ever since I was diagnosed as having cancer, you have done everything conceivable to precipitate my death."

**HUMPHRY:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Well?

**HUMPHRY:** It was a terrible lie from a very sick woman.

**PLAYBOY:** In her suicide note, Ann wrote that "Jean actually died of suffocation."

**HUMPHRY:** Yes. I swear to you. I told you what happened. But there has been so much pain. You know, perhaps I deserve some of it, but nobody is totally to blame for another person's life or death. It's been a sad scene. I hope to put it behind me as best I can. I will never be able to put it behind me completely.

**PLAYBOY:** How much did your battle with Ann hurt the Hemlock Society?

**HUMPHRY:** I don't think it did. We had no people leave the organization because of Ann.

**PLAYBOY:** None? The press reported that the number has gone down.

**HUMPHRY:** Our membership roll has gone up to a record fifty thousand people. Last year our member revenue increased by one hundred and forty thousand dollars. So the Hemlock Society has gone on.

**PLAYBOY:** Will your work continue? Can you overcome these questions about your character?

**HUMPHRY:** I have made mistakes like everyone else, but I hope, in the long run, that they don't take away from my work with Hemlock.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you now devote all of your time to the Hemlock Society?

**HUMPHRY:** I do nothing else, though I plan to retire as head of the Hemlock Society this summer. I informed the board. I'll be sixty-three next year and administering this huge organization is not my forte. I'm a writer and talker and speaker and leader. I'm not particularly a good administrator. I can afford to live off the income of my books, so I shall work full-time—unpaid—speaking and arguing and writing to get this into law. Also, as executive director of the Hemlock Society, there are limitations on what I can do legally.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of limitations?

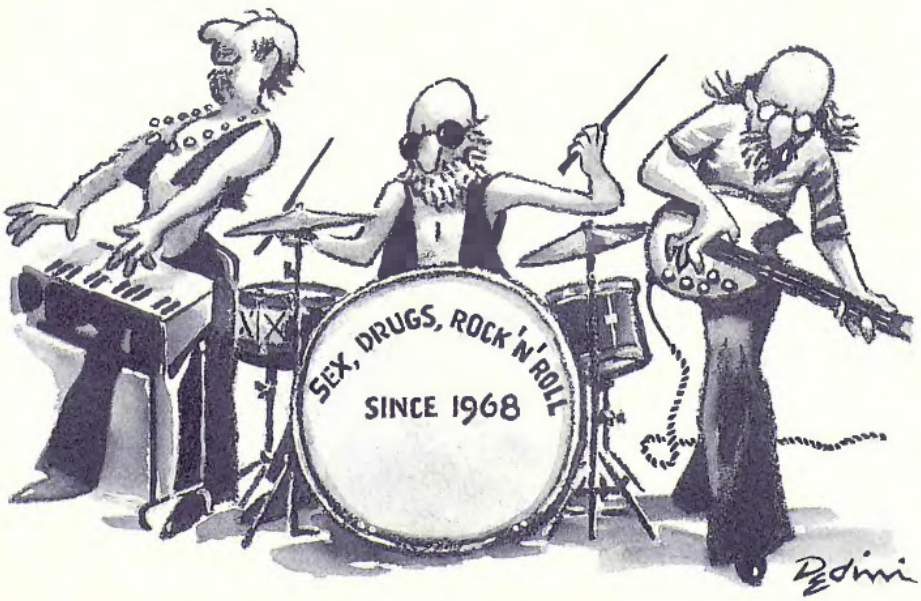
**HUMPHRY:** We're a tax-exempt organization, so I cannot be as political as I would like. After August first, I'll be free-lance and I can say and do what I want without fear of jeopardizing the Hemlock Society's legal and financial status. That's my dream, law reform. Hemlock will continue to help people to die, but our real goal is to make ourselves unnecessary. That's what this is all about: so any person, in pain and dying, can choose the time they will die and be helped by their doctor so they can go as gently and painlessly as possible.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were sick and dying, would you choose suicide?

**HUMPHRY:** I would, though I hope I don't have to practice what I preach. If my dying is peaceful and bearable and there's no pain or indignity, then I shall die naturally. If, on the other hand, there's great pain and suffering and indignity and I can't stand it, then I shall kill myself.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**HUMPHRY:** I would use drugs and a plastic bag. My hope is that it would be a lawful, physician-assisted suicide. That is my aim. If it isn't lawful, though, I'll have to do it myself.




# OPERA

*(continued from page 114)*

much sums up most of the women I know. How about you?

But the truly profound fact, the single grain of intelligence that moved those other Regular Guys into action, is this: *Women love men who love opera.* You may think it was mere military heroism that had women throughout this country panting over Schwarzkopf. Oh, please, the world's more complex than that. Stormin' Norman is a military hero—a man's man—who loves opera. It's that combination that puts him in a whole new class of hardware.

It's possible that you're now asking yourself, What am I to learn from this? If so, you're already on the right track. What you're to learn is how to move smoothly, gracefully, effortlessly from the Regular Guy World into the Exceptional Guy World. What you're to learn is how to tell an aria from R.E.M. What follows is an opera primer, with answers to the most frequently asked Regular Guy questions. Before we start the course, though, you should know this: Some of you won't make it. If you want to drop out now, go ahead: There are the tube and the remote control. No doubt there's a ball game on.

For the rest of you, as an old drill sergeant of mine used to say, "Listen up, you mens." And welcome to Operation Cultural Desert Storm.

## CHAPTER ONE: WHAT STORMIN' NORMAN SEES IN OPERA, OR, THE VIEW FROM HIGH C

Some of the world's most famous opera houses contain more than 3000 seats, and on many nights at least 90 percent of those seats are filled.

Have you ever had to get up and sing in public? Even professional singers—even such pathological limelight-craving showboaters as Madonna—often confess to a little stage fright. But if, say, you're a 38-year-old tenor making your debut as Rodolfo in Puccini's *La Bohème*, what you may be feeling is more than stage fright. What you're feeling is closer to the flat-out sweaty-palmed terror a trapeze artist feels when standing at the apex of the big top and preparing to make a leap of faith into thin air.

Both of them, the circus performer and the tenor, have spent years getting to this point, and now it's do or die. In fact, though, the tenor most likely has more on the line: He's probably older, because that's the way it is in the opera business. You can sing into your 60s, but you don't get to feel the heat of this kind of spotlight until you've spent 20 years studying, working and sacrificing—playing small roles in big houses or big roles in small houses. And then—*then*—you get to stand backstage listening to the murmur of that very knowing crowd out

front, as you listen for the overture so you can step onstage and, utterly live and without a microphone, sing a role already made famous by guys like Luciano Pavarotti.

Across that gaping orchestra pit, those supposedly refined opera lovers are licking their chops and waiting for your voice to crack the high note.

Watching someone put himself on the line like that is quite a sensual thing, an orgy of Christians, lions and thumbs up or down. Whoever came up with the phrase "theater of war" must have understood the drama within the drama of opera. "Sex and risk," says George Martynuk, an agent with Herbert H. Breslin Incorporated, one of the biggest agencies in the opera business. "The thing opera offers someone like General Schwarzkopf is sex and risk. Opera is a very visceral art form. It's like any athletic competition—when you have top-notch gladiators on the field, the audience is on the edge of its seat. You're watching the Truth. For a man, singing high C isn't natural. The reason that tenors, and sopranos for that matter, are the hot singers is because they live on the brink of disaster."

•

*Question: Opera pumps—are they anything like Air Jordans?*

*Answer:* No, they're patent leather slip-ons with a satin bow on the top. But you don't need to worry about opera pumps at the beginning. Most people don't wear tuxedos to the opera anymore, except for opening nights. On the other hand, do you really want to be like most people? Not all the theater of opera is on the stage. In *Moonstruck*, ordinary people came alive on opera night, and opera changed everything, at least for one night, from what they thought of themselves to the way they dressed. The nice thing is, how you dress is really up to you. You can dress up or down, depending on how you feel, and you'll never be out of place. Monday nights tend to be the most formal.

### CHAPTER TWO: THE SOAPS VS. THE REAL THING

Remember *Dynasty*, the nighttime soap opera about greed, lust, jealousy, hatred, fear, murder, backstabbing and real estate? Well, opera is *Dynasty* with singing. "Opera," says Jerry Hadley, a promising young tenor who has been called the next Pavarotti, "is human emotion underscored with music and taken to the extreme." In case you were wondering what opera has to do with real life, listen to this plot from Puccini's *Turandot*, as interpreted by Albert Innaurato in *Opera News*: "A sadomasochistic princess, frigid and sex-obsessed, routinely has her suitors slaughtered because they fail to answer three titillatingly violent riddles. She is the sort of female who appears only in the purple fantasies of heterosexual men. She is conquered by an unknown prince who abandons his father, watches passively while a devoted slave girl is tortured and in fact subdues the princess only by a violent kiss."

•

*Question: Aren't opera people really stuffy?*

*Answer:* Some are, but so are some insurance salesmen. I talked with several opera stars: One was putting her daughter to bed, one had just finished building a snow fort with his son and another was getting ready to serve her family meat loaf. If you feel intimidated by the image of opera stars, just think of them as people who can swear in several languages.

They even swear onstage while the show is going on. One female star tells a story about a leading man who is so neurotic that he always thinks he should have done better. He had just knocked an aria out of the park and the audience was going wild. Onstage, though, the leading man and the female star were locked in an embrace. "He had his head buried in my armpit and he was saying, 'Shit, fuck, goddamnit, I blew that high note, I'm fucking awful!'"

"Kiri Te Kanawa has a bawdy sense of humor," says one insider. "In the third act of Verdi's *La Traviata*, a story about a courtesan dying of consumption, Kanawa was lying onstage in her peignoir, and the doctor came to see her. It was very sad, and the audience members had their handkerchiefs out. Kanawa tried to break up her colleague playing the doctor: When he bent over to check her, she asked, 'I don't suppose there's time for a quickie, eh?'"

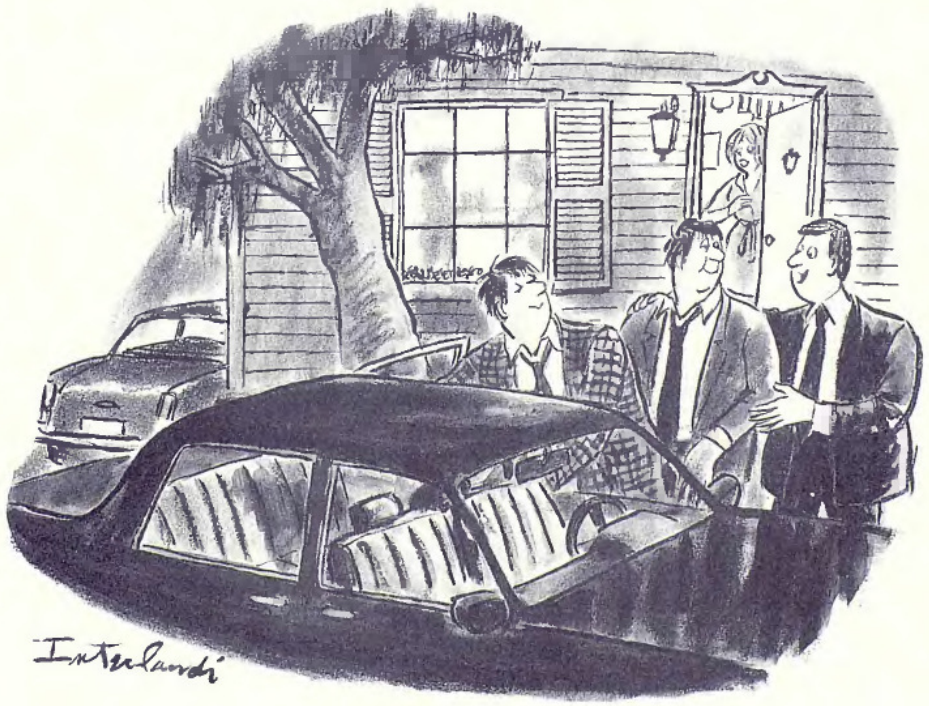
### CHAPTER THREE: THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

It's a mystery how an art form in another language could become so popular, until you consider how many rock-and-roll lyrics you actually listen to.

The arias are beautiful, whether or not you understand the words. The scenery, sometimes done by the likes of David Hockney or Maurice Sendak (or Marc Chagall in his day) is often breathtaking. The orchestra is powerful, the acting is amusing and the audience is electrified.

But if you're one of those guys who can't watch a ball game without an electronic scoreboard, you're taking up opera at the perfect time. Many opera houses in this country now have Surtitles, which are like the subtitles on a Fellini movie except they're projected above the stage instead of below it. "Surtitles," says Patrick Smith, editor of *Opera News*, "have been crucial to the growth of opera in the U.S. and around the world." And yet this subject has sparked debates in the opera community, with one faction feeling that music is about 80 percent of the operatic experience and that Surtitles force the music into the background. James Levine, artistic director of New York's Metropolitan Opera, a high temple of the art, refuses to use them.

The other faction is composed of fans and bottom-line-conscious opera directors. "Years ago, when we experimented



*"Another thing about being the designated driver—I'm the only one who got laid!"*

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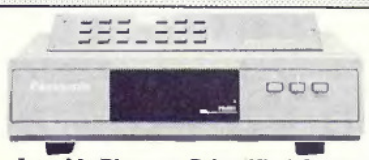

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with projected titles," says Ardis Krainik, general director of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, "the affirmative response was so overwhelming that we went ahead full steam. We have never had cause to look back. This innovation is here to stay."

•

*Question: Are there opera groupies?*

*Answer:* You don't want to know about it.

Of course there are groupies—this is show biz. But the night I waited outside the stage door for Pavarotti, the most famous opera star in the world, his fans included three guys in religious robes, one Puerto Rican dwarf and two aged, ear-splitting wanna-be sopranos wearing gold lamé blouses. Maybe this kind of turnout is why you never hear the announcement: "Luciano has left the building."

As to the larger question of opera stars' fooling around, some do, some don't, and those who refrain do so not from lack of opportunity. "Because we're always on the road and away from our families, relationships happen that wouldn't normally happen," says one female singer. "The divorce rate in this business is extremely high—nobody gets married to be alone. If you run into someone you haven't seen in six months, you ask not only if he's still married, but if he's married again."

### CHAPTER FOUR: DIVAS AND DIVOS

Diva is one of those words whose meaning has changed with use. Literally, it's Italian for "goddess" and has traditionally been the term fans apply to the top soprano of an opera house.

Today the word translates loosely as bitch. "It means somebody who likes to shit on the little guy," says soprano Barbara Daniels, who is emphatically not in this category.

Kathleen Battle is widely considered to be the diva of divas. "She gets pissed at conductors and won't come out of her dressing room," says a singer who has performed with her but who—because "you have to work with these people"—prefers anonymity. "Battle insists on the last bow, whether or not her role warrants it. She once took Carol Vaness' clothes out of the number-one dressing room because she wanted that room."

Eva Marton is another. "She once slugged the stage manager at the Lyric," says our informant. "Marton is notoriously difficult," says Smith, explaining that she threw a fit because she didn't get to sing Brünnhilde for a Met TV performance. "It's unlikely that she'll soon sing there again." Other stars with extraordinary attitudes include June Anderson, who says, "The theaters know that I need certain conditions under which I can perform. They all think I'm difficult, but if they want me to sing, it's their choice."

"It is hard to be onstage with jet lag in a big house remembering our moves and singing over the orchestra," says Daniels.

Because of the stress, Pavarotti has been known to require an electric golf cart to take him from plane to limo, and one at the other end to haul him from limo to dressing room. In his dressing room he demands club soda, Perrier, lemons, honey, orange juice and tomato juice. At the hotel there can be no steps, only elevators, no smoky or musty rooms—and a humidifier must be provided. Pavarotti needs a king-size bed, large chairs with footstools, a large-screen television and a VCR (with an assortment of Italian movies). Provisions include juice, fruit and honey, shrimp, cold chicken, yogurt, green salads with tomatoes on the side and Bertolli olive oil. Finally, after the performance, he insists upon a gala dinner in his honor.

Guns n' Roses asks for more, of course, but you won't see Axl Rose playing Rodolfo.

•

*Question: How much is a night at the opera going to set me back?*

*Answer:* Full-view tickets at the pricey Met (some tickets are partial view; forget them) range from $19 to $110, depending on location and day of the week. Then, before the opera you'll want pastry and strong coffee (but not too much of it—it's bush to have to get up in the middle of the first act and excuse yourself down a dozen seats) and maybe a late snack or supper afterward. In order to plan your evening, be sure to call ahead and find out when the opera will be over—*Don Giovanni*, for example, is at least an hour longer than *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

### CHAPTER FIVE: OPERA ETIQUETTE

Some of you may be wondering if it's acceptable to do the wave or the tomahawk chop at the opera.

The answer is: only if your tenor is winning.

Just kidding. Actually, opera audiences are a lively bunch. But, as with state dinners and golf, there are certain unspoken rules you need to be aware of. Don't be late—at the beginning or following intermission—because they won't seat you after the performance has started. Also, unlike Broadway audiences, you never talk once the maestro has picked up his baton and the overture has begun. Between acts and especially after the performance, however, curtain calls are likely to bring standing ovations, which can get pretty lively.

But it's during the performance that the true opera audience is tested. "You break into applause after the aria is finished, and not a note before," explains Smith. "It's best to let someone else start, because all the opera nuts know exactly when the aria stops."

Shouting "bravo" is part of the total

theater of opera. It's a cathartic experience, a venting of emotions that a particularly moving performance can evoke in an audience. For many operagoers the bravos erupt spontaneously and honestly, producing a flush-faced embarrassed warmth such as you might get from shouting in church. Other opera buffs, however, have seized the bravo as a grandstanding device.

•

*Question: When, exactly, does the fat lady sing?*

*Answer:* She's already sung.

If you cling to the cliché that all opera stars are hippopotamic, you're in for a nice surprise. "The new trend in opera is the package," says Martynuk. "It used to be that if you had a glorious instrument—a voice—that was all that mattered. Today, if you're auditioning for the role of Juliette and you weigh three hundred and fifteen pounds, you won't get the role, no matter how glorious your instrument."

Daniels believes there are exceptions. "There are two clubs," she says. "Those fat people who they're tough on, and those fat people who sing so well it doesn't matter." Included in the latter category are Pavarotti and Jessye Norman. "Nobody's going to pressure Jessye Norman to take off twenty pounds," says Daniels. In general, though, opera casting is becoming more image intensive, like Hollywood. Stars such as Daniels, Battle, Vaness, Kanawa, Marton, Catherine Malfitano, Frederica von Stade and others provide just one more reason for you to develop an interest in opera. The trend extends to men, too: Hadley is tall, dark and handsome. Baritone Thomas Hampson is 6'4" with matinee-idol looks. The Pavarotti Look seems to be passing and with good reason. "Luciano is trying to lose a hundred and fifty pounds," says one star. "He's in terrible pain because of a hip problem, and they won't do surgery until he drops the weight."

But Daniels admits the urge to eat will always be immense among opera stars. "Pavarotti says opera is an oral event, an oral giving out. At the end, you want to take it all back in. Me, I either want to bite my fingernails or bite the fridge."

### CHAPTER SIX:
### A REGULAR GUY GLOSSARY

Every field has its argot, and opera's is tougher than most because so much of it is foreign languages, mainly Italian. Why Italian? Listen, you have to do some of this work on your own, but for now it's enough to know that opera originated with the Greeks but blossomed during the Renaissance, when Italy cornered the market on the arts.

Anyway, the more you look into opera, the more new words you'll learn. But I wouldn't think of sending you out there without being armed with the following:

*Aria*: A song for solo voice. Sometimes it's part of the opera action, sometimes it stops the action. Arias are what you get when you buy *Pavarotti's Greatest Hits*.

*Libretto*: The words sung onstage. The composer conceives the plot and writes the music, but a librettist writes the words that make the whole world sing.

*Opera*: Richard Wagner called opera the *Gesamtkunstwerk*—that's "unified art work" for you and me. It has also been called the most artificial of arts because of its absurd contrivances—people singing when they ought to be talking, plus plot lines that make TV soap operas look like documentaries. And yet, while each element of opera can seem silly on its own, their sum is beautiful.

*Operetta*: Opera lite. An operetta usually has lighter music than opera and is most often written by non-Italian composers. Gilbert and Sullivan wrote operettas; the American Broadway musical is a form of operetta. Sometimes serious works have come out of the operetta tradition. Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, for example, is considered a real opera.

*Overture*: Music the orchestra plays before the opera begins. This signals that it's time for you to stop with the overtures to your date.

*Prima donna*: Speaking of your date, maybe this refers to her, or even to you. It's Italian for "first lady," and fans use it to refer to any great female singer, though usually to a soprano.

•

*Question: What's the drug of choice among opera stars?*

*Answer:* Adulation.

"There are probably some who do drugs, but they won't last in opera," says Smith. "In the pop world so much depends on the singer's interpretation. When you're on drugs, you think you can reach some previously unreached level. In opera, there are no examples of

*Carmen and Don José live happily ever after.*

drugs' improving the voice. Even smoking is deadly to opera singers. But they do like to eat."

CHAPTER SEVEN:
BECOMING SCHWARZKOPFIAN

Planning a war requires a fair amount of homework.

No pain, no gain.

Most seasoned opera lovers offer virtually the same simple advice: Listen to the music, see as many performances as possible and read, read, read about opera. "It's a vast field," says George Jellinek, a lifetime opera fan who hosts a syndicated radio show on New York's WQXR, the station that broadcasts the Met. But just so you don't find the task too daunting, remember this: There are only so many works in the standard repertoire. Once you're familiar with them, not only will you know more about opera than 90 percent of the American public, but you will also find opera a hell of a lot easier than keeping up with the Top 40.

So, which operas should you start with? It's like taking up running. You don't want to begin by training for the Boston Marathon. All that'll do is make you dread running, and if you dread it, you'll drop it. "Avoid Wagner and Strauss," says Jellinek, who simply means that German opera, of which Wagner is the reigning example, is the operatic equivalent of the Iron Man Triathlon. Gioacchino Rossini, one of opera's charming raconteurs, said Wagner's operas contain "great moments but horrible quarters of an hour."

Skip them for now. Instead, start with the popular operas, which are popular for a reason. You'll find a lot to like among the following:

- *La Bohème*, by Giacomo Puccini
- *Aida*, by Giuseppe Verdi
- *Carmen*, by Georges Bizet
- *La Traviata*, by Verdi
- *Tosca*, by Puccini
- *Madame Butterfly*, by Puccini
- *The Barber of Seville*, by Rossini
- *Rigoletto*, by Verdi
- *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Gaetano Donizetti
- *The Marriage of Figaro*, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

There are plenty of versions of these operas. Which performances do you go out and buy on multiple CD (at $30 to $60 a pop)? Do you want the Luciano Pavarotti *Bohème* or the Placido Domingo? The Mirella Freni *Butterfly* or the Renata Scotto? It's all linguine to you, right? Hey, there's nothing wrong with linguine. "With all the technology, nobody makes a bad recording nowadays," says Jellinek. "Besides, at your level, you wouldn't discern between good and the best." That's supposed to be comforting.

A friend of mine has a simple way of deciding: He buys Verdi operas ("There's Verdi and there's everybody else," he says) and he buys Pavarotti ("The best thing you can do is buy all Pavarotti's CDs and bequeath them to your children when you die"). You could certainly do worse. Most singers revere Pavarotti. "He has an extraordinary and innate musicality," says Hadley. "There are others who sing as well, but he has that extra something that can't be learned. He makes love to an audience."

Whichever operas you choose, the main thing is—and I can't stress this enough—read the libretto (it comes in English with the recording) while you're listening to the music, so you'll know what's happening. And reread it before going to a performance of that opera.

Also, many operas are available at your local video store (they're in that section where your eyes used to glaze over, before you read this article). "Opera videos are the coming thing," says Smith. "It's better to see an opera than to just hear it." Maybe you're worrying, "If I rent an opera before I go see it, then won't that ruin the performance for me?" Not to worry: Opera videos—even if you have a 40-inch screen and a top-of-the-line sound system—can't take the place of being there. Opera is too damn big to be captured in a little box. Videos are just another way of enjoying opera. You'll have to check out your video store's selection, but four avowed classics are *Carmen*, conducted by Lorin Maazel, *Madame Butterfly*, conducted by Herbert von Karajan, Franco Zefferelli's *La Bohème* and, last but not least, *The Marriage of Figaro*, conducted by Karl Böhm.

Before you do anything, however, you probably ought to buy a book for beginners. That'll at least acquaint you with some of the big names in opera, so choosing a CD won't be such a chore. The book that I like is *An Invitation to the Opera*, by John L. DeGaetani (Anchor Books, $10.95). You might also subscribe to *Opera News* ($30 a year, call 212-769-7000). It's amazingly accessible. Just think how impressed all your female friends will be to find it on your coffee table. For maximum effect, place it on top of *SI* and *Playboy*.

Finally, I suggest tuning into the weekly Texaco broadcast from the Met on Saturday afternoons. I know, it's your Saturday. But think about what you're trying to accomplish here. These broadcasts are valuable for many reasons, but foremost for you they help with what George Bush might call "the pronouncing thing." You can read about opera all day long, but, for example, is *Turandot* pronounced "Turan-DOH" or "Turan-DOT"? It's DOT, but how are you supposed to know that? On the Texaco broadcasts, you get to hear actual knowledgeable persons saying the words you need to learn to say. Pretty soon you'll have such a command of opera that people will mistake you for a general.

•

*Question: There's just one other thing. What do I tell the guys about all this?*

*Answer:* Tell them to watch their women.

*"Hi, there. My name is Frank and I've had about all the male bonding I can stand."*

# SHOWTIME

*(continued from page 33)*

what he said, I didn't think he got that deep. He is an icon of business success who is saying the system is broken.

*But putting responsibility on business and government instead of on welfare mothers?*

Putting it on the leadership class. Which guys like Bush and Reagan do not do.

*In the interview for* Playboy *sixteen years ago, you said, "I don't think you should oversell what politics means, what government can do." Do you now have a broader view of that?*

I do. That was my understanding at that point, but look at world trade. We are now at a point where international capital is having a very powerful impact on disrupting communities. I saw that in Michigan, in Wisconsin, in New York. I see it all over. We cannot allow that to happen. Government has to respond. I don't think we can have the market be the closet dictator of our destiny.

*That sounds a lot like the kind of thing your father stood for.*

Nothing wrong with that. These are Democratic ideals. There's the market and also a principle of distributive justice for which you need innovation to ensure opportunity and equality.

*Isn't that a departure from fifteen years ago when you were saying "Small is beautiful"?*

I was saying government was too skeptical and had overshot itself. That was redevelopment, that was Rockefeller's tall buildings in Albany. That was Vietnam. There was an inhumanity there.

*In the first* Playboy *interview you told me, "People who stand for an idea that has energy connected with it, that's power." Still true?*

All these things reflect a candidacy propelled by the conventional method—fund-raising, TV ads—from a relatively narrow base. You need the idea with energy, but you have to propel it with the leadership embedded in an organization, a group of people with some continuity and some conviction, a movement that can push opposition out of the way. That's what I'm trying to do now.

*Where are you going to find allies in this?*

All the people who respond to the 800 number.

*You don't think you're just going to get blown away or ground down?*

Not unless there's somebody else. I don't think there is a lot of competition. Look at all the people who were doing things in the past twenty years. One way or another, they found their way into the bureaucracy. They're not mobilizing this discontented electorate that is looking for some leadership. All the public is getting are TV ads paid for by Wall Street bankers and lawyers.

*How does one person sustain this? We are not talking next week, we are talking next year and beyond.*

You have to go places. I'm going to Peoria, to the Caterpillar strikers. You go where people are battling and identify with them and give voice to their cause.

*You are talking about a life quite different from the life you used to have.*

Yes. But I know what I want to do, what I can do and what I should do. I know the potential and the limitations of the politics that our party chairs feel so comfortable with but that produces fewer and fewer returns for the people in whose name it is practiced.

*So a year from now you won't be telling us, "That was then, this is now"?*

Right. That's what I'm embarked upon and I know there is a response because I'm getting it. If you invite people, they respond. Despite the ridicule and disdain of most of the media and lots of political experts.

There are no grass-roots movements that have much lift. They're isolated. It is very much like it was in the Twenties, when the Democrats were in some cases more conservative than the Republicans. It took a depression to shake them out of the lethargy. I don't know what it's going to take to shake this party out of its lethargy right now. But it's pathetic the way people are jumping on the Clinton bandwagon, not realizing they are probably buying the last ticket on the Titanic.

*But you are going to jump on that bandwagon, too, aren't you?*

Well, I'm reserving my decision on that subject.

*Until when? Isn't this going to be a moment of truth for you, that you are going to do like Harkin—get up at the convention and give the speech supporting Clinton?*

No, we don't know that yet.

*Here's another quote: "Primary contests among candidates of the same political party often degenerate into name-calling and groundless charges because of the lack of ideological differences."*

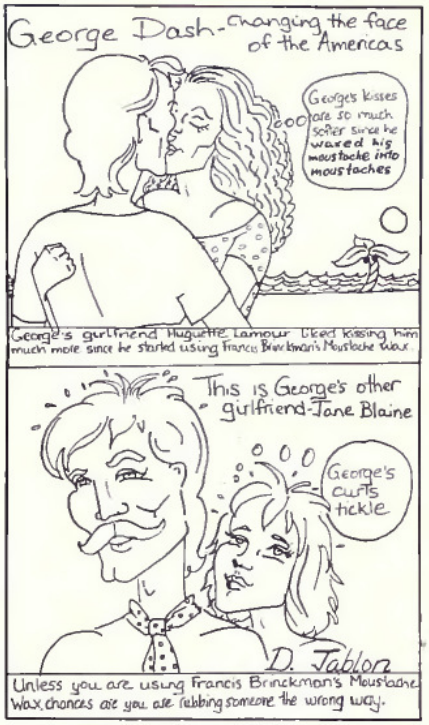
Well, that's true.

*What are the ideological differences?*

There are differences. I'm saying there ought to be a base of power not beholden to the elites. There are people whose lives are dedicated to spending as much time as possible with people who write thousand-dollar checks. They are completely separate from the vast majority of Americans—in their social life, in their thinking, in their schmoozing ability. That's the whole phenomenon. How else do you raise twenty million bucks to run for Senator?

*What's the responsibility of the media? Reporters want to know: If you don't do well, are you going to drop out? When are you going to endorse Clinton? They want to answer the question that Clinton's spin doctors would like to have answered. Are you saying that an election is not a place for serious discussion?*

I'm not going to shut that door. I'm not going to say it can't be. But the Democratic primaries have not been a place where serious ideas have prevailed yet.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# SPOOK CITY

*(continued from page 88)*

*"'That woman, she a Spook, man. Only a damn fool go traveling around with a Spook.'"*

Don, Tom, one of those short names."

"Tom."

"Tom, right."

"How do you know him?" he asked.

"Turned up in Spook City a couple of months back. June, July, somewhere back then. It isn't such a big place that you don't notice new people when they come in. Had that Free Country look about him, you know. Kind of big-eyed, rawboned, can't stop gawking at things. But he seemed a little different from most of the *entrada* kids. Like this trip wasn't just a thing he was doing for the hell of it. Peculiar guy, actually."

"That was Tom, yes." One side of Demeris' face was starting to twitch. "You think he might still be there?"

"Could be. More likely than not. He was talking about staying quite a while. At least until fall, until hunt time."

"And when is that?"

"It starts late next week."

"Maybe I can still find him, then. If I can get there in time."

"I'm leaving this afternoon. You can ride with me to Spook City if you want."

"With you?" Demeris asked. He was astonished. Instant chemistry after all? His adolescent fantasy coming to life? It seemed too neat, too slick. The world didn't work like this. And yet. . . .

"Sure. Plenty of room between those humps. Take you at least a week if you walk there, if you're a good walker. Maybe longer. Riding, it'll be just a couple of days."

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I'd be glad to. If you really mean it."

"Why would I say it if I didn't mean it?"

Abruptly, the notion came to him that this woman and Tom might have had something going in Spook City. Of course. Of course. Why else would she remember in such detail some unknown kid who had wandered into town months before? Tom wouldn't hesitate, even with a woman ten, 15 years older than he was. And so she was offering Demeris this ride now as a courtesy to a member of the family, so to speak. It wasn't his tremendous masculine appeal, it was mere politeness. Or curiosity about Tom's older brother.

Into his long confused silence she said, "The critter here needs more time to feed itself up. Then we can take off. Around two o'clock, OK?"

•

After breakfast the village boy came over to him in the dining hall and said, "You meet the woman who come in during the night?"

Demeris nodded. "She's giving me a ride to Spook City."

Something that might have been scorn flickered across the boy's face. "You crazy if you go with her, man."

Demeris frowned. "Why?"

*"'Scuse me. Do you bring your delightful breasts here often?"*

The boy put his hand over his mouth and muffled a laugh. "That woman, she a Spook, man. You mean you don't see that? Only a damn fool go traveling around with a Spook."

Demeris was stunned for a moment and then angry. "Don't play around with me," he said, irritated.

"Yeah, man. I'm playing. It's a joke. Just a joke." The boy's voice was flat, chilly, bearing its own built-in contradiction. The contempt in his dark hard eyes was unmistakable now. "Look, you go ride with her. Let her do what she wants with you out in the desert. Isn't none of my goddamn business. Fucking Free Country guys, you all got shit for brains."

Demeris squinted at him, shaken now, not sure what to believe. The kid's cold-eyed certainty carried tremendous force. But it made no sense to him that this Jill could be an alien. Her voice, her bearing, everything about her was too convincingly real. The Spooks couldn't have learned how to imitate humans that well, could they?

Had they?

"You know this for a fact?" Demeris asked.

"For a fact I don't know shit," the boy said. "I never see her before, not that I can say. She come around and she wants us to put her up for the night, that's OK. We put her up. We don't care what she is if she can pay the price. But anybody with any sense, he can smell Spook. That's all I tell you. You do whatever you fucking like, man."

The boy strolled away.

Demeris stared after him, shaking his head. He felt bewilderment and shock, as though he had abruptly found himself looking over the edge of an abyss.

But why would the boy make up something like that? He had no reason for it. And maybe the kid could tell. They wouldn't need any witch charms to tell them. They had had 150 years to get used to being around Spooks. They'd know the smell of them by now.

The more Demeris thought about it, the more uneasy he got.

He needed to talk to Jill again.

He found her a little way upstream from his shack, rubbing down the shaggy yellow flanks of her elephantine pack animal with a rough sponge. Demeris halted a short distance away and studied her, trying to see her as an alien being, searching for some clue to otherworldly origin, some gleam of Spookness showing through her human appearance.

He couldn't see it. Not at all.

After a moment she noticed him. "Are you ready to go?" she asked over her shoulder.

"I'm not sure."

"What?"

If she is a Spook, he thought, why would she want to pretend she was human? What would a Spook have to gain

by inveigling a human into the desert?

He drew a deep breath. "Listen, I've changed my mind, OK? I think I'd just as soon travel by myself."

She turned and gave him a startled look. "You serious?"

"Yep."

"You want to walk all the way to Spook City rather than ride with me?"

"Yep. That's what I prefer to do."

"Jesus Christ. What the hell for?"

Demeris could detect nothing at all inhuman in her exasperated tone or in the expression on her face. Uncomfortably he said, "Just the way I am, I guess. I like to go my own way, I guess, and——"

"Bullshit. I know what's really going on in your head."

Demeris shifted about uneasily and remained silent. He wished he had never become entangled with her in the first place.

Angrily she said, "Somebody's been talking to you, right? Telling you a lot of garbage?"

"Well. . . ."

"All right," she said. "You dumb bastard. You want to test me, is that it?"

"Test?"

"With a witch charm."

"No," he said. "I'm not carrying any charms. Those things aren't worth a damn."

"Some are, some aren't." She reached into a saddlepack and pulled out a small device, wires and black cords intricately wound around and around one another. "Here," she said harshly. "This is one. Push the button and it emits a red glow if you point it at a Spook. Use it to check out the next woman you meet."

She tossed the little gadget toward him. Demeris grabbed the thing out of the air by reflex and stood watching helplessly as she slapped the elephant-camel's flank to spur it into motion and started off downstream toward her tent.

Shit, he thought.

He felt like six kinds of idiot. The sound of her voice, tingling with contempt for him and his petty little suspicions, echoed in his ears.

Baffled and annoyed—with her, with himself, with the boy—he flipped the witch charm into the stream. The water hissed and bubbled for a moment and then the thing sank out of sight. He turned and walked back to his shack.

She had already begun to take down her tent. She didn't so much as glance at him. But the elephant-camel peered somberly around, extended its long purple lower lip and gave him a sardonic toothy smirk. Demeris glared at the great beast and made a devil sign with his upraised fingers. From you, I don't have to take any crap, he thought.

He hoisted his pack and started up the steep trail out of town.

•

He was somewhere along the old boundary between New Mexico and Texas, he figured, probably just barely on the New Mexico side of the line. Spook Land was roughly triangular, running from the Great Lakes to Montana along the Canadian border and tapering southward through what had been Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa down to Texas and Louisiana, but it included a piece of eastern New Mexico, too. Demeris had learned all that in school long ago. They made you study the map of the United States that once had been, so you wouldn't forget the past, they said, because some day the old United States was going to rise again.

Fat chance. The Spooks had cut the heart right out of the country. They took over with scarcely a struggle, and every attempt at counterattack had been brushed aside with astonishing ease: America's weapons had been neutralized, its communications networks silenced. Its army of liberation had disappeared into the Occupied Zone like raindrops into a lake. Now there was not one United States but two: the western one, which ran from Washington State and Idaho down to the Mexican border and liked to call itself Free Country, and the other one in the east, along the coast and inland as far as the Mississippi, which still insisted on using the old formal name. Between the two lay the Occupied Zone, and nobody in either United States had much knowledge of what went on in there. Nor did anyone Demeris knew take the notion of a reunified United States very seriously. Much of its technical capacity had eroded and great chunks of the country had reverted to a preindustrial condition.

What he had to do, he calculated, was to keep heading more or less easterly until he saw indications of Spook presence. Right now, though, the country was pretty empty, just barren sandy waste with a covering of mesquite and sage. He saw more places where the aliens had indulged in their weird remodeling of the landscape, and now and again he was able to make out the traces of some little ancient human town, a couple of rusty signs or a few crumbling walls. But mainly there was nothing.

He was about an hour and a half beyond the village when what looked like a squadron of airborne snakes came by, a dozen of them flying in close formation. Then the sky turned heavy and purplish-yellow, like rotting bruised fruit, and three immense creatures with shining red scales and sail-like three-cornered fleshy wings passed overhead, emitting bursts of green gas that had the rank smell of old wet straw. They were almost like dragons. A dozen more of the snake things followed them. Demeris scowled and waved a clenched fist at them. The air had a tangible pressure. He waited to see what was coming next. But then, magically, all the ominous effects cleared away and he was in the familiar Southwest again, untouched by strangers from the far stars, back in the good old land of dry ravines and big sky that he had lived in all his life. He relaxed, but only a little.

Almost at once he heard a familiar snorting sound behind him. He turned and saw the ponderous yellow form of the elephant-camel looming up, with Jill astride it just back of the front hump.

She leaned down and said, "You change your mind yet about wanting that ride?"

"I thought you were sore at me."

"I am. Was. But it still seems crazy for you to be doing this on foot when I've got room up here for you."

He stared up at her. You don't often get second chances in this life, he told himself.

"Oh, Christ," she said as he hesitated. "Do you want a ride or don't you?"

He remained silent.

She shot him a quick wicked grin. "Still worried that I'm a Spook? You can check me out."

"I threw your gadget into the stream. I don't like witch things around."

"Well, that's all right," she laughed. "It wasn't a charm at all, just an old power core, and a worn-out one at that. It wouldn't have told you anything."

"What's a power core?"

"Spook stuff. You could have taken it back with you to prove you were over here. Look, do you want a ride or not?"

It seemed ridiculous to turn her down again.

"What the hell," Demeris said. "Sure."

Jill spoke to the animal in what he took to be Spook language, a hiccuping wheeze and a long indrawn whistling sound, and it knelt for him. Demeris took her hand and she pulled him on top of the beast with surprising ease. An open-work construction made of loosely woven cord, half poncho and half saddle, lay across the creature's broad back with the three humps jutting through. Her tent and other possessions were fastened to it at the rear. "Tie your pack to one of those dangling strings," she said. "You can ride right behind me."

He fitted himself into the valley between the second and third humps and got a secure hold on the weaving, his fingers digging deep into it. She whistled another command and the animal began to move forward.

Its motion was a rolling, thumping, sliding kind of thing, hard to take. The sway was both lateral and vertical and with every step the ground seemed to rise and plunge around them in lunatic lunges. Demeris had never seen the ocean or any other large body of water, but he had heard about seasickness and this was what he imagined it was like. He gulped, clamped his mouth shut, gripped the saddle even more tightly.

Jill called back, "How are you doing?"

"Fine. Fine."

"Takes some getting used to, huh?"

"Some," he said.

His buttocks didn't have much padding on them. He could feel the vast bones of the elephant-camel grinding beneath him like the pistons of some giant machine. He held on tight and dug his heels in as hard as he could.

"You see those delta-winged things go by a while ago?" she asked.

"The big dragons that were giving off the green smoke?"

"Right. Herders is what they are. On their way to Spook City for the hunt. They'll be used to drive the game toward the killing grounds. Every year at this time they get brought in to help in the roundup."

"And the flying snakes?"

"They herd the herders. Herders aren't very smart. They're about like dogs, maybe. The snake guys are a lot brighter. The snakes tell the herders where to go and the herders make the game animals go there, too."

Demeris thought about that. Level upon level of intelligence among these creatures that the Spooks had transported to the planet they had partly conquered. If the herders were as smart as dogs, he wondered how smart the snakes were. Dogs were pretty smart. He wondered how smart the Spooks were, for that matter.

"What's the hunt all about? Why do they do it?"

"For fun," Jill said. "Spook fun."

"Herding thousands of exotic wild animals together and butchering them so the blood runs deep enough to swim through? That's their idea of fun?"

"Wait and see," she said.

•

They saw more and more transformation of the landscape: whorls and loops of dazzling fire, great opaque spheres floating just above ground level, silvery blades revolving in the air. Demeris glowered. All that strangeness made him feel vulnerable and out of place, and he spat and murmured bitterly at each intrusive wonder.

"Why are you so angry?" she asked.

"I hate this weird shit that they've strewn all over the place. I hate what they did to our country."

"It was a long time ago. And it wasn't your country they did it to, it was your great-great-grandfather's."

"Even so."

"Your country is over there. It wasn't touched at all."

"Even so," he said again and spat.

When it was still well before dark, they came to a place where bright yellow outcroppings of sulfur, like foamy stone pillows, marked the site of a spring. Jill gave the command to make her beast kneel and hopped deftly to the ground. Demeris got off more warily, feeling the pain in his thighs and butt from the ride.

"Help me with the tent," she said.

It wasn't like any tent he had ever seen. The center post was nothing more than a little rod that seemed to be made of white wax, but at the touch of a hand it tripled in height and an elaborate strutwork sprang from it in five directions to provide support for the tent fabric. The tent pegs were made of the same waxy material, and all you had to do was position them around the perimeter of the tent and they burrowed into the ground on their own.

Together they gathered mesquite brush and built a fire, and she produced some packets of powdered vegetables and a slab of dried meat for their dinner. While they waited for these to boil up, Jill went back to the spring, which despite the sulfurous outcroppings gave fresh, pure water, and crouched by it, stripping to the waist to wash herself. Seeing her like that was unsettling. He flicked a quick glance at her as she bathed, but she didn't seem to care or even to notice. That was unsettling, too. Was she being deliberately provocative? Or did she just not give a damn?

He also washed himself, splashing handfuls of the cold water onto his face and over his sweaty shoulders. "Dinner's ready," she said a few minutes later.

Darkness descended swiftly. The sky went from deep blue to utter black in minutes. In the clear desert air, the stars began quickly to emerge, sharp and bright and unflickering. He looked up, trying to guess which star might be the home of the Spooks.

As they ate, he asked her whether she made this trip often. "Often enough," she said. "I do a lot of courier work for my father, out to Texas, Louisiana, sometimes Oklahoma." She paused a moment. "I'm Ben Gorton's daughter," she said as though she expected him to recognize the name.

"Sorry. Who?"

"Ben Gorton. The mayor of Spook City, actually."

"Spook City's got a human mayor?"

"The human part of it does."

"Ah," Demeris said. "I'm honored, then. The boss's daughter. You should have told me before."

"It didn't seem important," she said.

They were done with their meal. She moved efficiently around the campsite, gathering utensils, burying trash. When the cleanup was done, she lifted the tent flap and stepped halfway inside. He held back, unsure of the right move. "Well?" she asked. "It's OK to come in. Or would you rather sleep out there?"

Demeris went in. Although the temperature outside was plunging with the onset of night, it was pleasantly warm inside. There was a single bedroll, just barely big enough for two if they didn't mind sleeping close together. He heard the sounds she made as she undressed and he tried in the absolute darkness to guess how much she was taking off. It wasn't easy to tell. He removed his own shirt and hesitated with his jeans; but then she opened the flap again to call

*"Of course you felt the earth move . . . it was an earthquake."*

out something to the elephant-camel, which she had tethered just outside, and by starlight he caught a flashing glimpse of bare thigh, bare buttock. He pulled off his jeans and slipped into the bedroll. She joined him a moment later. He lay awkwardly, trying to avoid rubbing up against her. For a time there was a tense expectant silence. Then her hand reached out in the darkness and grazed his shoulder, lightly but clearly not accidentally. Demeris didn't need a second hint. He had never taken any vows of chastity. He reached for her, found the hollow of her clavicle, trailed his hand downward until he was cupping a small, cool breast, resilient and firm. When he ran his thumb lightly across the nipple, she made a purring sound, and he felt the flesh quickly hardening. As was his. She turned to him. Demeris had some difficulty locating her mouth in the darkness, and she had to guide him, chuckling, but when his lips met hers, he felt the immediate flicker of her tongue coming forth to greet him.

And then almost as though he were willing his own downfall, he found himself perversely wondering if he might be embracing a Spook after all; and a wave of nausea swept through him, making him wobble and soften. But she was pressing tight against him, rubbing her breasts from side to side on him, uttering small eager murmuring sounds, and he got himself quickly back on track, losing himself in her fragrance and warmth and banishing completely from his thoughts anything but the sensations of the moment. After that one attack of doubt, everything was easy. He located her long smooth thighs with no problem whatever, and when he glided into her, he needed no guidance there either, and though their movements together had the usual first-time clumsiness, her hot gusts of breath against his shoulder and her soft sharp outcries told him that all was going well.

He lay awake for a time when it was over, listening to the occasional far-off cry of some desert creature. He imagined he could hear the heavy snuffling breathing of the elephant-camel, too, like a huge recirculating device just outside the tent. Jill had curled up against him as if they were old friends and was lost in sleep.

•

She said out of the blue, after they had been riding in silence the following morning, "Ever been married, Nick?"

The incongruity of the question startled him. Until a moment ago she had seemed to be a million miles away. His attempt to make love to her a second time at dawn had been met with indifference and she had been pure business, remote and cool, during the job of breaking camp and getting on the road.

"No," he said. "You?"

"Hasn't been on my program," she said. "But I thought everybody in Free Country got married. Nice normal people who settled down and raised big families." The elephant-camel swayed and bumped beneath them. They were following a wide dirt track festooned on both sides with glittering strands of what looked like clear jelly, hundreds of feet long, mounted on spiny black poles that seemed to be sprouting like saplings from the ground.

"I raised a big family," he said. "My brothers and sisters. Dad got killed in a hunting accident when I was ten. Possibly got mixed up with a Spook animal that was on the wrong side of the line. Nobody could quite figure it out. Then my mother came down with Blue Fever. I was fifteen then with five brothers and sisters to look after. Didn't leave me a lot of time to think about finding a wife."

"Blue Fever?"

"Don't you know what that is? Infectious disease. Kills you in three days, no hope at all. Supposed to be something the Spooks brought."

"We don't have it over here," she said. "Not that I ever heard."

"Spooks brought it, I guess they must know how to cure it. We aren't that lucky. Anyway, there were all these little kids to look after. Of course, they're grown now."

"But you still look after them. Coming over here to try to track down your brother."

"Somebody has to."

"What if he doesn't want to be tracked down?"

Demeris felt a tremor of alarm. "Have you any reason to think that?"

"I didn't say I did. But he might just prefer not to be found. A lot of boys come across and stay across, you know."

"I didn't know. Nobody I ever heard of did that. Why would someone want to live on the Spook side?"

"For the excitement?" she suggested. "To run with the Spooks? To play their games? To hunt their animals? There's all sorts of mingling these days."

"Is that so?" he asked uneasily. He stared at the back of her head. She was so damned odd, he thought, such a fucking mystery.

She said, sounding very far away, "I wonder about marrying." Back to that again. "What it's like, waking up next to the same person every day, day after day. Sharing your life, year after year. It sounds very beautiful. But also kind of strange. It isn't easy for me to imagine what it might be like."

"Don't they have marriage in Spook City?"

"Not really. Not the way that you people do."

"Well, why don't you try it and see? If you don't like it, you can get out of it. Nobody I know thinks being married is in any way strange. Christ, I bet whatever the Spooks do is five hundred times as strange, and they probably think it's the most normal thing in the world."

"Spooks don't marry. They don't have sex, really. What I hear, it's more like how fish do it, no direct contact."

"That sounds terrifically appealing. I'd really love that. And a cute Spook to try it with." He attempted to keep it light. But she glanced around at him.

"Still suspicious, Nick?"

He let that go by. "Listen, you could always take a fling at getting married for a while, couldn't you?" he asked. "If you're all that curious."

"Is that an offer, Nick?"

"No," he said. "Hardly. It was just a suggestion."

•

At midday they stopped for lunch in a cottonwood grove that the Spooks had redecorated with huge crystalline mushroom-shaped things. The elephant-camel munched on one and seemed to enjoy it, but Demeris and Jill left them alone. There was a brackish stream running through the trees, and once again she stripped and cleaned herself. Bathing seemed very important to her and she had no self-consciousness about her nudity. He watched her with cool pleasure from the bank.

Once in a while during the long hours of the ride, she would break the silence with a quirky sort of question: "What do people like to do at night in Free Country?" or "Are men closer friends with men than women are with women?" or "Have you ever wished you were someone else?" He gave the best answers he could. She was a strange, unpredictable kind of woman, but he was fascinated by the quick darting movements of her mind, so different from anyone he knew in Albuquerque. Of course he dealt mainly with ranchers and farmers, and she was a mayor's daughter. And a native of the Occupied Zone besides: no reason why she should be remotely like the people he knew.

They came to places that had been almost incomprehensibly transformed by the aliens. There was an abandoned one-street town that looked as though it had been turned to glass, everything eerily translucent—buildings, furniture, plumbing fixtures. If there had been any people still living there, you most likely could see right through them, too, Demeris supposed. Then came a sandy tract where a row of decayed rusting automobiles had been arranged in an overlapping series, the front of each humped on the rear end of the one in front of it, like a string of mating horses. Demeris stared at the automobiles as though they were ghosts ready to return to life. He had never actually seen one in use. The whole technology of internal-combustion devices had dropped away before he was born, at least in his part of Free Country, though he had heard they still had cars of some sort in certain

privileged enclaves of California.

After the row of cars there was a site where old appliances—sinks and toilets and chairs and fragments of things Demeris wasn't able even to identify—had been fused together to form a dozen perfect pyramids 50 or 60 feet in height. It was like a museum of antiquity. By now Demeris was growing numb to the effects of Spook meddling. It was impossible to sustain anger indefinitely when evidence of the alien presence was such a constant impingement.

There were more traces now of the aliens' living presence, too: glows on the horizon, mysterious whizzing sounds far overhead that Jill said came from airborne traffic, shining roadways through the desert parallel to the unpaved track they were following. Demeris expected to see Spooks riding by next, but there was no sign of that. He wondered what they were like. "Like ghosts," Bud had said. "Long, shining ghosts, but solid." That didn't help.

When they camped that night, Demeris entered the tent with Jill without hesitation and waited only a moment or two after lying down to reach for her. Her reaction was noncommittal. But then he heard a sort of purring sound and she turned to him, open and ready. There had been nothing remotely like affection between them all afternoon, but now she generated sudden passion out of nothing at all, pulling it up like water from a well; and he rode with her swiftly and expertly toward sweaty, noisy climaxes. He rested and went back to her a second time, but she said simply, "No. Let's sleep now," and turned her back to him. A very strange woman, he thought. He lay awake for awhile, listening to the rhythm of her breathing just to see if she was asleep, thinking he might nuzzle up to her anyway if she was still conscious and seemed at all receptive. He couldn't tell. She was motionless, limp—for all he knew, dead. Her breathing was virtually imperceptible. After a time Demeris rolled away. He dreamed of a bright sky streaked with crimson fire and of dragons flying in formations out of the south.

•

Now they were distinctly nearing Spook City. Instead of following along a dusty unpaved trail, they had moved onto an actual road, perhaps some old United States of America highway that the aliens had jazzed up by giving it an internal glow, a cool throbbing green luminance rising in eddying waves from a point deep underground. Other travelers joined them here, some riding wagons drawn by alien beasts of burden, a few floating on flatbed vehicles with no apparent means of propulsion. The travelers all seemed to be human.

"How do Spooks get around?" Demeris asked.

"Any way they like," said Jill.

A corroded highway sign that looked five thousand years old announced that they had reached a town called Dimmitt. There wasn't any town there, only a sort of checkpoint of light like a benign version of the border barrier: a cheerful shimmering sheen, a dazzling moiré pattern dancing in the air. One by one the wagons and flatbeds and carts passed through it and disappeared. "It's the hunt perimeter," Jill explained while they were waiting for their turn to go through. "Like a big pen around Spook City, miles in diameter, to keep the animals in. They won't cross the line. It scares them."

He felt no effect at all as they crossed it. On the other side she told him that she had some formalities to take care of and walked off toward a battered shed 100 feet from the road. Demeris waited for her beside the elephant-camel.

A grizzled-looking and weather-beaten man of about 50 came limping up and grinned at him.

"Jack Lawson," he announced. He put out his hand. "On my way back from my daughter's wedding, Oklahoma City."

"Nick Demeris."

"Interesting traveling companion you got, Nick. What's it like, traveling with one of those?"

"One of what?" Demeris asked.

Lawson winked. "Come on, friend. You know what I mean."

"I don't think I do."

"Your pal's a Spook, friend. Surely you aren't going to try to make me believe she's anything else."

"Friend, my ass. And she's as human as you or me."

"Right."

"Believe me," Demeris said flatly. "I know. I've checked her out at very close range."

Lawson's eyebrows rose a little. "That's what I figured. I've heard some guys go for that. Some women, too."

"Shit," Demeris said, feeling himself beginning to heat up. He didn't have the time or the inclination for a fight, and Lawson looked twice his age. As calmly as he could he said, "You're fucking wrong. You don't know shit about her."

"I know one when I see one."

"And I know an asshole when I see one," said Demeris.

"Easy, friend. Easy. I see I'm mistaken, that you simply don't understand what's going on. OK. A thousand pardons, friend. Ten thousand." Lawson gave him a smarmy smile, a courtly bow and started to move away.

"Wait," Demeris said. "You really think she's a Spook?"

"Bet your ass I do."

"Prove it, then."

"Don't have any proof. Just intuition."

"Intuition's not worth much where I come from."

"Sometimes you can just tell. There's something about her. I don't know. I can't put it into words."

"My father used to say that if you can't put something into words, that's on account of you don't know what you're talking about."

Lawson laughed. It was that same patronizing I-know-better-than-you laugh that the kid in the village had given him. Anger welled up again in Demeris and it was all he could do to keep from swinging at the man.

But just then Jill returned. She looked human as hell as she came walking up, swinging her hips. Lawson tipped his hat to her with exaggerated courtesy and went sauntering back to his wagon.

"Ready?" Demeris asked her.

"All set." She glanced at him. "You OK, Nick?"

"Sure."

"What was that fellow saying to you?"

"Telling me about his daughter's wedding in Oklahoma."

He clambered up, taking his position behind the middle hump.

His anger gradually subsided. They all knew so much, these Occupied Zone people. Or thought they did. Always trying to get one up on the greenhorn from Free Country, giving you their knowledgeable looks, hitting you with their sly insinuations.

Some rational part of him told him that if two people over here had said the same thing about Jill, it might just be true. A fair chance of it, in fact. Well, fuck it. She looked human, she smelled human, she felt human when he ran his hands over her body. That was good enough for him. He had held his mouth to hers; he had been inside her body; he had given himself to her in the most intimate way. There was no way he could let himself believe he had been embracing something from another planet.

And then he felt a sudden stab of wild, almost intoxicating temptation: the paradoxical hope that she was a Spook after all, that by embracing her he had done something extraordinary and outrageous. A true crossing of borders, his youth restored. He was amazed. It was a stunning moment, a glimpse of what it might be like to step outside the prison of his soul. But it passed quickly and he was his old sober self again. She is human, he told himself stolidly. Human.

•

A little closer in, he saw one of the pens where the hunt animals were being kept. It was like a sheet of lightning rising from the ground, but lightning that stayed and stayed. Behind it Demeris thought he could make out huge dark moving shapes. Nothing was clear, and after a few moments of staring at that fluid rippling wall of light, he started to feel the way he had felt when he was first pushing through the border barrier.

"What kind of things do they have in there?" he asked her.

"Everything," she said. "Wait and see

when they turn them loose."

"When is that?"

"Couple days from now." She swung around and pointed. "Look there, Nick. There's Spook City."

In the valley below lay a fair-sized sprawling town, not as big as he had expected, a mongrel place made up in part of little boxy houses and in part of tall, tapering, flickering constructions that didn't seem to be of material substance at all, ghost towers, fairy castles, houses fit for Spooks. The sight of them gave him a jolt, the way everything was mixed together, human and non. A low line of the same immaterial stuff ran around the edge of the city like a miniature border, but softer in hue and dancing like little swamp fires.

"I don't see any Spooks," he said.

"You want to see a Spook? There's a Spook for you."

An alien fluttered into view right then and there, as though she had conjured it out of empty air. Demeris, caught unprepared, muttered a curse and his fingers moved with desperate urgency through the patterns of protection signs that his mother had taught him more than 20 years before and that he had never had occasion to use. The Spook was incorporeal, elegant, almost blindingly beautiful: a sleek cone of translucence, a node of darkness limned by a dancing core of light. He had expected them to be frightening, not beautiful. But this one, at least, was frightening in its beauty. Then a second one appeared, and it was nothing like the first except that it, too, had no solidity. It was flat below and almost formless higher up and drifted above the ground atop a pool of its own luminescence. The first one vanished; the second one revolved and seemed to spawn three more, and then it, too, was gone; the newest three, which had S-shaped curves and shining blue eye-like features at their upper tips, twined themselves together almost coquettishly and coalesced into a single fleshy spheroid crisscrossed by radiant purple lines. The spheroid folded itself across its own equator, taking on a half-moon configuration, and slipped downward into the earth.

Demeris shivered.

Spooks, yes. Well named. Dream beings. No wonder there had been no way of defeating them. How could you touch them? How could you injure them in any way when they mutated and melted and vanished while you were looking at them? It wasn't fair, creatures like that coming to this world and taking a big chunk of it the way they had, simply grabbing, not bothering to explain why, just moving in, knowing that they were too powerful to be opposed. All his hatred of them sprang into new life. And yet they were beautiful, almost godlike.

He and Jill rode into town without speaking. There was a sweet tingle when they went through the wall of dancing light, and then they were inside.

"Here we are," Jill said. "Spook City. I'll show you a place where you can stay."

•

The city's streets were unpaved—the Spooks wouldn't need sidewalks—and most of the human-style buildings had windows of some kind of semiclear oiled cloth instead of glass. The buildings themselves were set down without much regard for order and logic. Sometimes there was a gap between them from which a tall Spook structure sprouted like nightmare fungus, but mainly the Spook sectors and the human sectors of the city were separate, however it had seemed when he had been looking down from the hill. All manner of flying creatures that had been gathered for the hunt were in busy circulation overhead: the delta-winged herders, the flying snakes, a whole host of weirdities traversing the air with such demonic intensity that it seemed to sizzle as they passed through it.

Jill conveyed him to a hotel of sorts made out of crudely squared logs held together clumsily by pegs, a gigantic ramshackle three-story cabin that looked as if it had been designed by people who were inventing architecture, and left him at the door. "I'll see you later," she told him when he had jumped down. "I've got some business to tend to."

"Wait," he said. "How am I going to find you when——"

Too late. The elephant-camel had already made a massive about-face and was ambling away.

Demeris stood looking after her, feeling puzzled and a little hurt. But he had begun to grow accustomed to her brusqueness and her arbitrary shifts by now. Very likely she'd turn up again in a day or two, he told himself. Meanwhile, though, he was on his own, just when he had started to count on her help.

He shrugged and went inside.

The place had the same jerry-built look within: a long, dark entry hall, exposed rafters, crazily leaning walls. To the left, from behind a tattered curtain of red gauze, came the sounds of barroom chatter and clinking glasses. On the right was a cubicle with a pale, owlish-looking heavyset woman peering out of a lopsided opening.

"I need a room," Demeris told her.

"Got one left. Busy time on account of the hunt. It's five labor units a night, room and board and a drink or two."

"Labor units?"

"We don't take Free Country money here, chumbo. An hour cleaning out the shithouse, that's one labor unit. Two hours swabbing grease in the kitchen, that's one. Don't worry, we'll find things for you to do. You staying thirty days?"

"I'm not on an *entrada*," Demeris said. "I'm here to find my brother." Then, with a sudden rush of hope: "Maybe


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you've seen him. Looks a lot like me, shorter, around eighteen. Tom Demeris."

"Nobody here by that name," she said and shoved a square metal key toward him. "Second floor, left, one-oh-three."

The room was small, squalid, dim. A strangely shaped lamp sat on the crooked table next to the bare cot that would be his bed. It turned on when he touched it and an eerie tapering glow rose from it like a tiny Spook.

Downstairs he found four men and a woman in the bar. They gave him only the quickest of glances.

"Whiskey," Demeris told the bartender.

"We got Shagback, Billyhow, Donovan and Thread."

"Donovan," he said at random. The stuff was inky dark, vaguely sour-smelling, strong. Demeris felt it hit bottom like a fishhook. The others were looking at him with more interest now. He turned to them.

"How do you like the whiskey?" the woman asked him.

"It's different from what I'm accustomed to. But not bad." He fought back his anger. "I'm looking for my kid brother. Tom Demeris is his name."

"Tom what?" one of the men asked.

"Demeris. We're from Albuquerque."

They began to laugh. "Abblecricky," the woman said.

"Dabblecricky," said another man.

Demeris looked coldly from one face to another. "Albuquerque," he said with great precision. "It used to be a big city in New Mexico. My brother was on his *entrada*, only he didn't come back. Not quite as tall as I am, heavier set, longer hair than mine."

The woman rolled her eyes and shrugged, and one of the men gestured to the bartender for another round.

"You want one, too?" the bartender asked Demeris.

"A different kind this time."

It wasn't any better. He sipped it morosely. A few moments later the others began to file out of the room. "Abblekirky," the woman said as she went past Demeris and laughed again.

He spent a troubled night. The room was musty and dank and made him feel claustrophobic. Sounds came from outside, grinding noises, screeches, strange honkings. When he turned the lamp off, the darkness was absolute and ominous, and when he turned it on, the light bothered him. He lay stiffly, waiting watchfully for sleep to take him, and when it failed to arrive, he rose and pulled the oilcloth window cover aside to stare into the night. Attenuated streaks of brightness were floating through the air, ghostly will-o'-the-wisp glowings, and by that faint illumination he saw huge winged things pumping stolidly across the sky, great dragons no more graceful than flying oxen, while in the road below the building, three flickering columns of light that surely were Spooks went past, driving a herd of lean square-headed monsters as though they were sheep.

In the morning, after the grudging breakfast of stale bread and some coffee-like beverage with an undertaste of barley that the hotel bar provided, he went out into Spook City to look for Tom. But where was he supposed to begin?

It was a chaotic town. The unpaved streets went squiggling off in all directions, no two of them parallel. Wagons and flatbeds of the kind he had seen at the perimeter checkpoint, some of them ornate and bizarre, swept by constantly, stirring up whirlwinds of gray dust. Ethereal shimmering Spooks drifted in and among them, ignoring the perils of the busy traffic as though they were operating on some other plane of existence, which very likely they were. There came a great bleating of horns and everyone moved to the side of the street to allow a parade of menacing-looking beasts to pass through, a dozen green-scaled things like dinosaurs with high-stepping big-taloned feet or a procession of elephant-camels linked trunk to tail or a string of long slithery serpentine creatures moving on scores of powerful stubby legs.

Demeris felt a curious numbness coming over him as one enormity after another presented itself to his eyes. These few days across the border were changing him, creating a dreamy tolerance in him. He had absorbed all the new alien sights and experiences he could and he was overloaded now, no room left for reactions of surprise or fear or even of loathing. The crazy superabundance of strangeness in Spook City was quickly starting to appear normal. Albuquerque in all its somnolent ordinariness now seemed to him like a static vision, a mere photograph of a city.

There was still the problem of Tom, though. Demeris walked for hours and found no clue, no starting place: no building marked Police Station or City Hall or Questions Answered Here. What he really hoped to come upon was someone who was recognizably a native of Free Country, someone who could give him an inkling of how to go about tracing his brother through the network of kids making *entradas* that must exist on this side. But he saw no one like that, either. Where the hell was Jill? She was his only ally and she had left him to cope with this lunacy all by himself, abandoning him as abruptly as she had picked him up in the first place.

But she, at least, could be located. She was the mayor's daughter, after all.

He entered a dark, squalid building that seemed to be a shop. A small hunched-looking woman who could have been made of old leather gave him a surly look from behind a warped counter. He met it with the best smile he could manage and said to her, "I'm new in town and I'm trying to find Jill Gorton, Ben Gorton's daughter. She's a friend of mine."

"Who?"

"Jill Gorton? Ben Gorton's——"

She shook her head curtly. "Don't know anybody by that name."

"Ben Gorton, then. Where can he be found?"

"Wherever he might happen to be," she said. "How would I know?" And then she slammed shut on him like a trapdoor. He peered at her in astonishment. She had turned away from him and was moving things behind her counter as though no one were there.

"Doesn't he have an office?" Demeris asked. "Some kind of headquarters?"

No response. She got up, standing in the shadows, ignoring him.

"I'm talking to you," Demeris said.

She might just as well have been deaf. He quivered with frustration. It was midday and he had had practically nothing to eat since yesterday afternoon, and he hadn't accomplished anything all this day and it had started to dawn on him that he had no idea how he was going to find his way back to his hotel through the maze of the city—he didn't even know its name or address, and the streets bore no signs anyway—and now this old bitch was pretending he was invisible. Furiously he said, "Jesus Christ, what's the matter with you people? Haven't you ever heard of common courtesy here? Have the fucking Spooks drained everything that's human out of you all? All I want to know is how to find the goddamned mayor. Can't you tell me that one little thing? Can't you?"

Instead of answering him, she looked back over her shoulder and made a sound in Spook language, a wheezing whistling noise, the kind of sound that Jill might have directed to her elephant-camel. Almost instantly a tall flat-faced man of about 30 with the same sort of dark leathery skin as hers came out of a back room and gave Demeris a black, threatening stare.

"What the hell do you think you're doing yelling at my mother?"

"Look," Demeris said, "I just asked her for help, that's all." He was still churning with rage. "I need to find the mayor. I'm a friend of his daughter Jill's, and she's supposed to help me track down my brother Tom, who came across from Free Country a few months ago, and I don't know one goddamned building from the next in this town, so I stopped in here hoping she could give me some directions and instead——"

"You yelled at her. You cursed at her."

"Yeah. Maybe so. But if you people don't have any decency, why the hell should I? All I want to know——"

"You cursed at my mother."

"Yeah," Demeris said. "Yeah, I did." It was all too much. He was tired and hungry and far from home and the streets

were full of monsters and nobody would give him the time of day here and he was sick of it. He had no idea who moved first, but suddenly they were both on the same side of the counter and swinging, butting heads and pummeling each other's chests and trying to slam each other against the wall. The man was bigger and heavier, but Demeris was angrier. He got his hands to the man's throat and started to squeeze. Dimly he was aware of sounds all around him, doors closing, rapid footsteps, people shouting, a thick incoherent babble. Then someone's arm was bent around his chin and throat, and hands were clamped on his wrists and he was being pulled to the floor, kicking as he went and struggling to reach the knife at his waist. The confusion grew worse after that: He had no idea how many of them there were, but they were sitting on him, they were holding his arms, they were dragging him out into the daylight. He thought he saw a Spook hovering in the air above him, but perhaps he was wrong about that. There was too much light everywhere around. Nothing was clear.

"Listen," he said, "the only thing I want is——" And they hit him in the mouth and kicked him in the side, and there was some raucous laughter and he heard them speaking in the Spook language; and then he came to understand that he was in a wagon, a cart, a moving contrivance. His hands and feet were tied. A flushed sweaty face looked down at him, grinning.

"Where are you taking me?" Demeris asked.

"To Ben Gorton. That's who you wanted to see, isn't it? Ben Gorton, right?"

•

He was in a basement room, windowless, lit by three of the Spook lamps. It was the next day, he supposed. They had given him a little to eat, some kind of bean mush. He was still bound, but two men were holding him anyway.

"Untie him," someone said.

It had to be Gorton. He was around six foot seven, wide as a slab, with a big bald head and a great beaky nose, and everything about him spoke of power and authority. Demeris rubbed his wrists where the cord had chafed them and said, "I wasn't interested in a fight. That's not the sort of person I am. But sometimes when it builds up, you can't stand it anymore——"

"Right. You damn near killed Bobby Bridger, you know that? His eyes were bugging right out of his head. This is hunt season here, mister. The Spooks will be turning the critters loose any minute now and things are going to get real lively. It's important for everybody to stay civil so things don't get any more complicated than they usually are when the hunt's going on."

"If Bridger's mother had been more civil to me, it would all have been a lot different," Demeris said.

Gorton gave him a weary look. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Taking a deep breath, Demeris said, "My name's Nick Demeris and I live in Free Country, and I came over here to find my kid brother Tom, who seems to have gotten sidetracked coming back from his *entrada*."

"Tom Demeris," Gorton said, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yes. Then I met your daughter Jill at a town near the border, and she invited me to travel with her. But when we got to Spook City, she dropped me at some hotel and disappeared, so——"

"Wait a second," said Gorton. His eyebrows went higher. "My daughter Jill?"

"That's right."

"Shit," the big man said. "I don't have no fucking daughter."

"No daughter?" asked Demeris.

"No daughter. None. Must have been some Spook playing games with you."

The words fell on Demeris like stones. "Some Spook," he repeated numbly. "Pretending to be your daughter. You mean that? For Christ's sake, are you playing games with me, too?"

Something in Demeris' tone seemed to register sympathetically with Gorton. He squinted, he blinked, he tugged at the tip of his great nose. He said in a much softer voice, "I'm not playing any games with you. I can't say for sure that she was a Spook, but she sure as hell wasn't my daughter because I don't have any daughter. Spooks doing masks will tell you anything they damn please, though. Chances are, she was a Spook."

"Doing masks?"

"Spooks going around playing at being human. It's a big thing with them these days. The latest Spook fad."

Demeris nodded. Doing masks, he thought. He considered it and it began to sink in, and sink and sink and sink.

Then quietly he said, "Maybe you can help me find my brother, at least."

"No. I can't do that and neither can anybody else. Tom Demeris, you said?"

"That's right."

Gorton glanced toward one of his men. "Mack, how long ago was it that the Demeris kid took the Spooks' nickel?"

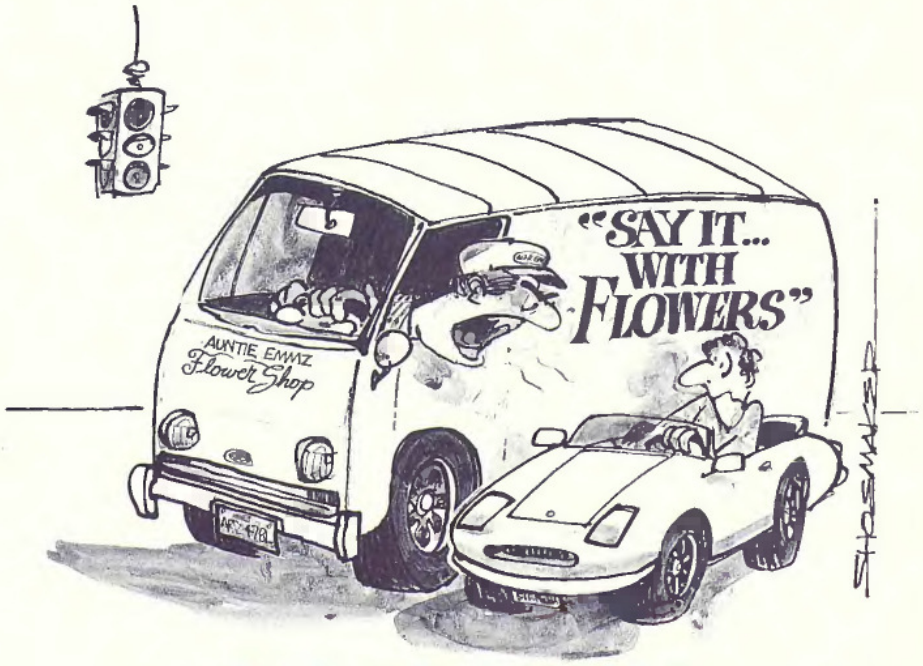
"Middle of July, I think."

"Right." To Demeris, Gorton said, "What we call 'taking the Spooks' nickel' means selling yourself to them, do you know what I mean? You agree to go with them to their home planet. They've got a plush country club for humans there where you live like a grand emperor for the rest of your life: comfort, luxury, women, anything you damn please. But the deal is that in return you belong to them forever, that they get to run psychological experiments on you to see what makes you tick, like a mouse in a cage. At least that's what the Spooks tell us goes on there, and we might as well believe it. Nobody who's sold himself to the Spooks has ever come back. I'm sorry, man. I wish it wasn't so."

Demeris looked away for a moment. He felt like smashing things but he held himself perfectly still. My brother, he thought, my baby brother.

"He was just a kid," he said.

"Well, he must have been a damned unhappy kid. Nobody with his head




"FUCK OFF!"

screwed on right would take the nickel. Hardly anybody ever does." Something flashed momentarily in Gorton's eyes, and Demeris sensed that to these people, selling yourself to the Spooks was the ultimate surrender, the deepest sort of self-betrayal. Even here in the Occupied Zone there were levels of yielding to the alien conqueror, he realized, and in the eyes of Spook City people, the thing that Tom had done was the lowest level of all. He felt the weight of Gorton's mingling of contempt for Tom and pity for himself, and he tried to throw them back with a furious glare. Gorton watched him quietly, not reacting.

After a moment Demeris said, "All right. There's nothing I can do, is there? I guess I'd better go back home."

"You'd better go back to your hotel and wait until the hunt is over," said Gorton. "It isn't safe wandering around in the open while the critters are loose."

"No," said Demeris. "I suppose it isn't."

"Take him to wherever he's staying, Mack," Gorton said. He stared for a time at Demeris. The sorrow in his eyes seemed genuine. "I'm sorry," Gorton said again. "I really am."

•

Mack had no difficulty recognizing Demeris' hotel from the description he gave, and took him to it in a floating wagon that made the trip in less than 15 minutes. The streets were practically empty now, no Spooks in sight and few humans, and those were moving quickly.

"You want to stay indoors while the hunt is going on," Mack said. "A lot of idiots don't, but some of them regret it. This is one event that ought to be left strictly to the Spooks."

"How will I know when it starts?"

"You'll know," Mack said.

Demeris got out of the wagon. It turned immediately and headed away. He paused in front of the building, breathing deeply, feeling light-headed, thinking of Tom on the Spook planet, Tom living in a Spook palace, Tom on satin Spook sheets.

"Nick? Over here, Nick! It's me!"

"Oh, Christ," he said. Jill was coming up the street toward him, smiling as blithely as though this were Christmas Eve. He scanned her, searching for traces of some Spook gleam, some alien shimmer. When she reached him, she held out her arms to him as though expecting a hug. He stepped back just far enough to avoid her grasp.

In a flat, tight voice he said, "I found out about my brother. He's gone off to the Spook world. Took their nickel."

"Oh, Nick. Nick!"

"You knew, didn't you? Everybody in this town must have known about the kid who came from Free Country and sold himself to the Spooks." His tone turned icy. "It was your father the mayor who told me. He also told me that he doesn't have any daughters."

Her cheeks blazed with embarrassment. It was so human a reaction that he was cast into fresh confusion: How could a Spook learn to mimic a human even down to a blush? It didn't seem possible. And it gave him new hope. She had lied to him about being Ben Gorton's daughter, yes, God only knew why; but there was still the possibility that she was human, that she had chosen to put on a false identity but that the body he saw was really her own.

If only it was so, he thought. His anger with her, his disdain, melted away in a flash. He wanted everything to be all right. He was rocked by a powerful rush of eagerness to be assured that the woman he had embraced those two nights in the desert was indeed a woman; and with it, astonishingly, came a new burst of desire for her.

"What he told me was that you were a Spook," Demeris said in a guarded tone. He looked at her hopefully, waiting for her to deny it, praying for her to deny it, ready to accept her denial.

"Yes," she said. "I am."

It was like a gate slamming in his face.

Serenely she said, "Humans fascinate me. Their emotions, their reactions, their attitudes toward things. I've been studying them at close range for a hundred of your years and I still don't know as much as I'd like to. And finally I thought, the only way I can make that final leap of understanding is to become one myself."

"Doing masks," Demeris said in a hollow voice. Looking at her he imagined he could see something cold and foreign peering out at him from behind her eyes, and it seemed to him that great chilly winds were sweeping through the empty caverns of his soul. He began to see now that somewhere deep within him he must have been making plans for a future that included this woman. He had wanted her so much that he had stubbornly refused to accept any of the evidence that had been given him. And now he had been given the one bit of evidence that was impossible to reject.

"Right," she said. "Doing masks."

He knew he should be feeling fury, or anguish, or something, at this final revelation that he had slept with a Spook. But he barely felt anything at all. He was like a stone. The Spooks are in charge here. We are their toys. All right.

"Taking human men as your lovers, too: that's part of doing masks, isn't it?" he asked. "Was my brother one of them?"

"No. I saw him only once or twice."

He believed that. He believed everything she was saying now.

She seemed about to say something else. But then suddenly a flare of lightning burst across the sky, a monstrous forking shaft of flame that looked as though it could split the world in two. It was followed not by thunder but by music, an immense alien chord that fell like an avalanche from the air and swelled up around them with oceanic force. The vault of the sky rippled with colors: red, orange, violet, green.

"What's happening?" Demeris asked.

"The hunt is starting," she said. "That's the signal."

Yes. In the wake of the lightning and the rippling colors came swarming throngs of airborne creatures, thousands of them, the delta-winged dragon-like herders and their snake-like pilots, turning the midday sky dark with their numbers, like a swarm of bees overhead, colossal ones whose wings made a terrible droning sound as they beat the air; and then Demeris heard gigantic roaring, bellowing sounds from nearby, as if monsters were approaching. There were no animals in the streets, not yet, but they couldn't be very far away. Above him, Spooks by the dozens flickered in the air. Then he heard footsteps, and a pack of humans came running frantically toward them out of a narrow street, their eyes wild, their faces weirdly rigid. Did the Spooks hunt humans, too? Demeris wondered. Or was one of the monsters chasing them? The runners came sweeping down on him. "Get out of the way, man!" one of them cried. "Out of the way!"

Demeris stepped back, but not fast enough, and the runner on the inside smacked hard into his shoulder, spinning him around. For one startling moment Demeris found himself looking straight into the man's eyes and saw something close to madness there, but no fear at all—only eagerness, impatience, excitement—and he realized that they must be running not from but to the hunt, that they were on their way to witness the crazy slaughter at close range or even to take part in it themselves, that they lived just as the Spooks did for this annual moment of apocalyptic frenzy.

Jill said, "It'll be berserk here now for two or three days. You ought to be very careful if you go outdoors."

"Yes. I will."

"Listen," she said, putting an edge on her voice to make it cut through the roar coming from overhead, "I've got a proposition for you, now that you know the truth." She leaned close to him. "Let's stay together, you and me. Despite the problems. I like you, Nick."

He peered at her, utterly astounded.

"I really think we can work something out," she went on. Another horde of winged things shot by just above them, making raspy tearing sounds as they flailed the air, and a new gush of color stained the sky. "Seriously, Nick. We can stay in Spook City if you want to, but I don't suppose you do. If you don't, I'll go back across the border with you and live with you in Free Country."

"Are you crazy?" Demeris asked.

"No. Not in the least, I swear. Can you

believe me? Can you?"

"I've got to go inside," he said. He was trembling. "It isn't smart to be standing out here while the hunt is going on."

"What do you say, Nick? Answer."

"It isn't possible for us to be together. You know it isn't."

"You want to. Some part of you does."

"Maybe so," he said, amazed at what he was saying but unable to deny it despite himself. "One fraction of me. But it isn't possible, all the same. I don't want to live here among the Spooks, and if I take you back with me, some bastard with a sharp nose will sniff you out sooner or later. I'm not going to take that risk. I'm just not, Jill."

"That's your absolute decision?"

"My absolute decision, yes."

Something was coming down the street now, some vast hopping thing with a head the size of a cow and teeth like spears. A dozen or so humans ran along beside it, practically within reach of the creature's clashing jaws, and a covey of Spooks hovered over it, bombarding it with flashes of light. Demeris dodged back toward the door of the hotel.

He turned in the doorway. She was still standing there. The hunters and their prey sped right past her, but she took no notice. She waved to him.

Sure, he thought. He waved back. Goodbye, Jill.

He went inside. There was a clatter on the stairs, people running down, a woman and some men, the ones who had mocked him in the bar when he had first arrived. Two of the men ran past him and out the door, but the woman halted and caught him by the crook of the arm.

"Hey, Abblecricky!"

Demeris stared at her.

She leaned into his face and grinned. She was flushed and wild-looking, like the ones who had been running through the streets. "Come on, man! It's the hunt! You're heading the wrong way. Don't you want to be there?"

He had no answer for that.

She was tugging at him. "Come on! Live it up! Kill yourself a dragon."

"Ella!" one of the men called back.

She gave Demeris a wink and ran out the door.

He swayed uncertainly, torn between curiosity about what was going on out there and a profound wish to go upstairs and shut the door behind him. But the street had the stronger pull. He took a step or two after the woman, and then another, and then he was outside again. Jill was gone. The scene in the street was wilder: People ran back and forth yelling incoherently, colliding with one another in their frenzy. Overhead, streams of winged creatures swarmed, with Spooks like beams of pure light moving among them. In the distance, he heard the sounds of bellowing animals, thunderous explosions and high keening cries of what he took to be Spook pleasure. Far

# WHERE & HOW TO BUY

*Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 28, 104–107, 112–113 and 161, check the listings below to locate the store nearest you.*

**STYLE**

Page 28: "Hog Wild": **Jackets:** By *Harley-Davidson*, for store locations, 800-443-2153. By *Diesel*, at Detour, 425 W. Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-219-2692; E Street Denim Company, 2506½ N. Clark St., Chicago, 312-868-1000; Ron Herman at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-4129. By *Avirex*, to order or for store locations, 718-482-1860. By *Tapp*, for store locations, 212-874-1752. By *Perfecto by Schott Bros.*, for store locations, 800-631-5407. "Hair and Now": **Hair Products:** By *Redken*, for a salon near you, 800-423-5369. By *Sebastian*, for a salon near you, 800-829-7322. By *L'Oreal*, available in best L'Oreal Keralogie salons. "Hot Shopping: Vintage Shops": Dreamland, 224 W. Read St., Baltimore, 410-727-4575; Flashy Trash, 3524 N. Halsted St., Chicago, 312-327-6900; Wear It Again Sam, 1411 Westheimer, Houston, 713-523-5258; Last Tango in Paradise, 1214 Washington Ave., Miami Beach, 305-532-4228; the Second Coming, 72 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-431-4424; American Rag Cie, 1305 Van Ness, San Francisco, 415-474-5214. "Clothes Line": **Pants, shirts** and **ties** by *Perry Ellis*, for information, 212-921-8500. **Jacket** by *Brioni*, at Brioni, 55 E. 52nd St., N.Y.C., 212-355-1940. **Loafers** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, for store locations, Fratelli Rossetti, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107.

**LET'S TIE ONE ON**

Pages 112–113: **Ties**: By *Nick Hilton*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135; Andrisen Morton, 740 17th St., Denver, 303-623-4411. By *Gucci*, at all Gucci stores. By *Park Lane*, at Frank Stella Clothiers, 440 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-877-5566; Pockets Menswear, 9669 N. Central Expy., Dallas, 214-368-1167. By *Tino Cosma*, at Tino Cosma Boutique, 692 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-246-4665; Wayne Edwards, 1521 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-563-6801; Natwise by Anto, 268 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-278-4500. By *Bugatti by Superba*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide; Nordstrom nationwide. By *KM Krizia*, at Wallachs, 555 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-687-0106. By *Countess Mara*, at Countess Mara Boutique, 445 Park Ave., N.Y.C., to order, 800-727-1037. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. By *Ferrell Reed*, at Ferrell Reed, for store locations, 800-421-6119; Plainclothes, 1020 20th St. South, Birmingham, AL, 205-324-0078; Nordstrom, select stores. By *Audrey Buckner*, at Ron Ross, 12930 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA, 818-788-8700; Button Down, 3640 Sacramento St., San Francisco, 415-563-1311. By *Harken*, at Riverside Menshop, 783 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, 716-875-8400; Culwell & Son, 6319 Hillcrest, Dallas, 214-522-7000; Nordstrom, Los Angeles, to order, 800-695-8000. By *Donna Karan*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030; Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000.

**PLAYBOY COLLECTION**

Pages 104–107: **Scotch whisky** by *Seagram*, available through select wine and spirits retailers. **Jet ski** by *Kawasaki*, to order, 800-661-RIDE. **Car stereo** by *Philips*, to order or for store locations, 800-524-6638. **Camera** by *Ricoh*, for store locations, 800-32-RICOH. **Watch** by *Pusser's, Ltd.* 101 W. 55th St., Suite 8-H, N.Y.C., for information or to order, 212-315-4290. **Car TV** by *Casio*, to order or for store locations, 800-962-2746. **Personal stereo** by *PI-Thorian International*, 724 Heman, St. Louis, MO, 314-428-7550. **Home gym** by *Nordic Track*, to order, 800-445-2360.

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE**

Page 161: **Computers**: By *NEC*, for store locations, 800-388-8888. By *Apple Macintosh*, for store locations, 800-538-9696.

off to the south, he saw a winged something the size of a small hill circle desperately in the sky, surrounded by implacable flaring pinpoints of Spook light, and halt and plummet like a falling moon. He could smell charred flesh, with a salty underflavor of what he suspected was the blood of alien beasts.

At a sleepwalker's dreamy pace, Demeris went to the corner and turned left. Abruptly he found himself confronted with a thing so huge and hideous that it was almost funny—a massive long-snouted frog-shaped thing, sloping upward from a squat base, with a moist-looking greenish-black hide pocked with red craters and a broad, gaping, yellow-rimmed mouth. It was advancing slowly and clumsily down the middle of the street, toward the intersection, with its shoulders practically touching the buildings at either side.

Demeris drew his knife. What the hell, he thought. He was here at hunt time, he might as well join the fun. The creature was immense, but it didn't have visible fangs or talons and he figured he could move in at an angle and slash upward through the great baggy throat, and then step back fast before the thing fell on him. If it turned out to be more dangerous than it looked, he didn't give a damn. Not now.

He moved forward, knife already arcing upward.

"Hey!" someone cried behind him. "You out of your mind, fellow?"

Demeris glanced around. The bartender had come out of the hotel and was staring at him.

"That critter's just a big sack of acid," he said. "You cut it open, it'll pour all over you."

The frog thing made a sound like a burp, or perhaps a sardonic chuckle. Demeris backed away.

"You want to cut something," the bartender said, "you better know what you're cutting."

"Yeah," Demeris said. "I suppose so." He returned the knife to its sheath and headed back across the street, feeling the craziness of the moment ebb from him like air from a balloon. This hunt was no business of his. Let the people who live here get mixed up in it.

As he reached the hotel entrance, he saw Spook light shimmering in the air at the corner—hunters hovering above—and then there was a soft sighing sound and a torrent of bluish fluid came rolling out of the side street, foaming and hissing as it edged along the gutter.

Demeris shuddered. He went into the building.

•

Quickly he mounted the stairs and entered his room and sat for a long while on the edge of the cot, gradually growing calm, while the din of the hunt went on and on.

Tom was gone, that was the basic thing he had to deal with. OK. He faced that and grappled with it. It was bitter news, but at least it was a resolution of sorts.

And Jill.

Doing masks. Taking humans as lovers. The whole matter went round and round in his mind, all that they had done together, everything that had passed between them. And how he had always felt about Spooks and how—somehow, he had no idea how—his time with Jill had changed that a little.

He remembered what she had said: "I want to be one of you."

What did that mean? A tourist in the human race? A sightseer?

They are softening, then. They are starting to whore after strange amusements. And if that's so, he thought, then we are beginning to win. The aliens had infiltrated earth in the first place; but now earth was infiltrating them. This yearning to do masks, to look and act like humans, to experience human feelings and human practices and human follies: It meant the end for them. There were too many humans on earth and not enough Spooks, and the Spooks would eventually be swallowed up. One by one, they would succumb to the temptation of giving up their chilly godliness and try to imitate the messy, contradictory, troublesome creatures that humans are. And, Demeris thought, over the course of time—500 years, 1000, who could say?—earth would complete the job of absorbing the invaders and something new would emerge from the mixture of the species. That was an interesting thing to consider.

But then something clicked in his mind and he felt himself being flooded by a strange interior light, a light as weird and intense as the Spook light over the city. There was another way of looking at these things altogether. Jill dropped suddenly into a new perspective. If she were not a mere sightseer looking for forbidden thrills, she might be . . . a pioneer, an explorer, a border jumper, a defiant enemy of boundaries and limitations and rules. The same for Tom. They were two of a kind.

Demeris recognized how little he understood his youngest brother. To him, Tom was a disturbed kid. To Ben Gorton, he was a contemptible sellout. But the real Tom, Tom's own Tom, might be something entirely different. He might be someone ready to jump deep and far into otherness to find out what it was like. Like Jill, this alien, this Spook—she was of that kind, too, but coming from the other direction.

And she had wanted his help. She had needed it all along, right from the start. She had missed her chance with Tom, but maybe she thought that Tom's brother might be the same sort of person, someone who lived on the edge, who pushed the walls.

Well, well, well. How wrong she was.

He couldn't do it. Tom might have done it, but Tom was gone, and he wasn't Tom or anything like him.

Too bad, he thought. Too damned bad, Jill.

He walked to the window, raised the oilcloth and peered out. The hunt was reaching a peak. The street was more crowded than ever with frantic monsters. The sky was full of Spooks. Scattered bands of Spook City humans, looking half-crazed or more than half, ran back and forth. There was noise everywhere, sharp, percussive, discordant. Jill was nowhere to be seen. He let the oilcloth flap drop back in place and lay down on his cot and closed his eyes.

•

Three days later, when the hunt was over and it was safe to go out again, Demeris set out for home. For the first ten blocks or so, a glow that might have been a Spook hovered above him, keeping pace. He wondered if it was Jill.

She had given him a second chance once, he remembered. Maybe she was doing it again.

"Jill?" he called up to it. "That you?"

No answer came.

"Listen," he called to the hovering glow. "Forget it. It isn't going to work out, you and me. I'm sorry, but it isn't. You hear me?"

A little change in the intensity of the flicker overhead. Or perhaps not.

He looked upward and said, "And listen, Jill—if that's you—Jill, I want to tell you: Thanks for everything, OK?" It was strange, talking to the sky this way. But he didn't care. "And good luck. You hear? Good luck, Jill! I hope you get what you want."

The glow bobbed for a moment, up, down. Then it was gone.

Demeris, shading his eyes, looked up again, but there was nothing there to see. He felt a sharp momentary pang, thinking of the possibilities. But what could he have done? She had wanted something from him that he wasn't able to give. If he had been somebody else, things might have been different. But he was who he was. He could go only so far toward becoming someone else and then he had to pull back and return to being who he really was, and that was all there was to it.

No one gave him any trouble at all on his way out, and the return trip through the western fringe of the Occupied Zone was just as smooth. Everything was quiet, all was peaceful, clear to the border.

The border crossing itself was equally uncomplicated. The fizzing lights and the weird hallucinatory effects of the barrier were visible, but they had no impact from this side. Demeris passed through them as though they were smoke, and kept on walking. In hardly any time he was across the border and back in Free Country again.

# PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

## TWO FOR THE ROAD

STEVE CONWAY

Corporate ladder climbers are no longer complaining about wasted travel time, thanks to a new crop of notebook computers that have literally lightened their work loads. Small enough to fit in a briefcase, these new minisystems pack all the power of the earlier biceps-building laptops yet weigh under ten pounds (including battery and AC adapter). Virtually every brand of computer is now available in notebook size. Among the things to consider before choosing one are battery life (built-in power savers enable some machines to run for up to eight hours), processing ability (20 megahertz is plenty speedy) and megabytes of RAM (2 MB minimum; 4 MB if you're running Windows). A screen that's easy on the eyes is important, too.

**Notebook computers come in two forms—IBM-compatible and Apple Macintosh. Left: One example of the former is NEC's 7.5-pound UltraLite SL/25C color notebook, which features 2 MB of RAM (expandable to 10 MB), an 80 MB hard drive, a floppy drive and a five-hour rechargeable battery, $6000. The 6.8-pound Macintosh PowerBook 170 4/40 on the right features 4 MB of RAM and a 40 MB hard drive, plus a floppy drive that reads IBM (and compatible) disks, a built-in fax/modem and a three-hour rechargeable battery. A built-in track ball operates similarly to a mouse, and palm rests make laptop computing more comfortable, $4599.**

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

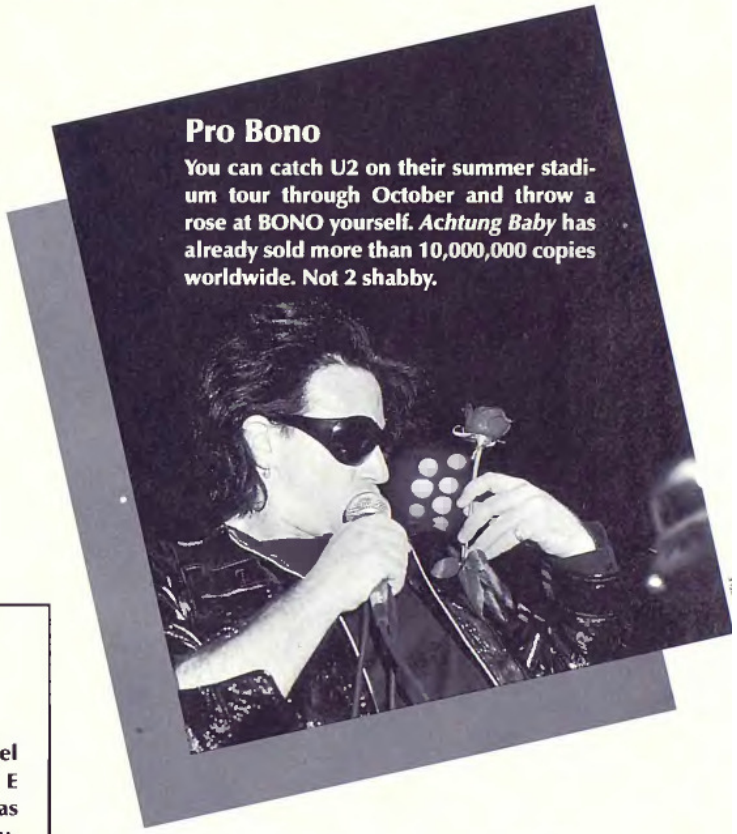
## Taking a Head Count

You can call the KENTUCKY HEADHUNTERS hillbillies. They won't be offended. The powerful guitar-driven music on *Pickin' in Nashville* and *Electric Barnyard* has been a major part of country music's extraordinary growth. The Headhunters are working on LP number three in a Kentucky farmhouse. Described as a band with spit and wit, the Headhunters party on.

© WERNER W. POLLENER

## Shanelle, Our Belle

Actress and model SHANELLE MATTHEWS has appeared in music videos with David Lee Roth and the Scorpions and in the movie *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*. For us, Shanelle bottoms out.



## Pro Bono

You can catch U2 on their summer stadium tour through October and throw a rose at BONO yourself. *Achtung Baby* has already sold more than 10,000,000 copies worldwide. Not 2 shabby.

## The Eyes of Texas Are Kinky's

Writer, musician and bon vivant KINKY FRIEDMAN was last seen in these parts at Farm Aid. He toured England this summer, where the big hat and the stogie were boffo. For his mystery fans, keep an eye out for his new novel—a follow-up to *Musical Chairs*.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

## Give Them a Hand

**Hot popsters RIGHT SAID FRED's number-one single *I'm Too Sexy* went platinum in a flash, followed by their debut LP, *Up. Sexy* was originally written as a workout song. Take that, Jane Fonda.**

## Northern Exposure

**Model and dancer RAQUEL WELLS is a Canadian, but we're claiming her now. You can buy her poster in the U.S.A. while you wait for some smart producer to discover her. Consider this shot a sneak peek from your friends at *Grapevine*.**

DOUG MAGEE

## A Shot of Tia

**TIA GILOVICH was the Humpty Girl in Digital Underground's video *The Humpty Dance*. She also graced Jeffrey Osborne's *I'm Only Human* video and appeared in two *Midnight Caller* episodes on TV. Tia's beginning to stretch.**

© WERNER W. POLLEPHER

## SCANTI-CLAD

"A new generation of hosiery that's body-engineered to overcome the problems and discomforts of pantyhose" is how the people at Scantihose describe their product, which gives the appearance of pantyhose but the freedom of wearing two stockings fastened to a waistband. And, of course, the stockings, which are cut high on the outside and low on the inside, are individually replaceable and don't droop. Talk about sensual—and sensible. The intricacies of Scantihose's various sizes, which range from A to E, are best solved by ordering a brochure from the company at P.O. Box 20, Farmington, Connecticut 06034, or by calling 203-677-9225. Prices range from about $6 to $19 for the belts and $8 to $10 for the stockings. (Regular, sheer, Lycra sheer and opaque are available.) Colors for the stockings include black, suntan, taupe, vanilla, white, gray, navy and red. Best of all, when someone wears Scantihose, panties are optional.

## COLUMBUS REDISCOVERED

Intercap's Festival of the Americas, an officially sanctioned event to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the discovery of the Americas, kicks off October 8 in the Dominican Republic's capital city, Santo Domingo, with a gala night of Latin music. What follows are four days of nonstop celebrations, including fireworks and laser shows, special-effects spectaculars and formal dinners, all climaxed with an open-air mass for 250,000 people celebrated by Pope John Paul II.

JOHN O'LEARY

## GENTLEMEN, START YOUR POSTERS

Brands Hatch. Circuit de Monaco. Nurburgring. Targa Florio. All are names guaranteed to make the heart of an automobile buff race as fast as the cars that thunder around these famous tracks. Concepts International, 12611 Research Boulevard, Suite H-311, Austin, Texas 78759, has produced a handsome 25″ x 37″ color poster of the *World's Greatest Race Tracks* that comes to you in a mailing tube for $15.95, postpaid. Overviews of 32 past and present tracks are included along with the names of the curves, corners and straightaways, plus statistics on the length of the tracks and other miscellaneous motor racing information. (Suzuka in Japan is the only grand prix track that crosses over itself, and the USA Grand Prix held in Phoenix is run counterclockwise.) Want a poster quick? Call 512-258-0570 and charge it.

## GO WESTERN, YOUNG MAN

Louis L'Amour's novels sold more than 200,000,000 copies, making him America's greatest writer of Westerns. In real life, L'Amour was every bit the frontiersman he wrote about, as you'll discover upon reading *The Louis L'Amour Companion*, by Robert Weinberg. Interviews with L'Amour, synopses of his stories and more are included. It's available in a signed, softcover edition from Black Lodge Books, P.O. Box 423, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, for $12.95, postpaid.

GLENN ARVIDSON

## AMERICA THE BREWTIFUL

If you have a hankering to try some of the U.S.'s best microbrews, such as Geary's Pale Ale from Maine, Bully Porter from Missouri or Bridgeport Coho from Oregon, check with Beer Across America. It's a Chicago-based company that delivers a monthly shipment of two six-packs from different microbreweries to customers nationwide. The cost: $13.95 a month, plus postage and handling—which will differ depending on your location. Call 800-854-BEER to order.

LARRY NOBLE

## GONE HOLLYWOOD

It figures that in this age of megabuck entertainment conglomerates, someone would create a board game where the winner must control television and cable networks, a video company and a movie-theater chain. So if you've ever wanted to own NBC, HBO, Blockbuster Video and United Artist Theaters, now's your chance. The game, Let's Buy Hollywood, costs about $20 at department, toy and video stores. Your move, Mr. Eisner.

STEVE BOSMICH

## IT'S EASY BEING GREEN

For years, little round green-colored chocolate candies (that come with red, yellow, brown and orange ones) have been rumored to be an aphrodisiac. Now a candy company named Cool Chocolate is selling bags of the Green Ones priced from $5 to $21. "The color green has been known to increase the activity of the pituitary gland, which is tied to sexual activity," says Cool Chocolate's sexy president, Wendy Jaffe. Her company's phone number is 800-444-4535. Of course, her number is unlisted.

## THE HOME STRETCH

"With a little experimentation, you can stretch virtually every muscle in your body," says Stretch Mate president Fred Dolan. And although this spiderweb-like design of steel tubing and heavy-duty bungee cords may look weird, using it ten minutes a day before exercising reduces injuries and stress and increases the range of motion in your joints. Stretching after exercise also helps avoid muscle soreness. Stretch Mate, in Ashland, Massachusetts, sells its device for $1295. Call 800-545-9969.

## ALL THAT TASTY JAZZ

Want to sample Harry Connick, Jr.'s, red beans and rice or Dave Brubeck's low-cholesterol barbecue patties and sauce? The recipes for these and dozens of other hot and cool culinary dishes are in Stewart, Tabori & Chang's $24.95 softcover *Jazz Cooks*, subtitled "Portraits and Recipes of the Greats." The portraits are by Deborah Feingold and the text is by Bob Young and Al Stankus. Picks for top recordings by the chefs are included, too.

# NEXT MONTH

UNHOLY TERROR

FOOTBALL FORECAST

WILD BUNCH

HOT STUFF

**"BEAST OF THE HEARTLAND"**—AN AGING BOXER, FIGHTING BLINDNESS AND HEARTBREAK, COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY: A MONSTER BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF HELL—FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

**"REAL MEN DON'T BOND"**—IN 1989, HE PUT THE KIBOSH ON QUICHE. NOW OUR SNARLY OBSERVER IDENTIFIES JUST WHO'S REAL IN THE NINETIES: GUYS WHOSE HOUSES ARE INSULATED TO R-19 AND WHOSE TVS ARE TUNED TO CNN—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

**"NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE"**—SHE TALKS THE TALK, SHE WALKS THE WALK. QUEEN OF COMEDY **SANDRA BERNHARD** SHOWS WHAT SHE'S REALLY MADE OF IN A WILD AND WICKED *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

**"CIAO TIME FOR THE MOB"**—IN OUR CONTINUING SERIES ON BIG-TIME GANGS, **JOHN GOTTI** AND FRIENDS TAKE A HIT THAT COULD KILL THE ENTIRE ENTERPRISE—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

**BETTY FRIEDAN,** OUTSPOKEN AUTHOR OF *THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE* AND A FOUNDER OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, CALLS FOR A TRUCE BETWEEN THE SEXES BUT DOESN'T SPARE WORDS IN A ROUGH, TOUGH **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST"**—PREVIEW OF THE SEASON—BY *PLAYBOY*'S NEW PRO GRIDIRON ANALYST **DANNY SHERIDAN**

THIRTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, **MILES DAVIS** WAS THE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*. ON THIS ANNIVERSARY, WE TOAST THREE DECADES OF UNCANNY PREDICTIONS, MEMORABLE CONFESSIONS AND JUST PLAIN WACKY STUFF FROM THE LIKES OF **JIMMY CARTER, FIDEL CASTRO, MUHAMMAD ALI** AND **CHER**

**"FLIGHT ATTENDANTS"**—DEREGULATION MAY HAVE CREATED FARE CHAOS, BUT THE SKIES ARE STILL FILLED WITH LOVELY LADIES TO HELP TIGHTEN YOUR SEAT BELT

**DENNIS MILLER,** LATEST ENTRANT IN THE LATE-NIGHT TALK-SHOW WARS, SHARES HIS REGIMEN FOR GREAT HAIR AND COMPARES MONOLOGISTS TO MATADORS IN A READY-FOR-PRIME-TIME **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**PLUS: "TINY TUBES"**—ON THE SCENE WITH SMALL TELEVISIONS; COLD-WEATHER CLASSICS ARE BACK IN **"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE; "THE WILD BUNCH"**—FIND OUT WHY MOUNTAIN BIKES AREN'T JUST FOR THE RUGGED; AND A SPECIAL NEW SECTION ALL ABOUT MEN, **"MANTRACK"**

# HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

*It all started when Emmy said she was coming over with a couple of friends*

Isn't it funny how so many of the places we find Smirnoff, feel like home.

SMIRNOFF

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# What beer drinkers drink.

# What beer drinkers drink when they're not drinking beer.™

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